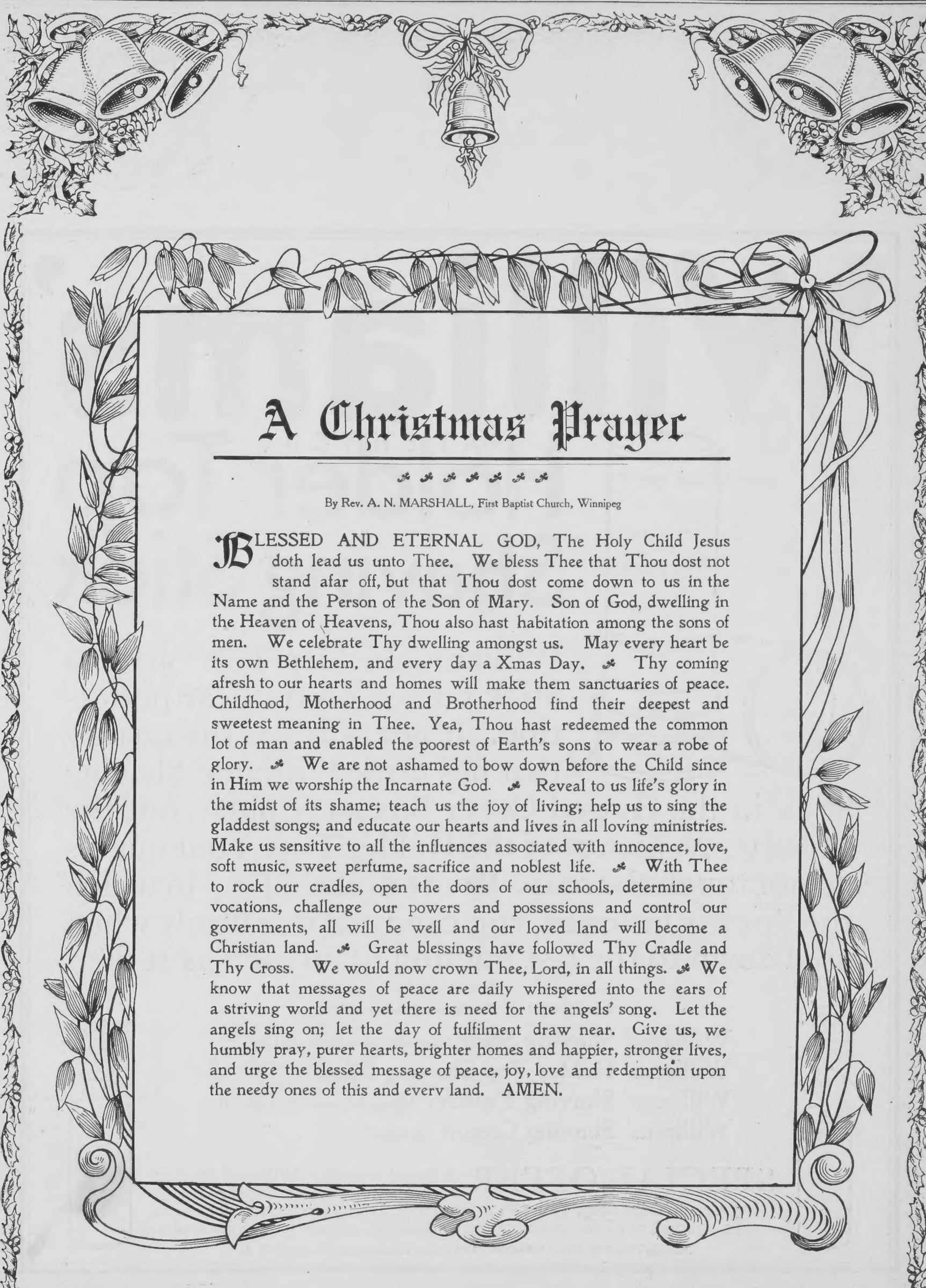




A Christmas Prayer

By Rev. A. N. MARSHALL, First Baptist Church, Winnipeg

BLESSED AND ETERNAL GOD, The Holy Child Jesus doth lead us unto Thee. We bless Thee that Thou dost not stand afar off, but that Thou dost come down to us in the Name and the Person of the Son of Mary. Son of God, dwelling in the Heaven of Heavens, Thou also hast habitation among the sons of men. We celebrate Thy dwelling amongst us. May every heart be its own Bethlehem, and every day a Xmas Day. ✽ Thy coming afresh to our hearts and homes will make them sanctuaries of peace. Childhood, Motherhood and Brotherhood find their deepest and sweetest meaning in Thee. Yea, Thou hast redeemed the common lot of man and enabled the poorest of Earth's sons to wear a robe of glory. ✽ We are not ashamed to bow down before the Child since in Him we worship the Incarnate God. ✽ Reveal to us life's glory in the midst of its shame; teach us the joy of living; help us to sing the gladdest songs; and educate our hearts and lives in all loving ministries. Make us sensitive to all the influences associated with innocence, love, soft music, sweet perfume, sacrifice and noblest life. ✽ With Thee to rock our cradles, open the doors of our schools, determine our vocations, challenge our powers and possessions and control our governments, all will be well and our loved land will become a Christian land. ✽ Great blessings have followed Thy Cradle and Thy Cross. We would now crown Thee, Lord, in all things. ✽ We know that messages of peace are daily whispered into the ears of a striving world and yet there is need for the angels' song. Let the angels sing on; let the day of fulfilment draw near. Give us, we humbly pray, purer hearts, brighter homes and happier, stronger lives, and urge the blessed message of peace, joy, love and redemption upon the needy ones of this and every land. AMEN.

A Plea for the Babies

IT HAS been truly said that it is twice as dangerous to be a baby as as to have smallpox. Infant mortality is alarmingly high in our large cities, especially in the poorer quarters, where the people are crowded in tenements that are conspicuous for their lack of sanitary equipment. Naturally the mortality is highest where such conditions exist, but unsanitary surroundings are not alone, to be held responsible for this slaughter of the innocents, which has reached such proportions that it is stated that the infant death rate is twice as high as that of untreated typhoid fever.

Maternal ignorance is a far more potent factor in this terrible destruction of life than any kind of environment, nor is this charge confined to the poorer section of the population. Many women, otherwise well informed, are lamentably ignorant on the subject of infant care. Compared with adults, children have a disproportionately small amount of vital force with which to resist disease, but their capacity for recuperation is also greater in proportion. Were it not for this fact, the mortality among infants would be appalling. Prevention is always better than cure, but with children it is pre-eminently so, hence the necessity for mothers, both actual and prospective, to seek instruction on this most important subject.

Gastro-intestinal troubles are the principal ones that beset children, and are as prominent a cause of infantile convulsions as teething. One form of this class of troubles is especially common, namely, diarrhoea, but this is almost invariably due to infection of food, principally milk. This statement is borne out by the fact that the children of Jewish parents, no matter how poor they may be, are practically exempt from diarrhoea, because Hebrew mothers always nurse their own children. Here is where precaution is particularly applicable. Mothers should suckle their own offspring, or if that is a physical impossibility, then the milk should be safeguarded in every possible manner by being pasteurized under strictly hygienic conditions.

But when disease presents itself, ignorance or carelessness frequently tends to make recovery problematical, or, at least, to aggravate the trouble and retard recovery. Mothers are prone to resort to some remedy that has been recommended to them by some one, equally ill-informed, or to some panacea that has a reputation among her friends, as a wonder worker in childish disorders. Laxatives, even when composed of such seemingly innocent ingredients as simple herbs, become dangerous by habitual use. Constipation in babies may usually be relieved by the injection of a teaspoonful of sweet oil, or even by the introduction of a soap pencil, but if the milk is carefully looked to, little trouble in that direction will be experienced.

Perhaps the most dangerous foe to infant life is that ready resort of the careless or ignorant mother—the soothing syrups. The number of lives that have been sacrificed through their use can only be faintly estimated. Not less harmful is paregoric. Many mothers and nurses who mistrust soothing syrups will administer paregoric, because, at least, the constitution of this drug is known, but its use is detrimental to the child's health, and no child to whom it is habitually administered will ever attain to thoroughly robust adult life, even if its days are not prematurely cut short.

Patent medicines should be rigorously tabooed. Risky in all cases, they are especially so where children are concerned. Apart from the possibility of deleterious ingredients, few people know the effect of cumulative doses. Even the most harmless substances may become positively dangerous by too persistent use. Even such a simple substance as camphor has been known to produce convulsions. Yet many a mother, who would rather die than injure her child, falls into the error of

imagining that a remedy is void of harm because she is familiar with it, and therefore safe for the baby.

There are numbers of harmful practices in common use, all of which are inimical to the welfare of the baby. One of them is, putting the child to the breast immediately, or soon after it has vomited. Under such conditions, many mothers will commence to trot the baby up and down, than which nothing could be more harmful. The stomach needs rest, and nothing should be administered but a little warm water, in a teaspoon, until the condition passes. It is an unwise practice to keep the baby's milk warm for any length of time. Milk for the baby should always be kept cool, and warmed only when wanted. Warmth favors the development of bacteria, and milk is an admirable culture medium. It is a reprehensible practice to dilute the baby's milk too much, as it thereby loses its anti-scorbutic quality. It is positively dangerous to feed a baby altogether on either sterilized or condensed milk, as it is exceedingly likely to induce scurvy.

The quotation at the commencement of this article does not seem to be extreme when we consider the countless dangers that beset the infant, especially during its first few months of life, and, not from sources hostile to it, but

we have direct and full control, is mastication. Thorough chewing of the food and its consequent incorporation with the salivary juice lightens the burden of gastric digestion enormously, and is a long step toward perfect assimilation.

The exposed part of a healthy tooth is covered with enamel, the hardest structure in the body. Ninety-six per cent or more of the enamel is composed of mineral matter, which accounts for its compactness.

Externally, the enamel covers the dentine or ivory, which makes up the great bulk of the tooth and surrounds the inner, narrow cavity of the root which is composed of nerves, blood-vessels, and a delicate network of fibrous tissue. This is the pulp of the tooth, but it is more commonly known among the laity as the nerve because of its great sensitiveness.

Each tooth is set in a bony pocket or cavity of the jaw, and is fixed in place by a dense fibrous membrane. The gums, a continuation of the mucous membrane of the mouth, surround and protect the teeth as they emerge from their bony sockets.

A Foul Mouth

Most people are very particular, and rightly so, about having their food and drink clean and free from filth, but unfortunately, a large number seem to be very careless when it comes to cleanliness of the mouth. Indeed, a foul mouth reeking with the vile odors of germs, decaying teeth, putrefying food,

kinds. The plain precipitated dry chalk may also be used in cleansing the teeth. It matters little what the dentifrice is, provided it is free from injurious ingredients and is used faithfully at least once each day.

Bear in mind that the milk teeth of a child require more care and attention than those of an adult, for they are less dense in structure and hence more subject to decay.

The teeth are given us for service as well as ornamentation. They are formed of the hardest tissue found in the body, and nature intended them to be used for chewing and grinding the food. It is a law of physiology that if an organ is neglected and disused, it promptly weakens, atrophies and becomes more or less useless. Put your arm in a sling for a few months, and it soon becomes feeble and powerless. The same law also applies to the teeth. Consequently, it is a great mistake to feed solely upon slops and soft, mushy food. Reasonably hard foods are required in order to keep the teeth in a healthy fit state. If they are not properly utilized in the process of mastication, there is not only great danger of their softening and becoming decayed but they are also liable to get loose in their sockets and become more or less useless. The very act of chewing strengthens the jaw and, in the case of children, enlarges it for the permanent teeth. Give the teeth, as well as the muscles, daily exercise if you would maintain them in a healthy and efficient state.

Influence of Diet on the Teeth

Another important consideration about the diet is the water and quantity of salts it contains. For the proper development of hard teeth, a sufficient quantity of lime and other earthy salts are essential. Wholemeal bread and graham bread is far superior to white bread in this respect, and either may truly be regarded as the staff of life. Oatmeal and barley porridge are also valuable in this respect.

We believe it would be wise for everyone to call upon the dentist at least once a year for the purpose of having the teeth inspected and starting decay attended to. The dentist will be able to remove tartar or other deposits on the teeth, and will detect the first beginnings of decay. Further decay is easily remedied by a small stopping, and the life and usefulness of the tooth are thus preserved.

A Few Hints

Avoid extremes of both heat and cold in food and drinks.

Avoid vinegar and similar acids. This precaution does not apply to the mild acids found in the ordinary fruits.

Avoid medicines, and particularly iron tonics and hydrochloric or other acid draughts.

Avoid cracking nuts. The teeth were not intended for this purpose, and there is danger of chipping off the enamel, thus leading to early decay.

Be strict about keeping the mouth clean by rinsing and gargling it frequently, and also by brushing all food particles that gather about and cling to the teeth.

Avoid slops and fluid foods as far as possible. Take zwieback or hard biscuits with your soup and other soft foods, and endeavor to give the teeth a reasonable amount of exercise daily.

The Key to the Graveyard

There is said to be an old church near Berlin, Germany, which is very attractive to tourists. The graveyard back of the church is kept locked, but on a gate is the following notice: "The key to the graveyard is to be found in the tavern." This is an undesigned statement of a great truth. A great army of men annually find the key that opens the way for them into the graveyard by going into the tavern. They not only unlock the graveyard to themselves, but oftentimes to innocent children and helpless women who are dependent upon them.—"American Issue."

THE BLUE BONNET

By Ada Stewart Sheldon

My true love wears a bonnet
To frame her winsome face,
No lace or ribbons on it,
Yet 'tis a thing of grace;
And when that fetching bonnet
She ties beneath her chin,
I give my word upon it
She ties one's heart within.

The color of that bonnet
Is like to heaven's blue,
Fit for a poet's sonnet,
For dreams the long night through.
It knows no freak of fashion,
It shields from sun and heat,
Who would not have a passion
For anything so sweet?

Oh, dear me! and oh, dear me!
That bonnet made of blue
Has cast a spell, I fear me,
I never can break through.
And when I see her don it
With such a witching air,
That darling blue sun-bonnet
I'd follow anywhere!

chiefly from those who have its interests most at heart, but who, from lack of knowledge, subject it to a multitude of dangers.

What is the remedy? It lies in a campaign of education among the present and future mothers of the land. Considering the magnitude of the interest at stake, it should be made a national issue. Money should be appropriated to establish training schools for mothers, and to furnish a corps of instructors to visit the homes, especially in the poorer localities, to teach mothers, at least, the rudimentary principles of conserving infant life. Considerable work is being done in this direction, especially in New York, but not of any comprehensive manner. It is a matter fraught with the greatest interest to the world at large.

How to Preserve the Teeth

By Alfred B. Olsen, M. D.

It is a real distinction nowadays and a badge of health aristocracy for an adult to possess thirty-two natural teeth, even though some of them contain stoppings or have been provided with crowns.

Nevertheless, there are few people who do not appreciate the great value of sound teeth. A good set of teeth is necessary, not only to give character to the mouth itself, but also for the purpose of clear, distinct speech, and, most important of all, for the proper mastication of the food. The first step of digestion, and the only one over which

and often tobacco is, unfortunately, not nearly as uncommon as it ought to be. Such a condition of the mouth is positively a menace to good health, and is frequently a direct cause, not only of an offensive breath, which makes such a person's company anything but pleasant; but also of various disturbances of digestion, bringing in their train much physical discomfort, as well as bodily weakness and anemia.

There is no excuse for a dirty mouth. It simply means gross carelessness on the part of the owner. If the neglect has been of long duration, it is usually necessary to have the worst of the teeth drawn and others properly stopped, in order to insure a clean mouth.

The mouth should be washed each morning on rising, and also after each meal. A pinch of salt in a glass of water makes a simple and efficient mouth wash.

If decay and putrefaction have been going on in the mouth, it will be necessary to use some mild antiseptic such as peroxid of hydrogen, or some similar preparation properly diluted with water as a wash.

Cleansing Agents

Mere rinsing is not sufficient to keep the teeth clean, and a medium soft brush will be required. It is poor economy to buy a cheap brush, for the bristles soon come out and become a great nuisance when brushing the teeth.

As a dentifrice, any of the above antiseptics might be utilized to advantage. Some prefer a cream paste which contains a precipitated chalk, as well as mild antiseptics of various

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A Christmas Prayer



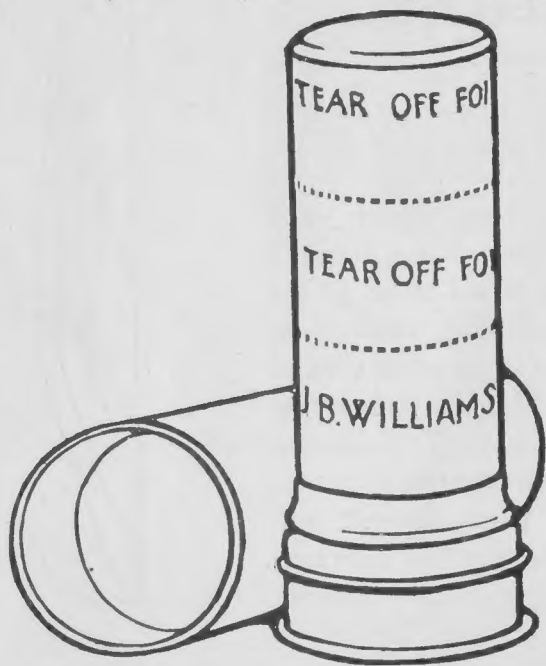
By Rev. A. N. MARSHALL, First Baptist Church, Winnipeg

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The Christmas Song

AMONG the thousands who inhabited Judea some nineteen centuries ago, there were many who kept their ears open—the rulers to hear the murmurs of discontent, and the masses to hear the commands of their hated overlords. Not very fine music this; but in the towns and cities it was all that might be heard, for it was an age of violence and discord, of sedition and suspicion, of cruel tyranny and forced submission. But, out on the hill-sides of Bethlehem, far from the busy haunts of men, lived a few faithful shepherds whose hearts were tuned to love and worship, and to them it was given to hear the music of the skies—the sweet voice of God proclaiming in the night the message of the ages—the message of love to God, and love to man, and that sweet peace which always comes when love abounds.

Surely this was a glorious conception of a world that the angels pictured—a world in which God was to be glorified as supreme, in which man was to entertain to his fellows only goodwill, and in which peace was to reign, because through the newly-born King, man was to be reconciled to his God. Think of what it meant in those days to have goodwill and peace in the family, the court, the vocation and the religious organization. In the families of the great there was faithlessness and unspeakable sin; in the courts there was intrigue and unblushing dishonesty; in business dealings it was every man for himself—there were no regular standards of value, and no recognized code of moral. And as for religion, nothing could be more debasing than the heathen worship of the Romans, nothing more empty and lifeless than the rigid formalism of the Jews. So the message came in the fulness of time. It was as a bright light appearing through the gloom. And it was destined to accomplish what light alone can do—reveal and purify. How much it has revealed of sin and crime we know, how much it has purified the homes and haunts of men we also know. Who are the champions of purity and loveliness of conduct but those who directly or indirectly take their orders from the Babe of Bethlehem? Who are the supporters of the institutions which make for the alleviation of suffering and pain, but those who have heard the heavenly voices? Go where you will, the story of the good and the honest, the right and the helpful, is the story of the direct or indirect influence of the Manger King. Even when men do not own His Lordship, they are influenced in all their ways by the ideals which He has introduced into our citizenship and culture.

THE SONG IN A MAN'S HEART

What will it mean to a man if, in holy anticipation, he turns his ear to catch the sound of the voices in the sky? In the first place it will mean the elevation of his own soul. He who glorifies God in his daily life becomes like Him. The image of the heavenly is impressed on his own life, for it is a peculiarity of men that they become like the objects they reverently gaze upon. The little pebble lying in a crevice looked up every night at the bright star that travelled overhead, until it was transformed to a glistening diamond with all the brightness and glory of the star contained in its being. The wonderful boy in Hawthorne's tale studied the Great Stone Face until its majesty and power possessed his own soul. So any man who lives in the glory of the

Highest becomes like Him in beauty and purpose and accomplishment. But this is not all. He who hears the heavenly music must, of necessity, begin to feel kindly towards his neighbor. That is a lovely word—goodwill. It suggests a soul without envy, spite and dishonesty—a soul rich in deeds of love and mercy and willing self-surrender. Such a soul it is that lives in peace—not the peace which is founded in indolence, but the peace which is born of confidence and love.

THE SONG IN A NATION'S SOUL

What shall it mean to a country that hears and heeds the message of the angels? Who can measure the prosperity and happiness and peace that would follow the reign of universal goodwill. No more feud of rich and poor for each would love his neighbor as himself; no more rivalry between creed and creed, for all would be united in a loyal brotherhood; no more ignorance and ugliness and crime, for in the clear light of truth the holiness of beauty would be as lovely as the beauty of holiness. There would be an end forever to hated class distinctions, to legalized piracy, to monopolistic greed. Each man would recognize himself as his brother's keeper. Each would be as careful of his neighbor's rights as his own. All unrighteous self-seeking would end because it would be manifest that it is more blessed in every way to give than to receive. No more dens of vice, no more curse of strong drink, no more slavery, no more child labor, no sweat-shops, no brothels, no indecent picture shows and no literature that reeks of hell; but everywhere the loveliness of honest worship, gracious self-sacrifice, and the ministry of Christian love. Yes, truly, if men but heard the heavenly music all this and more would be possible, for there would be ushered in the only socialism that will endure. Under its reign justice would take the place of paraded philanthropy, and pure unsullied democracy would supplant a system under which the unscrupulous and the corrupt control the machinery which regulates law and order. The day is surely coming, and blessed be they who hasten its approach.

The wish of *The Western Home Monthly* for all Canada, and for Western Canada in particular, is that peace and goodwill may prevail, and the wish for all readers of these pages is that they may have their share in bringing about such a condition.

THE GERMAN-ENGLISH TROUBLE

When two people live in the same house, they do not find their happiness in wrangling, but in sharing their mutual joys. When two men are engaged in business side by side, they do not find it necessary to cut each other's throats. They recognize that if trade is well balanced both deserve to make a living, and so each has a measure of joy in the success of his neighbor. So, too, should it be among nations. So long as our country is true to its ideals of liberty and justice, so long as Germany is true to its ideals of thrift and progress, so long as each is doing something to advance the cause of civilization, there is good room for both on this old planet, and they can do something better than spend their time in calling names and indulging in body blows.

If Germany has too many sons for her territory, let her send a few to our Western plains. Those who have already come are

good Canadians, and none will deny that they have added to our wealth of character and our general efficiency. So let others come in to possess this land, along with those who are British born and those who come from the ends of the earth. Here we are going to forget race and creed, tongue and color, as we sink our differences in a broad Canadian citizenship. This is the best solution of the German-English trouble.

HOW SHALL A WIFE TREAT HER HUSBAND?

A good correspondent has accepted the challenge in the October Monthly, and has given the other side of the question, "How Should a Man Treat His Wife?" The article is well worth reading, and the best part of it is the suggestion in the last line, to the effect that someone now give us a positive picture of happy contented life as it is and might be in our Western homes. There are thousands of ideal homes all around us. Will someone give the secret?

FROM A HUSBAND'S STANDPOINT

In your October issue, under the heading, "What Shall a Man do for His Wife?" you give a very striking picture, which may be quite true to life, but, as you suggest in closing, it may be one-sided, or there may be a picture of contrast. Suppose we allow a husband to speak for himself.

Yes, he remembers quite well how, with no little fear and trembling, he sought the heart and hand of the lady who later became his wife. He didn't own much then, and told her so, but she assured him it was not wealth she sought, and that she had confidence in his ability to provide enough for their happiness. He told her his faults candidly, and she admitted that she, too, had just as weighty ones. Throughout their courtship she accepted his advances as would become any modest young lady, and he congratulated himself that he had won a prize and believed he had a happy future before him.

How has it proven? He did his utmost to furnish the home to please her, and gave her all the money she asked for to use for herself or the home, even undergoing repeatedly financial embarrassment rather than refuse her, but it very soon became apparent that all this was accepted as a matter of course, and he was subjected to an increasing frigidity, that ere long made him wonder if his absence from the home were not more desired than his presence in it. He tried to be social and agreeable, but he met with criticism upon his manner of speech. He remained silent, and was accused of being sulky. If he arranged his work purposely so as to be able to spend the evening in the home, the wife was too weary to be social and retired early. She did not care to go out with him, and seldom accompanied him to a public gathering. Her wishes, when expressed, were always gratified, if within the husband's power, yet he was at times made to feel that he was criminally at fault because he had not been able to read her mind.

He found that if he would be at his work in the mornings, betimes, he must either get his own breakfast or go without. Upon his return to the home there was no cheery greeting, no welcoming smile or kiss. These things were considered signs of weakness, but what human being does not want to be

(Continued on Page 80)

Christmas and New Year in Old Quebec

By William Lutton

IN the parish church of Notre Dame, Montreal, fifteen thousand "faithful" hear the midnight mass on Christmas Eve. Every inch of space is crowded. The three great tiers present a vast sea of faces, solemnized by the impressiveness of the occasion. The church is one blaze of innumerable lights; points of flame quiver on the grand altars.

The music, at once mournful and

which can possibly be communicated to it under the existing circumstances.

In the early hours of the morning the people drive to their homes. There is little sleep for anybody. The houses along the way show the welcome ray; and anybody may drop in and share in the plentiful food which is set before the visitor.

But it is the New Year time which discloses all the quaintness, all the

prise and when the visitors get out of the sleigh, the old couple rush to the door with boisterous greetings as though they had just dropped from the clouds. And, this is repeated all the forenoon.

Feasting and merrymaking ensue. Every man who has a sleigh, harnesses his horse and proceeds to make his New Year calls. The women of the house are supposed to stay at home and entertain the men folk. The habit is falling somewhat into destitute, which is a pity. It may have been productive of ill effects in the city, through the repetition of the customary glass of wine, but in the country parts the glass of gooseberry, or cherry, or elderberry, is innocuous. There may be a little drop of gin in the kitchen to which the old man invites his particular friends—a drop of square fare on the cold and biting day.

In the evening the young men drive to visit their sweethearts, and the night is spent in dancing and feasting and merry-making. Every village or parish boasts a fiddler who is requisitioned for the dance. The kitchen and dining-room are made into one and both thrown open to the guests. The women and girls are dressed up, while the men show special sartorial effects—comically incongruous in many cases where the simplicity of nature is poorly replaced by the elaboration of art.

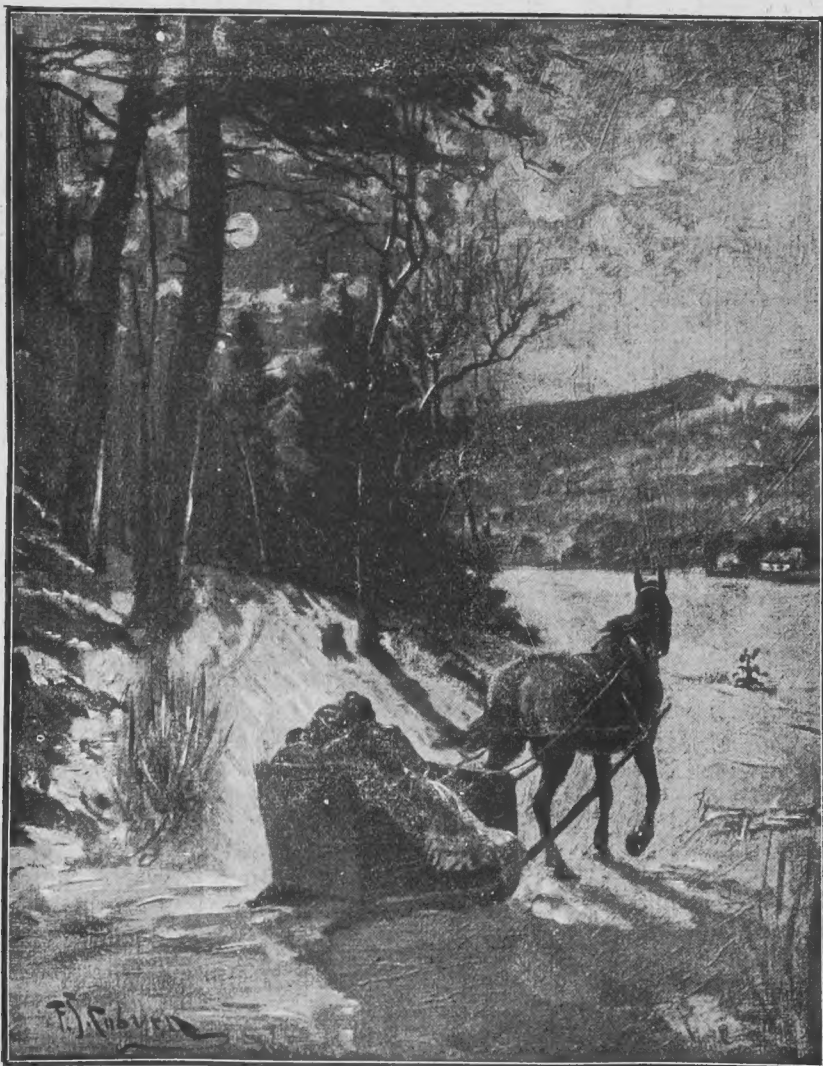
When the fiddler strikes up "Money-musk" all is forgotten but the joy of

is remindel that he or she is tired. The visiting is kept up for nearly a week in the country, the holiday occurring at the time of year when there is not a great deal to do on the farm.

On New Year's eve the tradition of "La Chasse Galerie" has fulfillment. Many of the young men go to the shanty in the winter when the work gets slack on the farm. It is impossible for them to get back at the New Year time, but there is compulsive force in love and longing. We do not know all the secrets of the invisible. Certain it is without splitting hairs about it, that when the young girl thinking of her lover on New Year, looks up at the sky, she sees him in the air sailing in a celestial boat—himself and others, all paddling for dear life, all bent on meeting their sweethearts as the boat glides nearer and nearer to earth.

Is that not a veritable kiss too,—light and elusive, but real—a kiss from the "boy" who is loved all the more in absence. Both feel it at the same time, at the same moment! the girl in her home and the lover in the shanty on the Gatineau. Explain it how you will, whether by folklore or telepathy, or thought transference, the ghostly boat is there and the girl sees it and knows that it contains her lover who, nevertheless, cannot come to her in the flesh.

But that is only one of the quaint features of the simple habitant life. The lutins, or as we would call them,



After Midnight Mass, New Year in Quebec

triumphant, makes poignant impression. The priests are gorgeous in varicolored vestments,—scarlet, gold, and purple, and attended by a large number of acolytes, all in white. What with the lights and color and music; the pressure of numbers, heightening feeling and urging expectancy; the nearness of the Sacred Event which is in all minds,—the effect is rememberable.

And yet, for a characteristic expression of the holiday time in Quebec, one must go to the country parts. There the people drive into the village for miles to the parish church which has been gayly and floridly decorated for the occasion. There are tinsel and lamps and candles and paper flowers. Bunting is stretched across the altars. The Infant Jesus is in his manger, decked out with green boughs and roofed with straw. His Mother is there in all the verisimilitude of the life-size figure. Old and young are there; the church is crowded. Nay,—many must stand outside in the frosty night, with the stars glittering in the steely blue. The young people drive in the old-fashioned burrow, made for two, as the picture sets forth.

There are certain camaraderie permissible on this special night. And the sheepish look on the faces of the young men and women as they move towards the church from their sleigh might augur early marriages.

The organ peals. The mass proceeds with all the glory and impressiveness

hospitality and religious feeling of French life in the province. The English people make their gifts at Christmas. Our French friends postpone their gifts until the New Year—jour d'An. In the city you have the express messenger which is the death of poetry. In the country the presents must be carried personally. The sleigh drives up on New Year's Eve; out come the parcels, amid shouts of merriment. The visitor is welcomed with open arms. The gifts are carefully put away till the morning.

One hears all night the merry ringing of the sleigh bells as the kindly people move from house to house in the country bringing their little gifts.

On New Year's morning the children of the family, big and little, kneel before their parents and ask their blessing. This is a touching ceremony. Possibly the city families have become too sophisticated for this traditional habit; but in the country the simple people are not ashamed of the demonstrations of affection. Sons and daughters at a distance make the greatest efforts to reach the old home on New Year's morning for the parental blessing. The old man is smoking his pipe in the corner. The table is supplied with all sorts of eatables and drinkables. The good wife looks out of the tail of her eye and sees the visitor coming up the road; but the desire is to create sur-



"La Chasse Galerie"

the moment. The spirit of happiness and abandon infects young and old. The fiddler gets warm, the men begin to shed their coats, the master of ceremonies cries—"swing your partner," "down the middle." The old men who have been standing round feel the stir of youth in their old bones and take the floor. The dance becomes faster and faster. The sense of rivalry is set up and bets are made as to how long this or that couple can keep the floor. There is a lull for the hearty supper served in the kitchen and which consists of cold turkey and cranberry sauce with lots of tea and, in some cases, beer thrown in.

Then, after a half hour for digestion, the fun is resumed and the sun rises in the wintry sky before even the oldest

"the little people," and who may be in the form of a cat or dog, or even a snake (strange as this may be) live close to the French people; follow their fortunes with interest; are benevolent or malicious according as they are treated, at the New Year time bring gifts to those who have been kind to them during the year,—a white dress for the latest child, perhaps the twelfth—for race suicide has not yet invaded the back parishes; a bottle of gin for the old man; a raccoon coat for the mother—the patient soul, who is a martyr to what she calls religious duty.

To suspect human agency would argue an unfeeling and abandoned nature. This is the poetic touch which

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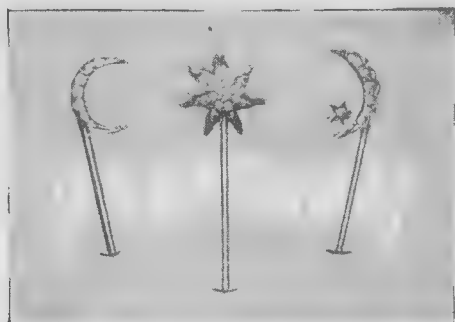
We are anxious that your Christmas Gift buying this year should be as much a pleasure to you as it is possible to make it, and so suggest our beautiful new 1913 Catalogue as the best helper you can have.

We illustrate below a few of the exceptionally appropriate gift articles shown in its pages.

We engrave ordinary Script Monograms, free of charge, on all lockets

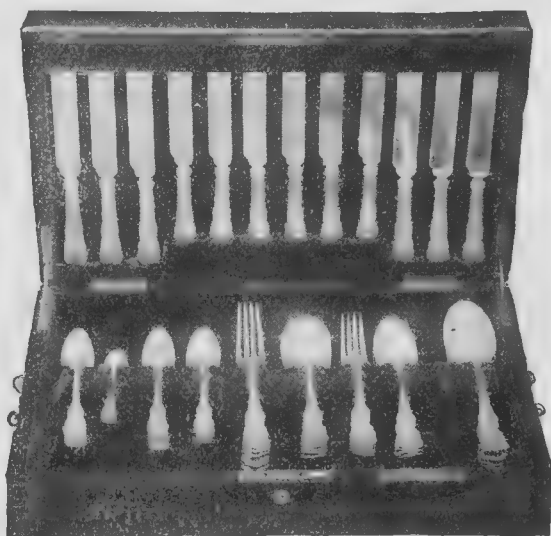


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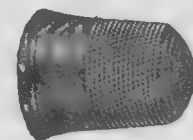


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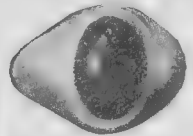
The Monogram Fob illustrated is, of course, made to order and the price varies from \$10 to \$20 in 10k. gold and \$15 to \$25 in 14k. gold. However, as the cost varies with the weight of metal used, you can obtain special quotations on your own work.

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We prepay all express and postal charges, including clocks, and guarantee safe delivery in every case.



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D. R. DINGWALL
JEWELLERS LIMITED WINNIPEG

throws a charm over life in the country.

Now those country dances, those long drives in the burlow "built for two," mean happy marriages, either before Lent sets in, or after. It is the spring of life for the young. For the old who sit in the corner and are so piously cared for by the children and grandchildren, it is a pensive retrospect which dims the old eyes with tears.

For all, the New Year with its happy abandon, its respect for old customs, its note of simplicity, its hope of the resurrection of nature after the long sleep of winter, is the date of promise.

One might say that where you have lutins and fairies and a cure, who can bring rain when it is needed and banish the grasshoppers when they are not needed, you have stagnation. It may be! but would you press the whole of life into the dollar?

Was it You?

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, "Tis sweet to live";
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give";
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;
Was that somebody you?

The Sled Dogs of the North

Written for The Western Home Monthly by H. Mortimer Batten

FURTHER back than any history dates man and his dog have been inseparable, and today we have pitched battles and lawsuits all pointing to the same old text "Love me, love my dog." But the sled dogs of the north are not, generally speaking, a lovable race; hard breeding and hard living go to destroy those gentle characteristics which we naturally associate with our canine friends of more civilized quarters.

In Canada today the dog team does not play so important a part during the winter months as it did in the days when Western Canada was under the jurisdiction of the Hudson's Bay Company. At that time the Northern Packet—the annual mail—arrived at Winnipeg just before Christmas, to be distributed over a vast stretch of country ranging from the Hudson Bay to Alaska; and this gigantic work of distribution was carried out entirely by dog teams. The work was so arranged that each team made a journey of perhaps two hundred miles, when the sled, with its precious load, would be taken over by fresh men and dogs. Sometimes, however, it was impossible to arrange for relays, in which case the one team

would make the through journey, covering many hundreds of miles before reaching its ultimate destination. There was, of course, keen rivalry between the various drivers, each team anxious to accomplish a record, and in the west one hears today stories of the wonderful "runs" made by the Hudson Bay men.

In 1887 a half breed and a Scotchman named McTavish covered a distance of 500 miles without resting, thus establishing a record which will live long on the lonely trails of the north.

On a smaller scale the same system of distribution exists in Canada today, and scores of outlying settlements are solely reliant upon their dog teams for transportation during the winter months. Horses are unsuitable for the work, for not only are they unable to negotiate deep snow, but the food problem is a difficult one, while dogs are able to live on the products of the country fish and meat, being the only foods they require during any ordinary trip.

The dogs generally used by the Hudson's Bay Company are the famous huskie breeds which came originally from

Mackenzie, though among prospectors and trappers the malamute is far more common in the north-west. Both these breeds are very nearly related to the timber wolf, and possess many wolfish characteristics. In order to strengthen the breed of their dogs it is a common practice among the Indians to introduce fresh wolf blood by tying animals outside in the forest to breed with the wolves. The wolf, of course, is capable of immense speed, and can travel great distances without food, while nothing in the way of cold is likely to trouble him.

Many experiments have gone to prove, however, that the pure bred wolf cannot be broken to harness. Fierce and distrustful at heart, his sullen independence of character and lack of true affection make him a most dangerous and awkward customer to handle.

It is only the wolfish instincts of the sled dog that enable these animals to survive the hardships of the northern winter. These instincts become most noticeable as night comes on. The driver loosens out his team, and having given each dog its allotted portion of food leaves the animals to look after themselves.

For a little while the dogs huddle round the fire, but presently one slinks off then another. Each makes a bed deep under the snow, and there remains till the driver's cherry call wakens it in the morning. However wild the blizzard may blow the sled dog sleeps snugly in its icy bed—perhaps curled up side by side with its particular chum.

When winter is drawing to a close and spring is near, the restless instincts of the wild sometimes seems to stir the sled dog just as they stir his wild kindred. Malamutes and huskies have been known to desert their masters at this time of the year, and remain absent in the woods for days on end. On moonlight nights I have known dogs to leave camp, and making their way to a high range to sit there and howl dismally in the cadences of the wild wolf. There he is—your tame huskie—his gaunt figure thrust out against the sky line, around him the great grey loneliness, and as his muzzle points towards the moon howl after howl of wavering sadness stabs the silence of the woods. And what sound is like the howl of the timber wolf as it sweeps heavenwards over the tree tops—expressing all the gnawing loneliness, all the vastness and silent grandeur of those glorious but infernal solitudes?

Viewed in cold daylight, however, the sled dog is a very prosaic individual, and the man who sets out with a raw team is in for a lively time till he converts the animals to his way of thinking. Not that he has much difficulty in making them go, the sole ambition of each dog being to bite the hind quarters of the dog ahead of it, and unable to accomplish this feat the sled is likely to be overturned and the harness tangled many times ere the driver thoroughly masters the situation.

The usual way of harnessing dogs is in single file, each dog being attached to the line by its collar. This enables the animals to negotiate narrow trails without crowding each other, for both the malamute and huskie are ever ready to avail themselves of the faintest excuse to fight. For negotiating wide rivers and creeks the "Coast" method is perhaps the best, the dogs being fastened in pairs to a single trace of rawhide. Sometimes the Labrador style is used, each dog being harnessed by a separate trace, and the team allowed to straggle out in fan shaped formation. There is not much to be said in favor of the latter method for Canadian use, except that the animals work individually and the idler can be carefully watched; but for neatness the Labrador style cannot be compared with the single file and coast.

Whatever the method of harnessing, the leader plays an important part, and upon him largely depends the success of the outfit. A good leader is well aware of his own responsibilities, and while working hard himself is anxious for all to go well.

I remember once trying to break in an exceptionally rowdy, well-meaning, ill-doing puppy. The leader of the team, a half breed huskie we called Dago, was one of the best dogs I have ever known,

Seam-in-front stockings would seem absurd! Then why any seam?

You have kept on wearing stockings with a seam up the back—shapeless, uncomfortable things! because you probably didn't realize the perfection reached by Pen-Angle Seamless Full-Fashioned Hosiery. These are hose *without the sign of a seam*—look for the sign of the trade-mark. As they are being knit they are shaped lastingly to the curves of the foot and leg. They fit—they wear better—and the utter absence of any seam at all makes them ever so much more comfortable. No difference in cost—but much in quality, in economy and in comfort when you buy

Pen-Angle

Full-Fashioned Seamless Hosiery

Next time you go shopping ask for the hosiery with the trade-mark that insures you foot-ease.

65

Made by
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Makers of
Underwear
Sweaters
and
Hosiery

and the appealing look he gave us as we harnessed the youngster behind him was truly laughable.

Though at first keen and anxious to do well the puppy soon lost interest in the proceedings, and every hundred yards or so would subside. He would lie down to gnaw the ice from between his toes. Old Dagoe stood it as long as he could, but eventually he turned upon the youngster and gave him a hiding which, as my companion put it, "learnt that pup once and for all what he was up against."

In spite of his fierce breeding, Dagoe's affection towards my partner's children was truly pathetic. If on our return home the children were out he would sniff the little boy's coat and wag his tail jubilantly; then lying beside the stove would listen for hours for the sound of footsteps along the trail. We always knew by old Dagoe when the children were coming long before we ourselves could hear them.

Old Dagoe died in harness after five years of faithful service. My partner was travelling the Cripple Creek at a time of the year when the ice of that rapidly moving river is unsafe for a heavy outfit. Suddenly there was a deep booming sound; old Dagoe sat down and whimpered as though aware that there was no escape. The heavily laden sled reared on end and crashed through the ice, dragging the team with it. The dogs were sucked under, and ere they could be recovered the poor brutes were so chilled that a revolver bullet was the only merciful proceeding.

Many dreadful things have happened on the lonely trails of the north through disagreement between driver and team. Not very far from Winnipeg, there lived, a few years ago, a dog driver who was known to be particularly merciless and cruel. One day he set out intent on making a long journey at when he did not appear at the other end his employers became anxious, and at length a party set out to look for him.

They found only his remains, while the marks in the snow told the whole terrible story. While asleep the driver had been set upon by his dogs, and as though aware that there was a price upon their heads the animals never returned to civilization.

Though it is difficult to believe many of the stories that have been told about the north west sled dogs, anyone who has had much to do with these animals will agree that they possess marvellous memories. They never forget an old enemy or an old friend, and some time ago a curious story was told to me by one of the Hudson's Bay Co.'s officers.

This gentleman had in his employ a half breed musher who was fond of boasting that he could lick any dog into submission. At length, however, the half breed met his match in a huge huskie—so fierce and intrepid that the half breed's lash failed to break its spirit. Determined not to be beaten the musher exercised all manner of cruelties, till at length the officer himself was compelled to interfere.

In due course the dog was taken into the heart of Labrador, over two thousand miles from its original home, and under the influence of gentle handling the animal became passable sled dog.

Seven years later the half breed too drifted into the Labrador, and one night chanced to be in the settlement where the dog was living, and paused in the main street to speak to its master.

Suddenly he turned, and to his alarm saw his companion's dog approaching him with lowered head. For a moment they stared into each other's eyes, each instantly recognizing the other. Then, without a sound, the huskie leapt at the half breed's throat, dragging him to the ground. The man struggled and screamed, vainly trying to reach the knife at his belt, but it was not until the brute had been knocked senseless that it abandoned the attack.

So much for a huskie's hatred, but that

these fierce dogs of the northland are capable of affection just as great, the following narrative goes to prove. In the early days of Nome a child one winter evening was brought in on a sled, frozen stiff. No one knew the man who brought it, and having given the little one a Christian burial he returned to the woods with an empty sled.

But a day or two later the leader of the team—a large malamute—was back in the settlement—alone, and appeared to be looking for someone. Men saw it restlessly pacing the streets, day in, day out—examining every outfit that came in by the waterway, but heeding no one who tried to make friends with it. The animal grew gaunt and thin, and sometimes was seen searching in the forest many miles from the settlement, but only to return again as night came on.

For weeks the poor brute haunted the city, a lonely dejected figure amidst the bustle and life, seeking for something that was dearer to it than all else on earth—something it could never find.

Frivolous Definitions

Luxury—That which makes the poor discontented and bores the rich.

Gossip—Social vivisection.

Consistency—The one jewel that does not arouse a woman's envy.

Popularity—The price of self-respect. Diet—Denying yourself the indigestible food you like and eating the digestible things you don't like.

Bear—An optimistic dealer in pessimism.

Actor—One who pays more attention to the bill-board than the board-bill.

Caution—The brake that stops a career from running up-hill to success.

Curiosity—Paying a thousand dollars to see your appendix.

Good Judgment—Finding out what

kind of advice a man wants and giving it to him.

Pull—The resource of those who have no push.

Conscience—The internal whisper that says: "Don't do it; you might get caught."

Vanity—The food of fools.

Appreciation—Envy in sheep's clothing.

A Compromise—An amicable understanding by which you and your wife agree to let her have her own way.

Alimony—The grass widow's pension.

High Finance—Making two millions grow where none grew before.

What a Court Really is

Magistrate Robert Cornell, of New York, has acquired a new and valuable legal definition. An aged but robust negro witness who testified before him the other day wouldn't stop talking when counsel objected, but kept on roaring his testimony.

"Stop!" the magistrate commanded. "Don't you know you're in court?"

"Ya-a-as'r," replied the negro.

"Well, don't you know what a court is?"

"Oh-h-h, ya-as'r," said the old fellow with a low bow. "Ya-as'r: a co't is a place whah dey dispenses with justice!"

Never in the Same Place

There are but few who would not appear a trifle bored if compelled to listen a second time to a sermon. This weariness might be somewhat alleviated, however, if repeaters of sermons would bear in mind the remark of a little girl who was asked the question:

"Does your father ever preach the same sermon twice?"

After a moment's contemplation she replied:

"Yes, but I think he hollers in different places."



Royal Household Flour

Christmas, of all Times in the Year,

DEMANDS THAT YOUR MENU BE PERFECTION.
A MOST IMPORTANT PART WILL BE THE BAKING.

OGILVIE'S

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR

ensures the results you seek, because the most perfect milling system in the world—using the choice of Canada's best wheat, and testing the daily product—means flour of absolute uniformity and highest all-round quality.

Ogilvie's Royal Household will reach the highest standard you can set for your Christmas cooking

OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO. LIMITED, WINNIPEG



Christmas Customs

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By W. R. Gilbert.

AT THE present time when the Lords, good and indifferent, are being calumniated, it may be as well to turn to the carol singers who, of old, sang their praises at Christmastide, and what could be more appropriate at this should-be-happy season of the year? Jeremy Taylor justly observes that the oldest Christmas carol is the song of the angels on the birth of our Saviour "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will toward men," while one of the oldest of native English carols is to be found in an Anglo Norman manuscript, preserved in the British Museum, from which I may quote several of the translated stanzas:

"Now, Lordlings, listen to our ditty,
Strangers coming from afar,
Let poor minstrels move and pity,
Give us welcome, soothe our care:
In this mansion as they tell us
Christmas wassail keeps today,
And as King and all good fellows
Reigns with uncontrolled sway.

"Lordlings, grant not your protection
To a base unworthy crew,
But cherish with a kind affection
Men that are loyal, good and true.

Chase from your hospitable dwelling.

Swinish souls that ever crave:
Virtue they can ne'er excel in,
Gluttons never can be brave."

One of the earliest of the Christmas carols proper is that of "The Boar's Head," which is still sung every Christmas Day at Queen's College, Oxford, while the head itself—soused and decorated—is borne to the principal table in the hall with great state and solemnity; just as at Scottish festivals a Haggis is carried aloft to the sound of the pipes. It was printed in 1521 by Wynkyn de Worde in his "Christmase Carolles," and thus runs:

"The bore's heade in hande bring I,
With garlandes gay and rosemary,
I pray you all synge merrilie
Qui estis in convivio.

"The bore's head I understand
Is the chief service in this land
Loke wherever it be fande
Servite cuncantico.

"Be gladde, lords, both more and lasse,
For this hath ordayned our stewards
To chere you all this Christmasse
The bore's head with mustarde."

But the festive spirit of Christmas was better expressed more than a century and a half later in a carol which appeared in "Poor Robin's Almanac" for 1695:

Now thrice welcome Christmas
Which brings some good cheer
Minced pies and plum porridge,
Good ale and strong beer:
With pie, goose and capon;
The best that may be
So well does the weather
And our stomachs agree.

Observe how the chimneys
Do smoak all about.
The cooks are providing
For dinner, no doubt.
But those on whose tables
No victuals appear
O, may they keep Lent
All the rest of the year.

The sour-faced Puritans did their best to discourage carol-singing; but the practice revived at the Restoration and fantastic carols of old days are, in consequence, falling out of remembrance, nor do our lugubrious "waits" do much to revive the very pretty canticles of the olden time, seeing that their nocturnal minstrelsy is mainly taken from our hymn books, and is now less inspired by piety than by "filthy lucre." In

ancient times "waits" meant watchmen—they were minstrels just attached to the King's Court, who sounded the watch every night and paraded the streets to prevent depredations. In London the waits are relics of the musicians attached to the City Corporation under that denomination, and they had a cognizance or badge on the arm. Writing at the beginning of the nineteenth century, Hone says, that "preparatory to Christmas the bellman of every parish in London rang the bell at dead midnight, that the worthy masters and mistresses may listen, and be assured by his vocal intonation that he is reading a copy of verses in praise of their several virtues, especially their liberality, and when the festival is over he calls with his bill and hopes to be remembered."

"What O' the Night"

But these practices of the "waits" or watchmen were not confined to London. They were general all over the country. For example at the good town of Bungay, in Suffolk, the watch of the year 1823—eight years after Waterloo—circulated the following sheet headed by the representation of one of them with a lantern in one hand and a bludgeon in the other: A copy of Christmas verses presented to the Inhabitants of Bungay, by their Humble Servants the late Watchmen, John Pye and John Tye—which rather

\$125 REWARD

prize, Ideal Crib or (option) Ideal Folding Couch, retail value \$20.00. Fourth prize, Ideal Brass Hat Rack, retail value, \$10.00.

Here are two advertisements, "A" and "B." Which do you consider the best advertisement? and why do you consider it the best advertisement? For the four best answers to these two questions we will award four prizes, no person to receive more than one prize, as follows: First prize, Ideal Brass Bed, complete with Ideal Box Spring and Mattress, retail value, \$60. Second prize, Ideal Iron Bed, complete with Spring and Mattress, retail value, \$35.00. Third prize, Ideal Crib or (option) Ideal Folding Couch, retail value \$20.00. Fourth prize, Ideal Brass Hat Rack, retail value, \$10.00.

CONDITIONS: 1. Answers must be written on one side of paper only. 2. Answers must not exceed 200 words. 3. Must contain the full name and address of the writer. 4. Must contain the full name and address of his or her local furniture dealer. 5. All replies must be received at our offices on or before Dec. 10th and 6. Must be addressed according to the address and street number given in this advertisement. 7. All employees or friends of the employees of the Ideal Bedding Company, J. J. Gibbons, Limited, and the Western Home Monthly barred. The awards will be announced in the Canadian Home Journal, February 1913 number, and by postal to each contestant. The Judges will be W. P. Bennett, Managing Director The Ideal Bedding Co., Limited; J. J. Gibbons, J. J. Gibbons, Limited; W. G. Rook, Publisher of the Canadian Home Journal. SO GET BUSY. Write us in your opinion of both of these advertisements. It may win you a handsome prize for a Christmas present. The awards will be made on Dec 15th and the prizes despatched in time for Christmas. Address all correspondence

THE IDEAL BEDDING CO. LIMITED, 28 JEFFERSON AVE., TORONTO

A

Wouldn't your husband be glad if

you said to him, "John, don't let's waste money on giving each other useless trifles for Christmas let's buy something substantial for the home."

"I have been thinking how much I would like to fix up a spare bedroom, and I know where I can get the dearest little bed, spring and mattress you ever saw, for as low a price as \$35.00." Of course, he would be glad, and he would be delighted with your thoughtfulness.

The place to get such a dear little three-piece combination set is from any furniture dealer who handles the "Ideal" line of beds and bedding.

Before you buy any Christmas present you should certainly investigate these "Ideal" combination sets, consisting of an "Ideal" Bed, an "Ideal" Box Spring and an "Ideal" Mattress.

The set is something that will give you pleasure, not only for today, but for years on you will look back with pride and delight to the thoughtfulness which prompted you to buy this magnificent home present at the Christmas Season of 1912.

There is one thing to be careful of

Be sure you get an "Ideal" Bed, an "Ideal" Box Spring and an "Ideal" Mattress. There are imitations about, and while that may flatter us, if you happen to get one of them you will be disappointed.

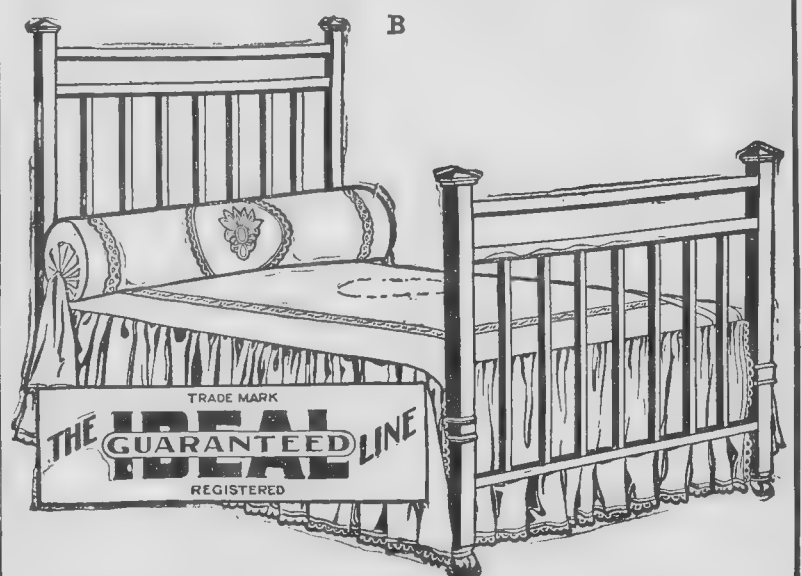
THE IDEAL BEDDING CO. LIMITED
28 JEFFERSON AVENUE, TORONTO



Wouldn't this beautiful "Ideal"

Bed look nice in your home? :: ::

B



THIS "IDEAL" BED

makes an ideal Christmas present. You and your husband couldn't combine and give each other any present that would give you both such pleasure and satisfaction.

You can get a complete outfit consisting of an "Ideal" Bed, Spring and Mattress from your local furniture dealer for \$35.00, but be sure to get an "Ideal" Bed. Otherwise you may be disappointed.

Make a point to ask your dealer his opinion of "Ideal" Beds.

THE IDEAL BEDDING CO. LIMITED
28 JEFFERSON AVENUE, TORONTO

suggests the John Doe and Richard Roe of the English law courts:

Your pardon, gentles, while we this implore,
In strains not less awakening than of yore.

Those smiles we deem our best reward to catch

And for the which we've long been on the watch,

Well pleased if we that recompense obtain

Which we have taken so many steps to gain:

Think of the perils in our calling past,
The chilling coldness of the midnight blast.

The bleating rain, the swiftly driving snow,

The various ills that we must undergo,
Who roam like glowworms of the human race,

The living Jack-o-Lanterns of the place.

In his "Sketch Book" Washington Irving gives a most charming account of an old English Christmas, and some time since, looking through an old volume of curious odds and ends, I came upon a lively description of "Christmas at Old Court," the seat of a fine country gentleman, one of the olden time.

Let me cull a few verses to show what were the relationship between Peers and People in those old days.

Come help me to raise
Loud songs to the praise
Of good old English pleasures:
To the Christmas cheer
And the foaming beer
And the butlery's solid treasures.

To the tuneful wait
At the mansion gate
O' the glad sweet voices blending:
When the carol rose
At the midnight's close
To the sleeper's ear ascending.

To all pleasant ways
In those ancient days
When the good folks knew their station,
When God was feared,
And the King was revered
By the hearts of the grateful nation.

When a father's will
Was sacred still
As a law by his children heeded,
And none would brook
The mild, sweet look
When a mother gently pleaded.

Christmas Trees

But Christmas, like all other things in this changeable sphere, has sadly altered with the times, and the spirit of the season is not quite the same as before. For one thing the place of Christmas carols has been taken by Christmas cards, of which the production has opened up a new and very considerable industry; more especially in the German nation, which supplies so many of the things we want; and has it ever occurred to any of my readers that even our Christmas trees are of German origin? I rather think that you will find no mention of the Christmas trees, ornamental with wool, snow and candles, and hung with presents—in any Yuletide revels up to the middle of the last century—but when Prince Albert married Queen Victoria he brought over many German customs with him, including that of the Christmas tree, and in England it found congenial enough soil, soon spreading into an immense pine forest. The Christmas tree would seem to be traceable to the Roman saturnalia, and was probably first imported into Germany by the conquering legions of Drusus. Such a tree with its pendant toys and mannikins, is distinctly referred to in Virgil in one of his Georgics.

The Nativity

Learned writers have shown that many of our Christmas customs had a pagan origin, and even that Christmas itself is of this character.

How is it that December 25th has come to be celebrated as our Saviour's natal day? "It does not appear," says one researcher, "that there was any uniformity in the period of observing the

Nativity among the early Churches. Some held the festival in the month of May or April, others in January. It is nevertheless almost certain that December 25th cannot be the Nativity of our Saviour, for it is then the height of the rainy season in Judea, and shepherds could hardly be watching their flocks by night on the plains."

We know that the late King Edward—if I may draw a comparison without irreverence—was born in November, but for ceremonial reasons he chose to celebrate his birthday in June. Yet what has that to do with the selection of December 25th as the birthday of our Saviour? Says the writer already quoted, "Not casually or arbitrarily was this done. One of the principal causes that operated in fixing this period was that almost all the heathen nations regarded the winter solstice as the turning point of the year, the beginning of the renewed life and activity of the powers of Nature, and of the gods, who were originally merely the symbolical personifications of these."

The Church sought to combat and banish the deep-rooted heathen feeling by adding, for the purification of the heathen customs and feasts which it retained, its grandly devised liturgy, besides dramatic representations of the birth of Christ and the first events of His life.

A Merry Yuletide

Hence sprang the so-called "Manger Songs" and a multitude of Christmas carols, as well as dramas, which sometimes degenerated into "Fool Feasts" or farces, and the custom of reciprocal presents and festive Christmas fare as

The stout sirloin
And the rich spiced wine
And the boar's head grimly staring.
The fromenty,
And the hot mince pie
Which all folks were for sharing

in the hospital hall of "the fine old English gentleman, one of the olden line." But now, alas! there is a growing tendency to prefer the city hotel for the family hall as the seat of our Yuletide festivity. The tendency began to manifest itself soon after the Battle of Waterloo, as I gather from another old Christmas ditty:

For many a winter in Billiter Lane
My wife, Mrs. Brown, was ne'er heard to complain;
At Christmas the family met there to dine
On beef and plum pudding, and turkey and chine.
Our bark has now a contrary heel,
My wife has found out that the sea is genteel;
To Brighton we duly go scampering down,
For nobody now spends his Christmas in town.

For my part to spend Christmas at home is good enough for me, even though this year it is robbed of many cheerful surroundings, but none the less heartily shall I drink the health of all my readers, as well as confusion to my enemies.

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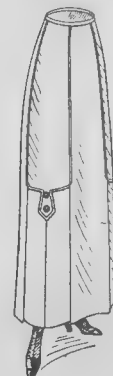
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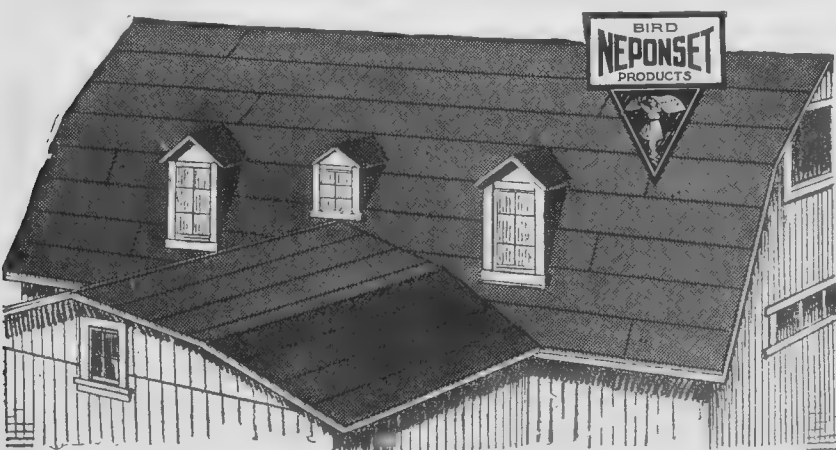


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On the Denver Sleeper

A Tale of Christmas Eve. Written By J. de Q. Donehoo

THERE were just a round dozen of us on the Denver sleeper that Christmas Eve. All we men, numbering eight, had already fraternized with that good-fellowship which is invariably begotten of common dangers or tribulations encountered. The four ladies had not, however, up to this time "spoken to strange men on the train," as was eminently proper. But now with the entire stoppage of the wheels, with the certainty that we should have to pass the night here, snow-bound, and that it might be a day or two before we got off again, the icy manners of the better half of creation melted, if the snow did not.

"I am Mrs. Jones, of Washington, on my way to San Francisco to meet my husband, Captain Jones, who arrives from the Philippines on the 31st; and this is my daughter, who accompanies me," said the handsomely gowned and attractive looking middle-aged lady who had berth No. 7, suddenly unbending and addressing the group of us men who were gathered near the middle of the car. "And isn't this dreadful, gentlemen, perfectly dreadful!"

All of us hastened to reassure Mrs. Jones and her charming daughter, as we most gratefully acknowledged the compliment of the introduction.

"And I am Mrs.—Mrs. DeWitt, of Chicago, on my way to Denver," affably remarked the stunning blonde who occupied the seat opposite that of the Jones'.

"I am Miss—Miss Parsons, of New York," diffidently volunteered in a moment or two a modest-looking but not unseemly-appearing brunette who sat at the other end of the car, "and I am on my way to Salt Lake."

Scarcely had we all acknowledged these introductions, and begun to commiserate each other, as well as enter on interminable speculations as to our ultimate fate, when the train conductor, a big, burly, good-natured man who seemed to exude optimism, bustled in to reassure us.

"It's all right, ladies and gentlemen," he protested. "Sorry that you're thus unaccommodated; but there's plenty of fuel on board to keep us all warm, and plenty in the diner for everybody to eat, for supper and breakfast, anyway. Let's turn in and make the best of it and spend the jolliest Christmas Eve of our lives, even if we are snow-bound out here on the Kansas prairies. They'll get us out by noon to-morrow, anyhow, I think."

"Bravo!" cried we all, even the ladies. "Let's make the best of it. A Merry Christmas Eve it shall be."

With an infectious laugh and a few more cheery words the jolly conductor passed on, to infuse new life and hope into the passengers on the other sleepers in the rear, even as he had already done, doubtless, whilst passing through the coaches in front of us. Remarkable it is, the influence exerted by one thoroughgoing optimist possessing the personal magnetism that railroad man had. We were all now as cheerful, hopeful, and I may even say, contented, as a few moments before we had been wretched, dejected, discouraged and even fearful.

How it had snowed that afternoon on the prairies! Ever since we left Topeka at noon, soft flakes had been falling; but as the day wore on, what at first had been merely a storm became a blizzard. The air was full of icy spicules that served no longer to make the skies white, but actually darkened them, so thickly they fell, and were tossed about by the furious blasts from the northwest.

With the darkness came an end to our progress. Not even by backing every few minutes, then dashing forward under all steam, could the engineer longer make an impression upon the inert walls of icy debris that ever rose higher and more unyielding before him. The weary wheels lagged and with a few last, despairing snorts from the locomotive, ceased to turn. We were, as related, snow-bound on the prairies, far from any town, in the midst of the most blinding

storm that anyone on the train could remember. And though from the last station, ten miles back, a message had been sent to Topeka for relief—snow plows—it might never reach there, the lines very likely being down. But somehow we now felt that it would all come out right, and even if we didn't get off for a day or two, we were determined, like Mark Tapley, to be jolly notwithstanding.

"I'll tell you what I propose that we do," soon suggested Mrs. Jones, who at once began to come out strong, revealing the possession of eminent social qualities, and very gracefully, as the elder of the ladies present, assuming the unquestioned position of chaperone and mistress of ceremonies on our sleeper. "It's Christmas Eve. We can't have a party, at least we can't dance, or anything of that kind. I suppose, too, that a Christmas tree would be out of the question; and I don't imagine that we could hang up our stockings and reasonably expect a visit from Santa Claus, there being no fireplace in evidence, and the traveling out this way being so bad that even Dancer and Prancer and the rest of his reindeers would probably balk at trying to reach us. I suggest, then, that after supper we spend the evening in telling stories. True ones are the best, and each of us will therefore relate the tale of his or her life. We may use fictitious names for persons and places, if we so desire; but each of us is to pledge his solemn word that his narrative is strictly true. What do you say?"

"Capital! the very thing!" shouted all of us men in unison. "We agree, and thank you ever so much, Mrs. Jones, for the suggestion. It will certainly make a jolly evening for us."

The three other ladies did not, however, acquiesce quite so cordially. The modest brunette, in particular, seemed to be decidedly opposed to the proposition, as was also the blonde from Chicago. But these were soon whipped into line by the coaxings of the rest of us, and so it was settled.

After supper, and a very good one, had been served in the diner, which we all took together, having made arrangements to that effect with the head waiter, our little coterie, by this time christened "The Twelve," resumed its old position in our own pullman. Mrs. Jones was by acclamation called to the chair and the story-telling began, we being gathered together in a little circle at one end of the car.

Our chaperone and president very considerably agreed to open the evening's entertainment, which she did, telling very pleasantly the story of her life—not a specially eventful one, but full of enough human interest, as related by its very charming raconteur, to hold our closest attention. Next followed the briefer and not all exciting biography of her daughter, but one most fascinating as it fell from the lips of its pretty subject. Third was the turn of the dashing blonde lady from Chicago. I am almost tempted to set down here the salient features of her life's romance, for the readers' benefit—it was very entertaining—but I will refrain and pass at once to the history of the fourth lady, Miss Parsons.

"The name I gave you," she reluctantly began, as urged by Mrs. Jones, "is not my real one. I am not Miss Parsons; I am not Miss anybody; I am a widow. Greatly do I dislike to tell the story I now relate, but you all have persuaded me, against my will, to promise to do this; and I will not deny that I have been greatly interested by the tales that have already been told. I will not, therefore, refuse to contribute my own quota to the evening's entertainment, much as it pains me to do so."

"I was born some—well, we will say twenty-five years ago, in a little village in the hills of West Virginia, not far from the Ohio river. My parents were of Scotch-Irish descent, as nearly all the people in that region are—pious, God-fearing, religious enthusiasts, and with the strictest ideas about morality, as

they understood it. They lived a simple, frugal life on the hilly farm which had been first settled by my great-grandfather more than a century before. I was endowed, however, with what, in no boastful spirit but simply as the expression of a fact which I know how to designate by no other term, is called the artistic temperament—the deadly, happiness-destroying type of intellect which longs for higher education, culture, the larger and fuller life that seeks acquaintance with what my parents would have called the vain pomps and glories of this wicked world.

"At first they rejoiced at my love of reading, the quickness with which I learned, and even at my passionate fondness for music, and the rapid attainments I made in that art. They gave me every educational advantage within their power, and finally sent me to the nearest co-educational college, in which I graduated with honors by the time I was twenty-one. But they were utterly horrified and scandalized when I, a year before the end of my course, confided to them my desire to become an actress and make the stage my life work.

tion, we were engaged, although my parents knew nothing of this. My betrothed promised to make, within a few weeks, a visit to the little town where I lived, and then, after meeting my father and mother, to seek to secure their consent to our marriage.

"This he soon did, but alas! the evil fates had yet another blow to inflict upon me. I had forewarned Harold, who was a young lawyer with liberal opinions regarding all the questions of the day, about the extremely old-fashioned religious views entertained by my parents, and their violent prejudices where these were concerned. He had promised me to use all possible discretion when such things were touched upon; but, unfortunately for him and for me, my father soon drew from him the confession that he was unorthodox in his belief. Furthermore, by direct questions he learned that my betrothed did not believe in the verbal inspiration of the Bible, and that he held almost every lax and dangerous view against which the preacher in our church at home was constantly declaiming.

"At once, therefore, my parents branded



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"Both my father and mother treated this proposition as nothing less than the direct inspiration of the Evil One, an open confession that I wished to devote my life to all that was wicked and abandoned. Each of them declared that if I persisted in this design it would inevitably bring down their gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. And in face of this opposition, knowing that my parents told the truth regarding the effect that the carrying out of my plans would have upon them, I gave up my cherished ambition.

"But that was not all. At the very end of my last year at college I met The Man. His name was, I will say, Harold Duval, although of course, he had no such melodramatic cognomen as that. Handsome, well-educated, ambitious, dashing in manner, he was a very Prince Charming who came into my life and took my heart by storm. With him by my side, I should have altogether forgotten my disappointment at not being permitted to take up the career for which I longed. When I left for home after my graduation,

my betrothed as an 'infidel,' and conceived the most violent prejudice against him, although he could have escaped being thus stigmatized only by telling direct falsehoods, which of course he scorned to do. In addition, they conceived the idea, and quite honestly, I think, that it would mean the loss of my immortal soul if I married this man. They now saw in my desire to be an actress a temptation which, when I had fortunately escaped, the Prince of Darkness had followed up with the subtler design of encompassing my eternal destruction by uniting me to an unbeliever. They begged and implored me to give this man up, and finally forbade my meeting or speaking to him, threatening me with the awful curse of father and mother, if I transgressed their command and married him.

"I did not know what to do. Much as I loved this man, having given him my whole heart, yet I did not dare to elope with him and marry him as he urged at our secret meetings; for beside the fact that this would have seemed to me



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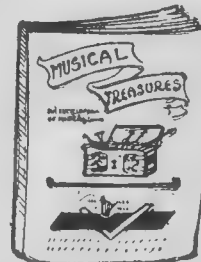
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unmaidenly, almost disgraceful. I should have felt that by so doing I was incurring the awful curse of which I have spoken, the superstitious terrors of which had been impressed upon me from infancy up. I should also, I believed, inevitably cause the death of my father and mother. Accordingly, I decided to wait for a year or two, hoping that something would meanwhile occur to solve the problem.

"Harold vigorously combatted this, my determination, urging that my constancy would be put to sore trial amidst the environments in which I found myself. He particularly suggested that artifices which I would be unable to see through might be employed by my parents to prejudice me against him and separate us. But I assured him that I did not think that they were capable of doing this. However, I now know that either they were, or else, as an alternative to this, my dearly loved betrothed was one of the most despicable persons I have ever known.

"For a long time I believed that the latter was the case; the evidence seemed conclusive. But, later reflection has caused me to suspect, at least to hope, that I have been deceived; for much more willingly would I believe that my now deceased father and mother had through religious fanaticism stooped to what they believed righteous deception, than that the only man I ever loved was the most unprincipled of villains. And after the coming of the Rev. Mr. McNeil to our village, I can readily see that my parents were so obsessed with the desire to bring about my marriage with him, that they were lost to every other consideration.

"The respect and reverence felt for the ministry by old-fashioned persons of the type of my father and mother were so excessive that I fear I can hardly make you fully understand their attitude when the Rev. Mr. McNeil fell in love with me and proclaimed himself a suitor for my hand. Amongst the older generation of farmers about my native place the greatest earthly ambition was to raise up a son who should become a minister, the next highest was to have a daughter who should achieve the distinction of becoming a preacher's wife. You can guess, then, the anxiety my parents felt to have me forget my 'infidel' lover, as they termed him, and to safeguard my soul's salvation, as well as shed lustre on the family name, by becoming Mrs. McNeil.

"Now for this honor I had, of course, not the slightest inclination. Leaving out of account the fact that my heart was given to Harold, I do not think that it would have been possible for me to have found on earth a man to whom I should have been less attracted than to this sickly and fanatical preacher.

"He was a wizened, sallow-faced, unhealthy-looking young man, with bashful and awkward manners, but boundless self-esteem due to his firm faith in his own abilities, and the importance of the service he was rendering mankind. My parents accepted him at his own valuation, but I did not; for I soon discovered that the most of his alleged profound learning was mere pedantry, and I despised him as a person without true culture and essentially a weakling, a mollycoddle who in any of the active pursuits of life would have been a mere child in competition with strong men. And yet I did not actively dislike him. Pity would better have expressed my feeling towards him—the victim, the self-deceived dupe of the system under which he had been brought up. As I afterwards found out, he was essentially kindly, humane, even self-sacrificing in a way.

"And finally I married him. Why I did so not all the explanations that could be made on earth will ever make clear. If there is, indeed, a book kept by the Recording Angel, in which each human thought, word and action is clearly set down, perhaps by mature study of this I may in some future state understand it all; but I shall never here below arrive at a satisfactory analysis of the motives that swayed me.

"But amongst them came first of all, I am sure, out and out despair and disgust with life and all that it had left to offer. Harold was untrue to me! The only man I ever did love had treated me with unparalleled contempt—had spurned my love like a thing of naught. Only a week before the time of which I speak, I had, unknown to my parents,

received a letter from him that was filled with protestations of his undying affection for me, with exhortations to faithfulness on my part, with hopeful plans for our future when the shadows should have passed away. And then came the blow. My father showed me the New York paper in which was announced the marriage of Mr. Harold Duval and Miss Eloise Fauntleroy!

"I might have wondered then and I did afterwards ask why my father should so promptly have received a copy of this paper. His explanation was that a college friend of the Rev. Mr. McNeil's in New York, who knew about the latter's infatuation for me and my love for this Harold Duval, had seen the item and sent it to him. But, in any case, it was abundantly clear that here was no case of mistaken identity. My betrothed was clearly designated as a young lawyer, a graduate of the '05 in his college, which I well knew, and as a football player of note. If I required any further evidence of what had taken place, I found it in the fact that his secret letters to me forthwith ceased. And, of course, from that day on I never wrote to him.

"The rest of this sad tragedy I pass over with a few words. Finally, as I have said, I married the Rev. Peter McNeil. If I can give any one reason for this, I did so because my heart was broken, every earthly ambition of mine disappointed, and I felt that nothing in this wide world made any real difference. I determined that if this match, upon which their hearts were set, could make my old parents any happier—smoothe their final path from the declivity of life I should just as lief gratify them; for it all seemed of little consequence to me. I only sought some shelter where I might hide my broken heart for the few short years that I felt certain were left me on earth.

"But strange are the ways of providence. Within a year after our marriage my husband, who proved to be a consumptive, was dead. Scarcely as much more time had elapsed when both my parents also reposed in the old graveyard amongst the West Virginia hills and I was left alone, without a near relative in all the world, without an ambition, without a desire, save to pass away and be at rest with those who had gone before.

"My husband and parents left me a modest property, the income of which amply sufficed for my needs. For a year after their decease I lived almost a recluse in the family home; but now, by the advice of friends, I have determined to try for a while the life of a teacher. I have just accepted a position in a church school at Salt Lake, that an old college classmate asked me to take, and am on my way thither, faintly hoping that new scenes and environments may give me some interest in life and possibly arouse me to action."

The company was silent as the so-called Miss Parsons ended her tale. Sympathy, pity, were manifest upon all faces; but it was evident that no one knew just what to say. Mrs. Jones was at last about to make some remark, when a noise was heard in the smoking compartment at the end of the car, next to which we were huddled. A large, handsome, athletic-looking man suddenly emerged, and addressed us:

"I am an eavesdropper," he exclaimed, half quizzically and half defiantly, yet in an excited manner that he evidently tried in vain to control. "I was an unwitting one at first, I protest; for I dropped into your smoking room from the sleeper back, in search of a match. None of you noticed me, and thus it chanced that I heard the first part of Miss—Miss Parsons' tale. After I had caught the first sentence that fell from her lips, I dishonorably remained to hear the very last word of it. But does she, do you, ladies and gentlemen, blame me? I am the man she calls Harold Duval."

If a bombshell had at that moment exploded in our midst the effect could not have been more startling. This statement applies to all of us who were there present, but as for Miss Parsons in particular, it is impossible to describe the transformation wrought in her by the man's sudden appearance. She sat for an instant as one altogether stunned by a heavy blow, and yet as one upon

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whom a great light had shone. "Edward," she said at last, "is it you?"

"Lillian," imploringly replied the man, now altogether addressing himself to the girl, as though no one else were present, "what have you to say to me? What is all this about weariness with life? It is a falsehood, a base, groundless fabrication—this story about my marriage, two years ago. Some villain must have had the notice you speak of specially printed to deceive you. I never heard of it before. I write you again and again, I tried in every possible way to reach you—to communicate with you, until I heard of your marriage with the preacher, but I could not. A cunning system of espionage must have guarded you well. Was a blacker crime ever committed?"

"Oh, Edward!" gasped the girl. "Can it be true—you love me yet? Can you

forgive me? I only married him because I cared for nothing. It was my way of committing suicide of the soul. Oh, if you could only understand."

"I do understand, dearest," he cried, "and nothing shall stand between us now. I am sorry but that school in Salt Lake will have to look out for another teacher."

It did. We heard no more true tales that Christmas Eve, but nevertheless it turned out to be a very happy one to all of us, and for two persons upon the train in particular. Forgotten was the blizzard, and the icy wall that hemmed us in. And when at last the plows got to us the next day and dug us out, and when finally, worn and weary, we reached Denver, all of us, during the stopover, were glad to be present at the wedding ceremony that united Mrs. Lillian McNeil and her true love, Edward J. Crosby.

The Deer Hunters

Following the Game Birds and Game Fishes and Small Furbearers with Camera, Rod and Gun. By Bonnycastle Dale. Photos by the Author.

IT IS remarkable the great number of black-tailed deer we meet upon the Island of Vancouver and on the islands in the Gulf. We never meet the white-tailed nor the mule deer. These are to be sought in the dry lands south of the C.P.R. in Okanagan, East Kootenay. But the little fellows with the black tails are numerous everywhere. In our Natural History work

large animal had rested there, a path that was less deeply pressed all the remainder of its length, showed where a panther had crept inch by inch, foot by foot, upon its sleeping prey. The trail was a long succession of deeply pressed beds where the creeping animal had dragged its lithe body and tremulous quivering tail along, pausing for a minute here, squatting for ten minutes



B.C. Scenery.

we actually see them daily in some places without making the slightest search. They remind me of antelopes on Denman's Island, so small are they. Here the breed has been impoverished by inbreeding until they are positively the smallest deer I have seen on this continent; many of these would not weigh more than sixty pounds. Some that ran along the sand cliffs looked like fawns of other breeds so small were they. They still possess that leaping bounding run so typical of the deer. One that was surprised while feeding by the road leaped sideways over the five-foot fence as if it were no obstacle at all.

I do not know what to say about the regular killing of these by the settlers at any and all times of the year, but it is done winter and summer, spring and fall. It is no trick to kill these little inquisitive deer. Time after time Fritz and I would get so near them that we would try to round them up on some blind trail and catch them. I could shoot them readily from the canoe on the river and in some of the salt water harbors, but as we never kill anything larger than a wild goose the breed will not be diminished by us.

During one of our rambles on the hills we came across a mute reminder of a foe worse than man. We were far up on one of the mossy shoulders of the hills. Sitting on a fallen stunted fur, beside the top of the bank of a little, almost dry, mountain brook that brawls far beneath me, I made my notes. A path in the high fern, a path here and there pressed down as if some

there, ever heading towards a little shady spot, where, under a clump of distorted firs, a single black-tail had made its daily bed. Here it could see all danger that approached from below—and all from above save through this one irregular patch of fern. Slowly the savage beast dragged itself clear of the sheltering fern. The eloquent black soil where mountain mosses cling spoke of the soft-padded foot lightly pressed as the great cat crept on—still the deer slept. Over the bare trap rock the panther passed—here it dislodged a few fragments of sun-cracked rock and awakened its prey. Now the great leaping footmarks showed plainly in the disturbed light soil where the beast bounded after the now alarmed deer. One, two, three leaps. Here the loose soil and moss was planed off the rock, showing where the big, strong paw had knocked the affrighted deer down and deer and panther together had slid a few feet. The struggle had not been much prolonged as only a little blood, a small space of crushed dwarf fern marked the death scene. Now the panther's big, soft paws could be plainly traced where he carried his light burden down the mountain side. The Kanaka, Indian-English half-breed, that was with us, swiftly tracked the beast. The kill was fresh. We found the carcass, but not the panther. It is remarkable how clean one of these hungry animals will finish up its meal. The deer's hide had been nimbly ripped open, all the meat, the heart and the lungs had been eaten, the skull had been scooped out. It seemed impossible that

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one hungry beast could eat all of this seventy-pound deer; most likely it had made two meals.

In the springtime, when the horns are in velvet, when they are just soft masses of blood vessels, growing rapidly, an inch a day, from the adult's head, and again in the fall, during the rutting time, I understand from all the hunters that I have met that the slaughter of our black-tail deer by the panthers is very great. The increased bounty may decimate this source, but take my word for it, Vancouver Island is the spot any bounty man should make for. There is a noble chance here to make money from the numerous marauding panthers that live on our sheep, and the great number of wolves, almost black ones, that roam this island.

If you carry a pair of heavy field glasses with you—we use a telescope—it will astonish you the number of animals one can see in a few trips, especially in the morning and evening. All the sands of the river's points and also along the seashore are criss-crossed with the deer and the bear, as well as the big, soft paws of the panther—these at fifteen dollars bounty, and an additional five dollars for the pelt should tempt many a rifle out this winter.

We British Columbians do not rush out after our game, hair, feathers or

in photographs of the feather game, game fishes, and small fur bearers. So Hawk, my Mississauga guide and I turned our canoes towards the frontier, following the isotherm of 35° as rapidly as our paddles could urge us. It was impossible to believe he now deliberately deserted me, but from the night I strained my eyes to follow his canoe on one of the unnamed lakes, mere widenings of Little Current, I had searched and waited in vain, waiting was a dangerous game with the frost line rapidly advancing. Already I had to break the thin shore ice to launch out in the early morning. Food was getting scarce. I relied almost entirely on my rifle and trolling line to supply me. Luckily the woods and waters were well tenanted, so I secured present food without delay, killing my next meal from the canoe as I threaded the lakes and rivers we had traversed some time before, waters that had rarely, if ever, reflected a white man's face. Tonight I had landed on the south shore of Springwater, so dead tired after an exhausting portage that I hung my tent up to the first convenient tree, careless that the cold north wind blew directly on the almost unsheltered position; then I lighted my camp—aye, my signal fire—and cooked a grouse Mississauga style. I remem-



Deer Hunting in B.C.

scales, as our Ontario friends do. Many thousands of licenses are granted to men to hunt deer in a hundred-mile square patch in Nipissing, Parry Sound and Muskoka Districts. So crowded has this favorite hunting ground become that many accidents happen and many fool tricks are done. Can you imagine a deer hunter stepping up to a fence and shooting at a farmer and his two sons that were digging potatoes in their field? Yes, and after killing the father, this idiot tried to kill one of the boys. Can you imagine sane men firing at everything they see moving in the bush and at times putting a bullet through the top of a friend's head? The danger has become so great to the hunters that they urge the wearing of a bright red cap or coat.

Read this true tale and hesitate when the trigger finger trembles aiming at poorly seen objects.

The Cross Upon The "Height of Land"

It was in November, all the marshes of the Kawaskagama were aglitter with rime, keen nipping winds were blowing; it was a race now, a race between a man and the southward advancing line of ice and snow, with the odds in favor of the latter, and death the price of defeat.

I had penetrated the Thunder Bay District as far north as 51°. On the Little Current I met the first south-bound migratory flocks, Nature's warning, never to be disregarded by the Naturalist. I had secured a fair reward

ber spreading out my guide-map—Devilfish Lake, another hard portage; then Long Lake with its clear run of forty miles. If the ice did not make too hard I might win out yet—then I must have dozed, for when I woke the moon was high and I heard, borne on the wind, the words of the Canadian Boat Song—"Row brothers row, the stream runs fast,—and daylight's past"—clipped as it was by the gusts, it disproved my first thought. Truly it was not Hawk, as the words came from English lips. Faintly I discerned the craft in the white smother of foam the wind was raising outside the rocky point. Instinctively I waved the map, for two weeks of one's own company makes the heart glad to welcome a fellow-man. Across the waves, around the point into comparatively smooth water, the dark object crept. Soon as the canoe's bow grated on the sand at my feet—it was a birch bark, heavily laden, in the bow a covered load showed the form of a recumbent man—I greeted the paddler astern. He stepped over the load ashore in response to my invitation, and together we lifted and partly drew the craft up a foot or two. He shook his head when I proposed awakening the bowman; shook it again when I urged him to bring him to the fire, rudely intercepting my outstretched hand and rapidly rearranging the covers that had partly fallen off the reclining head. Then he followed me and silently took a seat beside the fire.

As he rested against a tamarack root

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I saw he was an old man, yet, by his clear skin and well-formed features, brawn hands and clear blue eyes, evidently in the full vigor of old age. His first word as he looked up was "Thanks." I assured him of how happy I was to see him, doubly happy as I was alone in this northern wilderness. Then I pressed him to eat, but he wearily shook his head, shaking it again when I proffered to heat the camp kettle and brew him some tea. Again when I offered to help him to unload and draw the canoe up—the same weary shaking of the head answered this question.—Was the old man mad? Certainly not, his eyes showed the full possession of his senses.

Silently I watched him as he sat there with drooping head and downcast

glance. Then, as the night was growing very cold—there had been a slight snowfall while I dozed—I urged him to wake his chum and bring him into the tent. Have you ever seen a strong man break down? I watched the fine old head droop until the white beard was almost hidden by the peak of the hunting cap; then the shoulders, that dreadful tell-tale sobbing shaking the entire frame, dry sobs shook him as the Northwestern shook the trees about us. Finally I saw the firelight sparkle on the tears that trickled through his fingers and I knew that Nature's blessed relief for the overstrained heart had come. There was a wan smile on the old face as he looked up, a smile of apology for the alarm he thought he was causing me—our thoughts were as transparent as crystal to one another now, so in the same mute way the simple wave of my hand relieved him, and he bowed his thanks.

"I thought I was dying . . . but it passed . . . when I saw your fire. . . . I had sung every old-time song I could muster up . . . Just to sort of keep me company . . . my head was pretty light; I have not eaten much this last week . . . then the fire spoke of men. . . . Oh! how I have longed for one human being, one living soul to tell my trouble to. . . . I have struggled from daylight to dark, yes, and long after dark, hoping against hope that I could keep ahead of the ice and reach the frontier. We left Jackfish a month ago, Bert"—here the old head fell again and the voice sank to a whisper—"and I—we made all the portages to Red Deer, as we called the wide waters of Little Current, in fine shape. There was a bit of metal we were looking for and we intended to shoot a bit, too. After we got our wee shanty up we started to hunt, for the supplies were getting low, the lad"—again the voice fell—"took his way along the western side of the lake, instructing me to meet him where an old pine had fallen with its top in the water. Here, from the numerous tracks, was the drinking place of the deer; and from here evidently they crossed the lake if driven to it by the wolves or other danger, for never a white man had hunted on that lake before. It was an hour before daylight when I took up my position. I knew Bert"—he pronounced

the name with soft loving inflection—"was far up the side of the lake by this time, far on the opposite shore, as he had an hour's start. Sir, I can remember every item of that morning's wait. Several times I heard animals in the scrub. Once a mink swam past me and I could just catch a glimpse of its trailing tail. Then, as the first dim light began to appear a big deer jumped to his feet right behind me. The lad and I have hunted in many countries. It is needless to tell you that I am an Englishman. Well, towards daylight I heard animals moving off, and far away over the lake I saw a doe swimming. As yet there were no sounds of the lad's shooting; then suddenly I was conscious that I was staring straight at a big buck. Before my brain sent the message to my fingers he was gone—right down the trail that led to the watering place. I knew just where he would reappear, close beside some black alders. With my finger on the trigger, I watched; then I saw a bobbing reddish looking head just at the top of the bushes, instantly I fired. As I leaped over the trunk of the pine I heard crashing and scrambling in the bushes. I leaped over the scrub and carried my rifle through the alders—and this world has never looked the same to me since—there on the shore, with his rifle lying beside, lay my boy. Yes, sir"—and his voice rose hysterical—"I had killed him with these hands, this finger that had learned so cunningly to press the trigger"—and he held his hand out towards me—"had fired the shot—he was my only lad, sir. Bert was a good boy. I sat beside the body and made up all my plans. First, I hid his rifle and mine under the alders, they would be too heavy to trek out; then I carried the boy, with many a rest, to the shanty. I only put a bit of flour and salt in the canoe. I have lived since, as the animals do, on that which I could find. Day after day I paddled rapidly over lakes and down rivers, making many portages. At night, sir, I would always think of the poor lad's body, fearing it would be attacked by wolves. Then I found myself talking to it, and I feared I was going mad. It was all so lonely, lying there at night, tending the watch fire, always thinking of what was under the overturned canoe. I think I had just about given up when I

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A young man was advised by a friend to eat Grape-Nuts because he was all run down from a spell of fever. He tells the story:

"Last spring I had an attack of fever that left me in a very weak condition. I had to quit work; had no appetite, was nervous and discouraged.

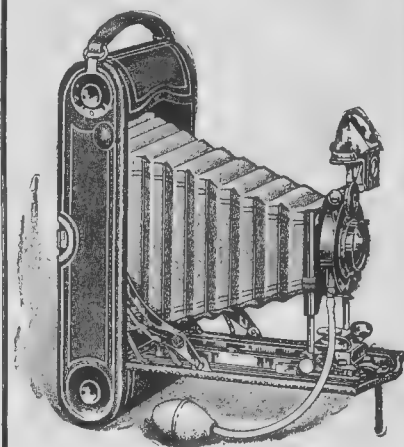
"A friend advised me to eat Grape-Nuts, but I paid no attention to him and kept getting worse as time went by.

"I took many kinds of medicine, but none of them seemed to help me. My system was completely run down, my blood got out of order from want of proper food, and several very large boils broke out on my neck. I was so weak I could hardly walk.

"One day mother ordered some Grape-Nuts and induced me to eat some. I felt better and that night rested fine. As I continued to use the food every day, I grew stronger steadily, and now have regained my former good health. I would not be without Grape-Nuts as I believe it is the most health-giving food in the world." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

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saw your camp fire. You see, sir, he was my only child." The old white-bearded man sank from very weakness on the sand. I carried him and laid him on my rude couch and listened until his deep breathing assured me that he was sleeping from utter exhaustion. It was not the first time I had heard a man snore from deathlike weariness and the rattling gasp of the breath made me rejoice when daylight broke.

The next day all the broad lake was skimmed with ice. Hurriedly we decided that the only chance of our escape was to bury the lad's body here. I left the old man a short hour beside the grave. Then we hastily loaded my canoe and paddled across to the portage, leaving the rude cedar cross I had

made to tell of another of those heart-breaking fatalities of the deer shooting season.

Five days later, after breaking our way many a time through the thin ice, we found Hawk looking for me. He had mistaken other signs for mine until he caught up with a trapper, then he turned on his trail to seek me. Helped by the Indian, and aided by a timely fall of snow, we mounted our craft on rude runners and reached the frontier in safety. A letter from the old man later informed me that he had secured guides and had brought his son's body out over the ice for Christian burial. This fearful object lesson has taught me to be absolutely certain of the identity of the object before I pull the fatal trigger.

Told on Christmas Eve

Or a Tragic Event in Manitoba's History Recalled

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by J. D. Evans, Crystal City

Spending the Christmas season a few years ago with an old friend away in the thick pine woods of southeastern Manitoba, "the days of the long ago" were brought forward on Christmas Eve. The friend of the writer was born in Point Douglas (Winnipeg), and at the time of the stirring events of the '70's was a man of some thirty years of age. His account of the tragic death of Scott and the disposal of his remains, always a matter of conjecture to any but those who know what really did become of them and kept their counsel, is now told by the writer.

OUTSIDE it was cold, extremely so, the usual weather the Manitoban experiences at Christmas time, but within the cosy shack of Gouteau there was warmth, and plenty of it—good cheer without limit. Gouteau's shack stood beneath a juniper-covered sand hill away in the pine woods, possibly within a three-mile radius of Hargrave Spur, a flag station on the main line of the Canadian Northern Railway in southeastern Manitoba.

There were a trio of us at this place of Gouteau's, homesteader and Winnipeg citizen; McMutrie, likewise from that city, and the writer, also numbered in those days amongst its residents. It was Christmas time—that period of the year when all the world is living beneath "the peace upon Earth and Goodwill to Men" banner; the writer, meeting Gouteau upon Main street in the early part of December, was invited to spend Christmas at his place, as he described it, "right in the big woods against Minnesota."

It would be a novel method of spending Yuletide—far away from the madding crowds on Winnipeg's streets; hence it happened that on the twenty-fourth day of December (yes, it's some years ago now) the writer stepped from the train at Hargrave Spur, where, upon the rude planks serving as a station platform, Gouteau was awaiting his guest. After a hearty welcome, there was a walk through the woods to his place. The snow was deep, yet crisp; the tree tops were swaying gently in the evening wind; we were in the huge pine forest stretching far away into the United States. Occasionally a light would beam forth amidst the trees when we were passing the home of a settler; but after a brisk walk Gouteau's shack was reached and we entered.

Preparing the evening meal, was McMutrie; he was spending a few weeks with Gouteau. When full justice had been done to the excellent supper, chairs were drawn to the stove, pipes filled—conversation the programme.

Gouteau, after a short while, stretched himself upon the bed. Occasionally he would break forth into a weird kind of dirge. The writer sat listening to the quaint melody which, in the early days of Manitoba's history, was a tune without which the musical portion of a dance upon the Red River's banks would be considered incomplete—in these years its lively strains are seldom if ever heard.

"What's that tune you are humming, Gouteau?" enquired the writer. Its sound was familiar to his ears; he had heard it upon previous occasions; presumably its music is a relic of the good old times in Manitoba days when the smoke of the Indian's tepee curled over Fort Garry, which view of the matter was corroborated by Gouteau in

the statement that he had heard it when he was a boy—and that was many, many long years ago.

Fort Garry! wherein the pioneer history of Manitoba was laid; wall-encircled buildings within which Indian and trapper assembled in the days now passed into memory! There is something pregnant with interest to the Manitoban of today whenever the name of Fort Garry is mentioned.

"Suppose you know a great deal concerning old times in this country, Gouteau?" queried the writer. "Must have been great days all right."

"Ought to," answered Gouteau, smiling, as he jumped from the bed to replenish the stove. "I was born on the river bank down in Point Douglas, and—"

He was interrupted by McMutrie remarking that there were good times in the early days, but no person ever dreamed that there would be anything here more than there was then.

"We all got badly fooled on that idea," Gouteau continued. "At all events, after 1870 things commenced to be different. I guess there were reasons all right."

"The seventies," responded the writer, "that was about the time that Manitoba passed through troublous days; at least that's what I've heard."

"In the early days of the seventies there certainly were," Gouteau replied with a laugh. "I guess you've heard of Wolsley. If he could only see Winnipeg now he'd just wonder where he had got off at. I remember the very day he came into this country. I suppose you know where the Dawson Road is over in St. Boniface? That is where he and his troops marched in from Rat Portage."

"Kenora you mean?" suggested his listener.

"Yes, nowadays," Gouteau answered, and for a few minutes he seemed wrapped in thought. He refilled his pipe slowly; perhaps the archives of memory were being stirred up? It was Christmas eve; at this time of the year thoughts are apt to enter our minds which never transpire at any other season.

Continuing his remarks, Gouteau said: "When we heard that Wolsley was coming into the Fort, a whole lot of us walked over to St. Boniface and waited at the corner of the Dawson Road. It was in the August of '70. Riel, with some of his men, had gone off to the States. They knew that Wolsley was coming to straighten matters up; there had been the killing of Scott, and this had caused a lot of dissatisfaction, even amongst those who had sided with Riel in what he did. Things wanted fixing up—you can take that statement from me."

To these remarks the writer suggested that little is ever heard nowadays



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Old Fort Garry, 1870

about those times, to which suggestion Gouteau replied with a knowing head-shake that there were men living in Manitoba today who would rather not let their memories be taxed concerning it.

From an acquaintanceship of many years with Gouteau, the writer was cognizant of the fact that he was a man upon whose information the greatest reliance might be placed; neither did he appear to be reticent in relating that which he could speak of with authority.

"As I said," he continued, "Wolseley came along. He crossed the river near the place where the Grey Nuns' Hospital is in St. Boniface now. There was a ferry there in those days, and he, with his soldiers, walked into the Fort. There were—it's no use disguising the fact—a bad lot of people around: two parties with a kind of king over them. If you belonged to one party or the other, you were a rebel anyway."

"The writer interrupted with the question as to what the trouble was about. Gouteau claimed it to be a contention as to which of the two kings, as he expressed himself, should be in command of the colony—the country was then known by that name.

"Some people wanted no interference from the Old Country. It does not matter what some men might say to-day, they know it is a fact though," he continued—statements which Mc-Mutrie expressed as absolutely correct.

"There was quarreling—lots of it," continued Gouteau. "Quite a number of men on both sides were shot and afterwards thrown into the river. The one party considered that if a certain man who did not agree with them could be got rid off there would be a better chance to do things as they wanted. Of course, this was earlier in the year—March. Wolseley didn't come until August."

Enquiry from the writer relative to whom Gouteau had reference, at once elicited the information that if the questioner walked along Princess street he would see a large brick building erected to his memory.

"Scott," at once answered the writer.

"Yes, Scott," Gouteau replied. "He was trying to keep order in the Fort, and the rebels gave him a mock trial for something they said he had done. They never allowed him to say a word to defend himself, so they brought him outside one of the buildings and shot him. I saw him fall, for I was there at the time, and, what's more, I know the men who fetched him out to be shot, but—"

Gouteau paused for a few seconds; then, with a voice which spoke of certainty in its tones, said: "I know who shot him also."

The writer now made the observation that few people nowadays appeared to have any information as to the identity of the assassin, which remark at once produced from Gouteau the reply that persons would not believe who did it even if they were told.

"Some matters are better left buried," said he. "It's years ago now; no name is going to be told by me."

It is over forty years since the tragedy of Scott's death within Fort Garry's walls. The sad termination to his useful life has always been perplex-

ing in one matter: How were Scott's remains disposed of? The only information forthcoming appears to have been that his corpse was cast into the Red River in close proximity to the junction of the Assiniboine with that stream. An old-time resident dwelling in Winnipeg today informed the writer quite recently that he had never entertained such an idea; he claims the statement to be absurd in the extreme. It was suggested by the writer to Gouteau



Thomas Scott

that the body of Scott was thrust into the muddy waters of the Red River. With much emphasis Gouteau repudiated the story, declaring that neither Red River nor Assiniboine received Scott's remains.

"People said that at the time," said he, "they tell that yet. They claim that no person knows what did become of Scott's body. There are people who do know, but there are reasons why they would rather not tell."

To these sentiments the writer remarked that it appeared strange that people should have consigned so important a matter into the abyss of forgetfulness or reticence to impart the information. Yet the answer of Gouteau to this appears to be with reason. The Manitoba of 1870 and the country of more recent years are not identical for, according to the testimony of Gouteau, it was not considered conducive to a person's welfare to relate everything they saw, knew, or had been told.

Continuing his remarks relative to Scott's assassination, Gouteau said: "The rebels picked up his corpse and put it into a shed; they stripped the clothing off Scott in there also."

"What took place after this, have you any knowledge?" asked the writer.

"I was coming to that point," said Gouteau. "That same evening, about seven o'clock, my father and I were having supper at a house close to where Main Street bridge now crosses the Assiniboine; two men in a cart drove up to the door—one of them got out and asked if they could get some supper. This man—he was just about the worst of a bad lot—said that they had got him in the cart and were going to put him away. My father asked

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\$3.25 (WORTH \$9).—EIGHT Superfine Quality Chemises, Knickers and P. ticoats, magnificent parcel, **\$3.25**.

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\$5.75 (WORTH \$25).—LADY'S Solid Gold English hall-marked, Keyless Watch, highly finished movement, exact timekeeper, richly engraved, 12 years' warranty; wonderful bargain, **\$5.75**.

\$5.75 (WORTH \$20).—Extremely beautiful LADY'S Solid Gold Long WATCH GUARD, handsome and very stylish in pattern, stamped and guaranteed, in faultless and new condition. Wonderful value, **\$5.75**.

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\$15. (WORTH \$60).—MAGNIFICENT Diamond and Sapphire Cluster Ring; 18 ct. Gold, hall-marked; suit either lady or gentleman; there are 10 white and faultless diamonds surrounding a superb sapphire of richest quality; to appreciate the full beauty of this ring it must be seen; bargain, **\$15**.

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\$1.50—HANDSOME Brooch, two hearts entwined with ivy-leaf centre; 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; **\$1.50**.

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\$39.50—Canteen containing 112 Pieces of TABLE CUTLERY and best A1 QUALITY TABLE PLATE, solid polished walnut, brass mounted, duplicate keys fitted, separate compartments; 12 Table Forks, 12 Dessert Forks, 12 Table Spoons, 12 Dessert Spoons, 12 Tea Spoons, 12 Egg Spoons, 1 Soup Ladle, 2 Sauce Ladles, 1 Gravy Spoon, 4 Salt Spoons, 2 Mustard Spoons, pair of Sugar Tongs, all of the very best quality, also 1 doz. Table and 1 doz. Dessert Knives, pair of Meat Carvers, pair of Game Carvers and Steel, real Crayford Ivory handles, by eminent Sheffield maker; highly tempered steel blades, all perfectly new, never used. Well worth \$130. Bargain **\$39.50**.

\$10 (WORTH \$40).—Spoons and Forks, A1 quality, silver-plated on nickel silver, stamped maker's initials, Queen Anne pattern; 12 table, 12 dessert, 12 teaspoons, 12 table, 12 dessert forks; service 6 doz.; Wonderful bargain, **\$10**; half set, **\$5**.

\$45 (WORTH \$160).—Real SEALSKIN JACKET, superior quality, sacque shape, double-breasted, with lapels, rich silk lining, latest Parisian style. Perfectly unsold. Great bargain, **\$45**.

who it was that he meant. 'Why, Scott, of course,' the man answered. 'We've got rid of the d—. He's been in our way quite long enough.' My father didn't answer for a few seconds; he had a good opinion of Scott. Of course, he knew that he had been killed that afternoon. After a short while father said that he thought Scott's body had been thrown into the river, at least that's what was said in Fort Garry. 'I knew they said that,' replied this man; 'that's what they were told to say—it's a lie. Scott's body is outside in the cart. He's going to be put in a place where people would never find him because they would never think he was there.'

At this point of the story McMutrie interrupted Gouteau by the remark that at the time of this black event in Manitoba's history he was a boy living with his parents in a now-suburban district of Winnipeg. He had oftentimes heard his father say that Scott was buried about two miles south of the Fort, yet he was unaware of the exact location. To which remarks Gouteau replied that what his father had said was correct.

"After supper was over," continued Gouteau, "just as the men were driving away, they told us to come outside, which we did. When we got to the cart, one of them said, 'Look over the side.' It was Scott lying in the cart; they had thrown some sacks over the body. One of the men then said, 'You can see for yourself he's not been thrown into the river.' As soon as they drove away, my father and I followed them. They went through—it's Fort Rouge now—along the Pembina trail. You know where Portage Junction is nowadays? somewhere about there is where they stopped."

"And that is where Scott is buried, is it?" asked the writer with great surprise.

"That's the very place. There was lots of bush around there in those days; it's the right spot, I do know that. It was a very dark night," continued Gouteau, "but my father and I were able to keep within sound of the cart. When they stopped we hid in the scrub, and the two men walked into the bush; then we walked to the cart and looked inside. Scott's body was not there then, but we were afraid to follow the men—knew them too well to interfere with them. However, they came back to the cart after a while and drove back towards the Fort."

The writer remarking to Gouteau that his story cast a version over the affair very different to what most people are of the opinion was the method of disposal of Scott's remains, Gouteau answered:

"I know all about that — don't care what they say. There's people living yet who, if they just simply had to talk and tell the truth about the matter, would tell the same story I have just told you. It's close to the present Portage Junction, where — I heard this part afterwards—a deep pit had been dug. Can't say who dug it, but Scott was put into it. Those who caused his death said (and made others tell the story) that Scott had been thrown into the river near the Hudson's Bay mill. It's a deliberate lie. It doesn't matter what was said then, or what people think today, Scott's body is out near the Junction. We never went to look where it was buried because we were afraid to, but I'll stand to my statement that Scott is buried out there."

And this was the story of Scott the Fort Garry martyr's death, and the burial place of his remains, as told around the stove in the cosy shack of Gouteau on that Christmas eve away in the pine woods of Southeastern Manitoba.

That the story which the writer has related is not minus corroborative testimony is affirmed by a today citizen of Winnipeg to whom was related Gouteau's strange story, and who was in Fort Garry during the troublous times in which stirring events of Manitoban history took place. The gentleman in question adheres very strongly to the opinion that Gouteau's statements are, without a shadow of doubt, absolutely correct, lending color to this verdict that it was common knowledge with many at the time of

Scott's murder that his corpse had been conveyed in a cart across the river, and was certainly not thrown into the stream.

Red River's murky waters, or those of Assiniboine, did not swallow up the remains of Scott, martyr of immortal memory. Without reason of doubt, Scott, the Fort Garry hero, is sleeping within the confines of a rude grave in the vicinity of the Portage Junction of today, at rest, undisturbed by screech of the steam whistle and roar of traffic as it passes to and from the great city of Winnipeg, ere the advent of which he laid down his life that peace and order might reign in the Fort Garry of the stone gateway, by which today the street car and motor are rushing by

And Gouteau, emptying the ashes from his pipe, walked to the door. The reflection of a frozen sea northward was in unusual brilliancy of color, a multitudinous array of starland twinkled in the sky. It was now after the hour of twelve o'clock; the bark of a dog upon a nearby homestead was the only sound audible. Christmas day had once more dawned upon the earth—that day commemorative of the time in the long years ago when the lowly shepherds upon Bethlehem's fields, tending their flocks, had seen the strange light, and the multitude of the Heavenly Host had chanted their "Glory to God in the Highest." And even amidst the loneliness of the wild pine woods of southeastern Manitoba we observed the day with mirth and glee, whilst Gouteau related many strange incidents of the Manitoba when the Indian was wont to erect his tent upon today's bustling streets of Winnipeg. As Gouteau expressed himself, "There were generally a bunch of tents on the Portage trail not far from the river bank, just about where the avenue runs out of Main street. Look funny today, wouldn't they?"

As Gouteau remarked, ere closing his eyes to slumber, "Always had a Merry Christmas in Manitoba as far back as I can recollect—and that's a good many of them."

The "Going-To Bees"

Suppose that some fine morn in May
A honey-bee should pause and say,
"I guess I will not work today,
But next week or next summer,
Or some time in the by and by,
I'll be so diligent and spry
That all the world must see that I
Am what they call a 'hummer!'"

Of course you'd wish to say at once,
"O bee! don't be a little dunce
And waste your golden days and months
In lazily reviewing
The things you're 'going' to do, and how
Your hive with honey you'll endow,
But bear in mind, O bee, that NOW
Is just the time for 'doing.'"

Suppose a youth with idle hands
Should tell you all the splendid plans
Of which he dreams, the while the sands
Of life are flowing, flowing.
You'd wish to say to him, "O boy!
If you'd reap your share of joy
You must discerningly employ
Your morning hours in sowing."

He who would win must work! The
prize
Is for the faithful one who tries
With loyal heart and hand; whose
skies

With toil-crowned hopes are sunny.
And they who seek success to find
This homely truth must bear in mind:
"The going-to bees' are not the kind
That fill the hive with honey."

Nixon Waterman.

Couldn't Fool the Boy

A Hebrew boy, eleven years of age, who was a fever patient in a Philadelphia hospital, had shown a disposition to whine and complain at all times. The nurse was giving him an alcohol sponge, and, thinking to divert his mind, she said to him as she rubbed under his arms: "Ticklish?"
Still, the youngster said: "No; Yiddish."

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Me for Sal

By Gelett Burgess

Advertising ain't what it was in the old days when they did it by hand, so to speak. I can recall the time when a whole valley would be pre-empted by a stove-polish hustler, rocks, barns and fences, only to have his claim jumped by some quack-medicine fiend, bringing on a regular duel with paint-brushes. Many's the landscape I've spoiled and many's the barn I've disfigured in my day. I've painted signs in and I've painted signs out; I've covered territories the way a kid colors a map. I've slung lampblack and yellow ochre by the barrel; I've made block letters to fill a dictionary. Companies didn't buy space by the square foot in my day; they didn't have cutout fences and funny pictures and electric lights; they advertised by counties and states and mountain ranges, by jiminy! Desecrating the face of Nature was good enough for them. Those here breakfast-food people have taken all the romance out of the business.

It was in the spring of 1879 when I got an order from the Medford Salt Company to decorate the Connecticut Valley. Medford Salt was supposed to be Heaven's best gift to invalids suffering from ague, chills and fever, rheumatism, and the Lord only knows what else. It was my opinion then, and it's my firm conviction now, that it was nothing more nor less than a fake, pure and simple, only it was not pure and not simple. I diagnosed the stuff as consisting of sea salt, alum and terra alba in equal parts. But that was none of my business; I only had to illuminate the countryside with the conspicuous words, "TRY MEDFORD SALT FOR AGUE; IT CURES—" or any other phrase I could cook up to fill the proper space. I was known to be equal to the best for neatness and dispatch, and the company left all details to me. I hired a horse and democrat wagon, bought a stock of paints, oils and brushes, and started out to attract attention to the supposed virtues of Medford Salt. Besides this material I had a half-dozen cases of the remedy to pay for space with where I couldn't steal it.

I broke into the valley at Springfield, Massachusetts, planning to work up the left bank into New Hampshire and down the right-side bank back. There were no game laws or closed seasons then. If I found a rock I wanted was already covered I painted the sign out with white lead, returning in a day or two to use the space for Medford Salt, trusting to luck that there wouldn't be anybody with a brush along after me for some time. I took my chances with the rivals in my business as a part of the job, and farmers with shot-guns I usually managed to fool by working on dangerous places at night with a dark lantern.

When I got up as far as Adamston, New Hampshire, I found I'd have to stop there some time, for there was a branch of the Connecticut came in there that I wished to adorn. So I put up at the Central House and made that my headquarters. In Adamston I met Sally Twitchell, and collapsed for the first time in front of a woman. She had a farm in her own right and no relatives, except her kid sister, who had all the beauty and none of the sense in the family.

I had talked the business over with Sal, and she was terribly interested, thinking it was a romantic sort of life for a man thereby doing both sides of the river at once. I got acquainted first by securing Sal's consent to having the side of her barn painted. I just threw myself on that piece of work, and did the company credit.

I had talked the business over with Sal, and she was terribly interested, thinking it was a romantic sort of life to be in. She got up the design for the barn herself, and it took me two days to paint it in lemon-yellow letters on a Prussian blue background, about the most expensive paints I could se-

lect. There were three lines of it, and it read this way:

TRY
MEDFORD SALT
IT SATISFIES

Sal spent a lot of time watching me work, and insisted on learning how to mix paints, about the only thing in the world she wasn't up on besides horning cattle. I kept a lot of my paint in her barn for her to fool with, and before she'd got through she'd done over about the whole inside of the house. Her fondness for paint went right to my

heart. She saw possibilities in it that I had never dreamed of.

I would have felt pretty sure of her if it hadn't been for a chap named Teddy Doane who used to come to the house as regular as I did, and between the two of us Sal kept us guessing. Teddy had a general store in Adamston, and another across the river in Clinton, Vermont. Of course, he was a good deal better off than I was, and a nice enough fellow with the girls, so I was considerably afraid of him. My long suit was a knowledge of the world, including Boston and New York, with a spice of adventure thrown in, and I played my cards accordingly. Teddy held trumps in being right on the ground winter and summer, so that it looked like an even break with a chance for each. Sal acted square with both of

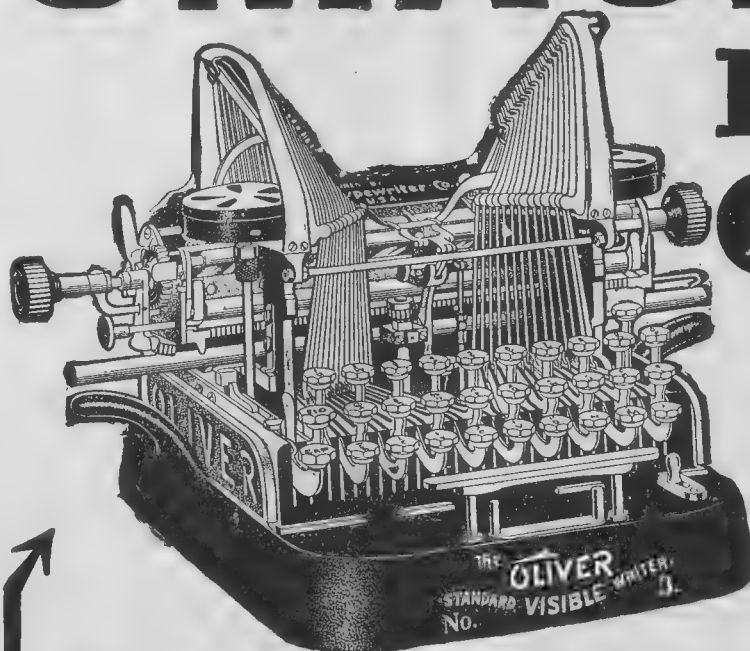
us, but her little sister teased the life out of us.

Meanwhile, Medford Salt was permeating the vicinity; I didn't allow lovmaking to interfere with business, and my contract called for some pretty lively work. If I wanted to earn the thousand dollars I was to get for my trip I had to hump myself, and without that thousand in sight I couldn't propose to Sal. I told her as much as I dared to, and waited for a chance to say the rest.

We walked and we talked as much as I had time for, and got better acquainted every day. She was interested in everything I did and all I'd seen, and it seemed to me she'd be ready to sell out and go to New York whenever I said the word. She sewed on buttons for me, and mended my

SMASHING

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Don't fail to fill out the coupon and send it to us **now.** Remember that this is a limited offer—already our force is working day and night to meet the tremendous demands. Get in your application at once.

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(REGD. TRADE MARK)

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**Are THE VERY BEST
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ENGLAND**

clothes, and showed me how to get the paint out of my finger-nails. But she was just as good to Teddy, too, being the kind that always likes to be doing for her friends. I could see he was getting to the point himself where he'd soon propose, but before either of us popped the flood came.

I'd been across the river a way, embellishing the view with ochre and bronze-green, when, one night, I got back into Clinton to find the river had broken loose and flooded half the town. The Adamston bridge had been carried away, and I couldn't get across to see Sal.

I put up at the Clinton Hotel, and there I found Teddy Doane, who had come over to his store, and the two of us put in a pretty miserable night. We'd never been alone together before, and we weren't over-anxious to get acquainted. There was nothing for it, though, but to pretend to be friends, and we played high-low-jack till it was time to go to bed. In that way we escaped talk by mutual consent.

The next morning who should turn up but Lulu, Sal's little sister, in a pink

with my old mare and a heavy democrat wagon, and I knew it. So I ran across to the stable to get a horse and team, but there wasn't a single one to be had. It was seven miles to Williamsburg, and no boat would live in the freshet.

There didn't seem to be any possible hope for me, but I just sat down to think it over as calmly as I could, to see if I couldn't find some way to win. As I sat there I looked up to a bluff about half a mile back of the town, where I'd put a big sign, MEDFORD SALT, in letters fourteen feet high. I knew it could be seen plainly from Sal's piazza, for we'd often sat there and admired it. Then a thought came to me how I could make use of it. I ran out to the stable and hitched up the mare.

Lickety-split I drove up a hill road, slopping paint right and left till I got to the foot of the cliff. I painted out the two D's and the T, and then I had my sentiments expressed in letters that would carry two miles:

ME FOR SAL

But this wasn't enough. How was I going to attract Sal's attention? Then



A Vista on Buffalo Lake, Central Alberta

party-dress, gay as a lark. She'd come over to Clinton for a dance, and thought it was great sport to have to stay away from home until the river went down. She giggled to see both of us together, unable to get to Sal. Finally, she called him out in the road on some pretense, and I saw her talking to him and laughing like a fool. Next thing Teddy started over to the livery stable. In five minutes he drove out and turned down the river road toward Williamsburg, whipping his horse like mad. I knew something was up.

"See here," I said, "where's Teddy gone in such a hurry? You've given him a tip about Sal, and you've got to pay for it or I'll know the reason why. What's up?"

"I don't mind telling you," Lulu said, "for I don't care much who gets Sal as long as the best man wins. I'm tired of this backing and filling, and it strikes me if either of you wants to marry Sal you'd better be up and doing. Sal's tired of it herself, and she told me last night that she'd have the first one that asked her. Teddy's driving down to Williamsburg to cross the bridge there and get back to Sal and ask her first."

It was no use my trying to catch him

I thought of a double-barreled shotgun that I kept in the wagon for gray squirrels. I loaded her up, and began a racket that would make a Fourth of July celebration seem like a country Sabbath. Then I sat down and watched the Twitchell house. Pretty soon I saw what looked like a towel waving in circles on the piazza. It was Sal sure, and I was fool enough, in my excitement, to actually try to yell to her. Then I started back to town.

I hadn't gone far, however, before I began to doubt whether I'd won, after all. How did I know that her waving a towel meant that she'd have me? Teddy was likely to turn up at any minute, and might talk her round. Something had to be done to clinch the matter. I stopped and looked about. Right near where I halted there was a big barn I had worked on a month before, and it was, of course, in a conspicuous place, as all my signs were. It read, "TAKE MEDFORD SALT." I had to mix up some Brandon red for this to match the background, and just before I was ready to begin I looked across to the Twitchell place to see if she was still waving. When my eyes lit on her barn I was paralyzed to see that sign

was being changed, too. I strained my eyes and could make out somebody working over the wall. When she moved, what do you think I read? Sal had been painting out the letters until it ran this way:

TRY
ME. SAL

The line below, "IT SATISFIES," she hadn't had time to alter.

You can imagine how I felt. I knew the girl had spunk, but this was beating wireless telegraphy all to pieces, twenty-five years ahead of time. But what took the grin off my face and sent me hurrying up my ladder was to see a little speck crawling up the road across the river. It was a horse and buggy, carrying Teddy Doane as sure as shooting.

I worked like a fiend, and spattered myself with Brandon red regardless. When I got down my sign read:

TAKE
ME O SAL

By this time the speck across the river had disappeared amongst the houses of Adamston, but I didn't care. I had got in my proposal first. There it was over my head in twenty-foot letters that the whole State of New Hampshire could witness, and I had reason to believe that Sal was for me.

I didn't have long to wait, though, for my answer. I was accepted two miles away by the cleverest little woman that ever handled a paint-brush. When I saw what I did see I executed a war-dance, with war-paint on, too. By taking the lower line on her barn, painting out the first T and ISF of "IT SATISFIES," and changing a T and an I into A's, Sal had sent me her answer:

I SAY YES

They tell me those signs weren't altered for twenty years, and the Adamston folks tell the story of Sal Twitchell's long-distance proposal to this day.

A Christmas Hymn

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up tonight,
And now was Queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain!
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What wrecked the Roman, what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay.
Falling through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He passed—for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought—
The air how calm, and cold, and thin.
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high
Drowns over common joys and cares;
The earth was still—but knew not why,
The world was listening, unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed.
Man's doom was linked no more to sever—
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and
Heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Things for Christmas

A Party

THE young women of a certain family in Nova Scotia planned a pretty little surprise for their guests at a Christmas party. One of the young girls wore a large bunch of flowers. The friends mingled admiration with their greetings, and she removed a flower from her bouquet as a boutonniere for each guest. Uncles and aunts and cousins, large and small, were served alike and all seemed to enjoy the favor. Another merry-faced girl had pinned to her shoulder a large bunch of variously colored sachet bags, hardly less beautiful than the flowers. Still another had unique favors in the shape of tiny half-dram phials filled with white mustard seed. She tied strings of druggists' twine around the necks and pinned them to the shoulder of her gown as the others had done. The guests' experiences with the flowers and sachets

led them at once to suspect that they were to be served in a similar way with regard to the bottles, which was very true; when dinner was served and the contents of the bottles were referred to and tested, the fun over the favors was almost boundless.

A Calendar

A friendship calendar was a source of much pleasure to an elderly lady living alone. At her request, each one of fifty-two of her friends, representing the fifty-two weeks of the year, furnished material for every day of the seven in his week. Each one followed out his own idea for the week's calendar, contributing favorite quotations, short poems, anecdotes and reminiscences, so ever adding cherished recipes. In many instances the contributions were original. Others were illustrated with small pictures cut from current

magazines. The result was a perpetual calendar, each day representing the loving thought of a friend.

A Pincushion

The most acceptable gift I received last Christmas was a mattress pincushion, and it is my constant companion whether at home or abroad. It is a tiny mattress stuffed with curled hair and covered with satin. It is nine inches long, seven wide and one and a half deep. It is tied down or tufted like a mattress, leaving nine sections for pins. Each of these sections is filled with a different kind of different colored pins, and the long sides are for safety pins, black on one side and white on the other, and of all sizes. The ends of the cushion are for hatpins, white on one side and colored on the other. When I received it, it was so well stocked that I have not had to replenish it yet. There are blue, pink, coral, white, pearl and black pins, while there is one section for vari-colored ones and two for the small black and white ones. It is a constant and reliable friend for all occasions.

INSIST ON THE  TRADE MARK.

"LITTLE DARLING" "LITTLE DAISY"

HOSIERY FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN



Happy Children

Of course, you want your children to be happy, and to look dainty and pretty, too.
It's no problem if they wear "Little Darling" or "Little Daisy" hosiery—the daintiest and prettiest ever made for children.
And it's comfortable, too, because it is made of the finest, softest Australian lamb's wool, knitted in a clean, wholesome mill by the cleverest operatives in the business.
Buy "Little Darling" or "Little Daisy" for your children.

"LITTLE DARLING"—Has silken heel and toe. All sizes for infants up to seven years old.
"LITTLE DAISY"—Reinforced heel and toe. All sizes for children under twelve.
COLORS—Pink, Sky Blue, Cardinal, Black, Tan and Cream.
Your dealer can supply you. Cost no more than inferior kinds.
Look for the "Sunshine" Trade Mark on the ticket.

The Chipman Holton Knitting Co., Limited
Hamilton, - Canada
MILLS AT HAMILTON AND WELLAND, ONT.

Santa Claus Stockings

Santa Claus stockings delight the little folks and the use of them is withal a very wholesome custom. They make nice, inexpensive gifts to send to our little friends, being sure to send them in time to reach the children by Christmas eve, that they may have them to hang up. The ones I have seen were of red and white outing flannel decorated with feather-stitching and tiny bells and had a piece of ribbon at each side at the top tied in a bow. The leg was red on one side and white on the other, the cap and bottom of the foot being white on the red side and red on the white side. They were in two sizes, the smaller being about twelve inches in length. A clever girl I know makes from twenty-five to forty dollars every year from the sale of these stockings.

What a city woman can do for a country friend is best told in the words of one who was the recipient of a kind thought last year: "When I moved from the large flourishing city to a small, unprogressive Western town, one of the greatest trials of my new environment was the lack of a market. As Christmas approached, and there seemed nothing available but the canned goods on the shelves of the general store, I was reduced to tears; but these were soon changed to smiles upon opening a box which came several days before Christmas. There, embedded in Christmas

greens, were all the dainties afforded by a city market: lettuce, cauliflower, green peppers, eggplant, tomatoes, cucumbers, Neufchâtel cheese, Malaga grapes, and even after-dinner mints. Needless to say these treasures were judiciously managed, and the thoughtfulness of one city woman transformed what would have been many an uninteresting meal into a feast."

A surprise scrapbook for an invalid will add to her Christmas happiness. Take an ordinary "exercise" book and get as many small articles as there are pages in the book: such as a piece of embroidery with the materials for working it, a letter, some camera pictures, a handkerchief, a case of pins, a story from a magazine, and other small things. For a child select paper dolls or paper soldiers, puzzles, pictures, a game, etc. Fold each leaf over so as to conceal one of these gifts, seal it with one of the bright colored Christmas seals and mark the page to be opened on a certain day. In this way the Christmas pleasure may be made to last for many days.

A notebook in which to record the gifts sent to friends will prevent one from sending the same sort of gift to a friend twice in succession. A book seven inches square is a good size. Divide the pages lengthwise into four columns. In the first column write the name, and mark the remaining columns for years. Under the year write the gift sent that

person in, say, 1910; in the second column put down the gifts sent in 1911. Thus you will be able to see at a glance to whom gifts were sent and exactly what was sent. Back pages of the book may be used to put down any new ideas for the coming year.

From a City To a Country Girl

By I. Elizabeth Slavin

The most appropriate gift I saw last Christmas was given by a city girl to a country cousin. The box reached its destination Christmas Eve. When the ugly outer wrapping had been ripped off, a pasteboard box tied with bright red ribbon was disclosed, and under its lid a collar-case made of two pieces of pasteboard covered with blue silk and caught together at one edge was found. The girl opened it and laughed. "Just what I've been longing for—a turnover collar set in Hardanger. Oh! and a collar of English embroidery and two tuckers."

The country girl wished in her heart that she could make Hardanger collars; she wouldn't in the least have minded the work. And then her mother suggested that there was something 'so in the box, and the good fairy who answers girls' "wishes in their hearts" around about Christmas answered this girl's; because in the next layer of the box she discovered the queerest kind of book. Its cover was blue cretonne, covering pasteboard, and fit it were pasted pages cut from the

magazines filled with ideas for and designs of collars. But that was not all—the book also contained several pamphlets on Hardanger, English cut embroidery and cross-stitch work—any fancy-work book will give these—with designs for turnover cuffs and front pieces; and at the end of the book were two pages with ideas gleaned by the city cousin from the town shop counters and show-cases.

The country girl's eyes danced. Oh! if now she could only rake up some materials. Again she wished, and again the Christmas fairy must have granted her unspoken wish, for in the bottom of the box was a blue cretonne bag filled with many remnants, scraps, odds and ends of linen, lawn, ribbon and lace, and some pieces that the country girl guessed were not quite "odds and ends."

And last, in the very, very bottom, answering an even unthought-of wish, was a blue linen floss-holder with red, white and three blues in mercerized cottons, and skeins of blue and pink silk, and a book of embroidery needles.

The Country to the City Girl

By Mrs. J. W. King

A country girl who has more time and ingenuity than money sent the following list of gifts to relatives in the North:

To a city cousin who entertains lavishly she shipped a large box containing a dozen small cedar trees not over a foot high, all trimmed to the same size and shape; one dozen flowerpot covers made of screen wire covered with lichens and lined with heavy grey wrapping paper; a box of moss, the kind that looks like miniature trees; twelve small star-shaped baskets fashioned from screen wire and lichens, lined with scarlet crepe paper, having sprays of holly tied to the handles with red ribbons; a dozen cards cut from heavy water-color paper tinted with water-colors, representing five large holly leaves arranged to form a star, clusters of the scarlet berries painted in the centre, and appropriate quotations lettered in gold on the leaves; a big bunch of mistletoe, and every crack and crevice filled with sprays of holly and a large star made of screen wire filled with everlasting flowers that had been colored a rich red.

Then she sent the following suggestions: Use the little trees as favors, setting them in flower-pots, using the covers and moss, or decorate with inexpensive Christmas-tree ornaments. The baskets are for bonbons and a card for each place, also a small bouquet of mistletoe and holly tied with red ribbon. The star on a bed of holly is for a centre piece.

A Gift for a Lady

Linings for bureau drawers make a most acceptable gift for any woman. Take two pieces of cardboard, each half the length of an ordinary drawer, and of the width of the drawer, and cover them with pretty material—silk, muslin, or whatever you wish. Interline with sheet cotton, delicately scented, if desired. Then sew on loops of silk elastic of the same color as the material, to hold handkerchiefs, gloves, belts, ribbons, etc. Pieces of cardboard covered like the lining, and cut the proper size to cover folded handkerchiefs, gloves, etc., should be provided to slip under the elastics and over the articles. A covered cardboard roll for veils and a circle to inclose stiff linen collars are also supplied. A bureau drawer is easily kept neat, if fitted up in this way; and when traveling, several of the pads may be taken out and tied together for the suitcase or the trunk.

A Christmas Post Office

We called our scheme "The Christmas Post-Office." Its aim is to send out the following notices as invitations to each invited guest and the members of the family:

"Miss ——— "December ———
"A registered parcel awaits you at the Christmas Post-Office, No. 1000 Blank Street. It can only be delivered to you



How to Buy Gloves Right



Guaranteed by the Makers

THE wear of a glove depends upon how it is made, the kind of leather in it, and how the leather is tanned. One pair of gloves may last three months, another six months, another only a month. You never can tell unless you know something about leather and tanning; or unless you have a dependable Guide Post to go by.

The best and safest Guide Post in buying Work-Gloves, is to look for the H.B.K. Trade Mark stamped on the palm. This Trade Mark is a **GUARANTEE** of satisfactory service. Every pair of H.B.K. gloves is built as well as a glove can possibly be built. The leather is specially tanned by the H.B.K. process to make it extra thick and tough. This process **DOUBLES** the life of the leather, and gives you **TWICE** the wear of ordinary gloves.

SATISFACTION OR A NEW PAIR FREE

EVERY pair of H.B.K. Work-Gloves is absolutely guaranteed to give the wearer perfect satisfaction. If not, the dealer is authorized to give you a new pair **FREE**. It is your interest to ask for, and insist on getting the H.B.K. Brand **GUARANTEED** Gloves. See that the Diamond Trade Mark is plainly stamped on the palm of the glove. This is your best protection in glove buying.

The Hudson Bay Knitting Company
Canada's Expert Glove Makers
MONTREAL

in person. Office opens at eight o'clock Christmas Eve. A. V. S. Postmaster. "Christmas Post-Office."

His plan was that all should neatly wrap and address their gifts as though for mailing. Anything in imitation of regular mail matter would be received by him and distributed to those present.

It was wonderful how the suggestion was received and acted upon. Before eight o'clock Christmas Eve the big bay-window was piled high with packages and letters, nearly all of which were stamped with old or foreign stamps to make them more realistic. All the Christmas party were present and eager for the novel fun to begin. The children drew straws to determine which should act as postmen, and the two victors were presented with official caps. The first package delivered to each person had to be signed for as registered matter in a book provided for the occasion, thus securing autographs of all the merry-makers. Among the parcels besides the valuable gifts, were many jokes, letters in verse, imitations of advertising, circulars, etc. In fact, brains had been racked to make the Christmas mail a heavy one.

Some of the party had previously put their heads together and got out a very respectable newspaper which was called "The Christmas Times." It was full of witty personals for all present, and

are numbered for every day use. For a friend who is travelling every thing must be neatly fitted for the suit case and a toilet bag is a necessity. It requires a piece of silk or ribbon about twenty inches by sixteen allowing for seams and facing, fold lengthwise and line with oiled silk or rubberized cloth, finish with a narrow cord and your bag is ready for all toilet articles. Navy and white, black and white check silk or Dresden ribbon make the prettiest bags, and if you buy wide silk by the yard several bags can be made from the one piece of material.

To make talcum powder cases it requires one half yard four inch ribbon, gather the ribbon neatly over talcum box and finish at the top with baby ribbon.

For chamois bags, it requires one half yard ribbon three or four inches wide, gather both edges separately to form a circle, fasten these gathered edges to a small crotchet ring, hem the ends of the ribbon which meet at the top and are used for an opening, make a loop of baby ribbon, slip a small chamois skin inside, making this gift complete.

Two laundry bags can be made from one yard of Holland linen which is forty inches wide, and the word Laundry or Linen embroidered in colored Rhoster silk, finish with a colored cord the same shade as the embroidery. Small pieces of ebony, celluloid tooth brush cases,

A WORD of WARNING to LADIES ORDERING SUITS from ENGLAND



DO NOT be MISLED

by

CATCHY ADVERTISEMENTS

Our Prices are strictly moderate
for **GOOD-CLASS TAILORING**

GENUINE English Tailor-made Suits to order cannot be produced for just a few Dollars. ¶ If you want a **COMFORTABLE FITTING** Suit of **DISTINCTIVE DESIGN** cut out especially for you and **FAULTLESSLY MADE**—bearing the **UNMISTAKABLE STAMP** of **HIGH-CLASS ENGLISH TAILORING**—then please write to us at once and we will send you, by return mail, a full range of **PATTERNS** of the newest Season's Cloths, together with a **LARGE FASHION BOOK** printed on art paper and containing the latest and most useful styles; also self-measurement forms, etc.



Ladies' Suits to order
from Ten Dollars

See our Fashion Book of
over 50 Latest Styles

NUNN & Company

HIGH-CLASS TAILORS
(Home & Export)

4 City Road, LONDON, E.C., England

Ladies' Ulsters to order
from Eight Dollars

In a variety of Styles



In Frolicsome Mood

abounded in original poems, cartoons and comic advertisements, walt columns and editorials.

A Christmas stocking for each person may tax one's ingenuity, but the family will appreciate the pains taken. Make the stocking of any pretty material and as large as desired; then fill each one with articles appropriate for the receiver. The housekeeper will like new iron-holders, a needlebook, recipe-book, pad and pencil, boxes of assorted nails, some little personal gifts, a calendar, etc. Children's stockings are easily filled with toys, candies, etc. Make it a point to plan the stockings early, and you will be surprised at the many appropriate gifts they can contain.

A way to give money that is certainly novel is to fold a new bill in such a way that only the portrait upon it will show; then put it in a pretty little frame, such as may be found at almost any department store. To people who dislike to give money outright this idea may fill a want.

Christmas Suggestions

Among the most economical gifts for Christmas are toilet articles, also they

soap box, nail polisher, comb and brushes are all very acceptable Christmas gifts on account of their usefulness.

Mixed Emotions

A Bostonian tells of a clean, well set-up young Irishman, who formerly saw service in the British Navy, but who is now engaged in business at the Hub.

"When are you going to get home rule in Ireland, John?" the Bostonian once idly asked.

"The only way that we'll get home rule in ould Ireland," said the Celt, "will be if France—an' Russia—an' Germany—an' Austria—an' maybe Italy—if they would all join together to give those blackguards of England a rare ould batin'. That's the only way, sir, we'll get home rule."

Then, as he looked cautiously round, a twinkle of cunning was added to his expression. "An' the whole lot of 'em together couldn't do it, sir. Oh, it's the grand navy we've got!"

Thousands of mothers can testify to the virtue of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because they know from experience how useful it is.

WINCHESTER

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THE NEW WINCHESTER

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MODEL 1912 20 GAUGE TAKE-DOWN

Hammerless Repeating Shotgun

The lightest, strongest and handsomest repeating shotgun made. It weighs only 5½ pounds, yet, all metal parts being made throughout of Nickel Steel, it has wonderful strength. In grace of outline and refinement of detail and finish, it is unapproached by repeating guns of other makes. It is exceedingly simple to load, unload and take down, and shoots with the strength and accuracy for which Winchester guns are noted.

Ask your dealer to show you one, or send to Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., for handsome, illustrated circular describing it

A 20 GAUGE GUN FROM BUTT TO MUZZLE.

Morning, Evening, Noon or Night,
'Camp's' the Coffee that puts you right

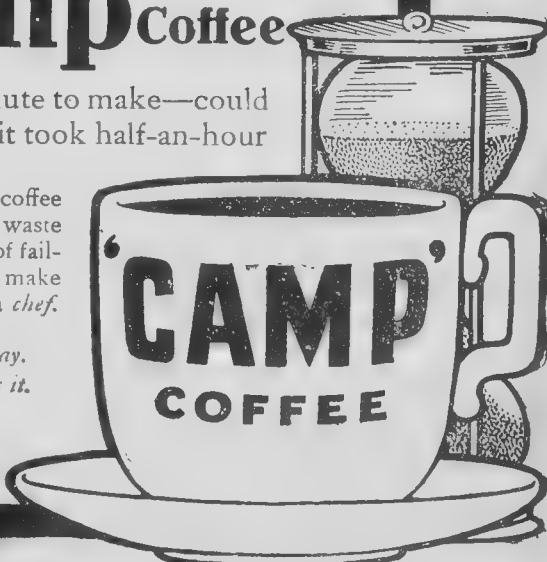
'Camp' Coffee

takes half-a-minute to make—could
not be better if it took half-an-hour

No messy 'stewing' coffee
pots, no straining, no waste
of any kind, no risk of fail-
ure—a child can make
'Camp' as well as a chef.

Try 'Camp' to-day.
Your Grocer sells it.

Sole Proprietors—
R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd.,
Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.



When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.



• Translated by Henry Tyrell

FOR something like twenty years past, Jean Vignol had been a writer of penny-dreadful and blood-and-thunder fiction for the family story papers. He dealt exclusively in conspiracies, murders, stolen wills, kidnappings, and substitutions of babes in the cradle. His works are not so bad, of their kind. If you ever have to go through a long, tedious illness — which God grant you may not! — you might do worse than while away the hours of convalescence by reading his "Mysteries of Mémilmontant," in two fat paper-covered volumes. Your interest is enchain- ed from the very first chapter, where the villainous Duc de Chateaubranlant, leaving the opera in full even-

ing dress, goes down into the sewers of Paris to meet an escaped convict of his acquaintance and receive from him certain papers destined to ruin the beautiful Marquise de La-Tour-Prend-Garde, who, having been exchanged in the cradle by a false nurse, is not the daughter of a grandee of Spain, as all the Faubourg Saint-Germain suppose, but is in reality the child of a plumber of the Rue Popincourt who by a judicial error was condemned to death and guillotined in place of this very escaped convict with whom the wicked duke has a rendezvous in the uncomfortable and subterranean sewer.

You may judge from the foregoing whether or not Jean Vignol knew his

business as an interesting romancer. Yet his practice was not large, and sometimes he found it difficult to dispose of his "copy," even at the most meagre space-rates. He had no luck, no "pull," no talent for hustling, as you say in America.

His debut in letters had been ambitious enough. To this day there repose in the oblivion of a dark corner of a bottom bureau drawer two early and unpublished works, composed by him at the time when he had hair on his head and real artistic aspirations in his heart. One of these manuscripts is a volume of poems called "Dead Sea Flowers," lamenting the heartless coquettishness of a young person designated by the romantic pseudonym of Fragoletta (her real name was Sadie, and she was errand-girl in a florist's store), who is compared to all the famous heroines of love-tales from remote antiquity to the present day. The other work is a tragedy in five acts, in verse, very horrific and Middle-Aged, bearing the sanguinary title of "The Flayers-alive," and in which people wearing long black cloaks assail one another with two-handed swords and interminable tirades.

Unfortunately, Dead Sea Flowers and tragedies in verse were not negotiable in the literary market—and Jean Vignol had to live. It was in the Belleville quarter of Paris, on the fifth floor of a sordid tenement, that he dwelt alone with his aged mother, who was a martyr to rheumatism. To earn a little money—little enough, verily!—the poet

turned hack novelist, in the same dogged spirit that an art-school graduate who has failed at painting takes to photography.

With good-natured resignation he went into harness, and did his best — but, as we have seen, without much success. Nor was it to be expected that he would achieve any great results; for he lacked conviction, sincerity in his work, and did not take seriously enough his marquisesses who were daughters of guillotined plumbers, nor his dukes promenading the sewers in fine raiment and white cravat.

The publisher of the paper in which Jean Vignol's stories appeared complained that they were dull, and paid only two sous per line. The poor author shrugged his shoulders at the rigors of manifest destiny and, to keep the pot boiling, went on devising adventures more and more extravagant. Once, for example, when he was behind two months' rent, and liable to seizure for debt, at the last moment he obtained from his publisher a pecuniary advance on the strength of the following plot submitted: A double-bass player at the Ambigu Theatre—who, without suspecting it, is the illegitimate son of an English peer — returns home one night and finds a skeleton in his instrument case!—"Continued next week."

While old Mamma Vignol lived, Jean, a model of filial piety, had plodded along contentedly enough. But since her death, two years ago, he was alone in the world — without parents or friends, an habitual stay-at-home; and he found life very tedious in his elevated lodgings in Belleville.

He was, at the time of which we write, a sturdy little man of forty-seven years, beginning to grow pudgy, with a heavy black beard, a Socratic nose, a pair of honest, small eyes, and a few sparse bristles on the top of his otherwise denuded dome of thought. Having but bad health and a mediocre stomach, he was obliged to renounce even the consolation of tobacco.

Day by day his fictitious heroes, heroines and assassins grew more irksome, until their hapless creator became almost disgusted with his own conceits.

"What a bother!" he exclaimed to himself this Christmas Eve, as he mounted slowly to his fifth floor—for he was slightly asthmatic. "Here is the editor complaining that my latest, 'Behind the Bars,' wants action—meaning, of course, more bloodshed. Well, I suppose I shall have to resuscitate Biffle-Toujours, my star criminal, and have him stab some more people—though in my last installment I had finished by throwing him from the Eiffel Tower. And still they refuse me four cents a line. Is life worth living?"

Entering his forlorn apartment, he found a whole series of petty annoyances awaiting him. In the first place, his coke fire had gone out and must be started afresh. Then, as he was casting a regretful look upon the old pipes he was forbidden to smoke, his writing-lamp flickered out. A new wick was required. And, come to look, there were only two matches left in the box.

"Thunder and Mars!" growled Jean Vignol, letting go his strongest oath, "Here am I in a pretty fix, if anything more happens to the lamp—for I shall have to work until daybreak to bring back my criminal to life again. A merry Christmas Eve, to be sure! Shall I go down those five flights again for matches? No! rather than that, I'll borrow of my neighbor."

His neighbor was Mère Mathieu, a poor old widow whose daughter, a vaudeville actress abandoned by her husband, had died in childbirth the summer before, leaving the infant to be brought up on the bottle by the aforesaid Mère Mathieu. She supported herself by sewing for a department store. The novelist had "helped her out" with a few francs on several occasions when her need had been greater than his own. Now he rapped at her door, and called out:

"Mère Mathieu! can you lend me a few matches?"

He stopped short as the door opened and he looked in. There was the poor woman kneeling on the floor, busily engaged in rolling and tying up the hair

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mattress which she had taken from her bed, leaving revealed a limp-looking tick half filled with straw. Close by, the baby slept peacefully in a wicker cradle.

"Why, what are you up to now, Mère Mathieu? Going to move before rent day comes around?"

"Oh, no, M. Vignol. I am just going to the pawn shop with this mattress—it is good for ten francs, at least; I must hurry, for they close at eight."

"What—and sleep on the straw?"

"Yes; it won't be for the first time. You see, my younger sister, who is a widow like myself—the one who was wardrobe mistress at the Variétés—has fallen ill again, and they won't take her at the hospital because they say she is incurable. So I must help her a little—she has always been so good to me. In a week or so, when I get my fortnightly wages from the store, I can have the mattress back again. All that bothers me now is—what to do with the baby while I go out. Usually the janitor's wife takes care of it for me; but tonight being Christmas Eve, they have company to dinner and are going to celebrate the "réveillon." So I don't know what to do with the baby.

Jean Vignol showed signs of agitation, not to say emotion.

"Don't do that, Mère Mathieu," he commanded. "Don't go to the pawn shop. I have fifteen francs—here are ten of them. Go straight to your sister. As for the kid—well, you can leave him with me. He sleeps like a church-goer; he won't disturb my writing. I dare say I can rock the cradle with my foot, and even manage to give him the bottle in case he wakes up and howls."

This was a great boon to the poor



Refreshing the Inner Man

Widow Mathieu, and she departed, showering benedictions upon the story-writer. He dragged the cradle in be-

side his writing table, and smiled grimly behind his bushy black beard as he muttered:

"Here's a new and somewhat peculiar sensation—my début as a dry nurse!"

In good humor over the unwonted function he has assumed, Jean Vignol seizes his pen and plunges into a vortex of adventure. His "copy" is due at the printer's tomorrow morning. The resurrection of his desperado, Biffe-Toujours, will change the whole drift of the story. Never mind! the romancer is in fine form tonight. His leading heavy criminal, hurled from the Eiffel Tower by an elegant but foxy vicomte, seizes in his descent one of the iron girders of the structure, climbs the rest of the way down with the agility of an ape, and gets away to begin life anew. Tomorrow, while they are dragging the Seine for his body, he will commit highway robbery and stab two policemen. The public want incident and action in a serial story, and must have it, or they won't subscribe for the paper.

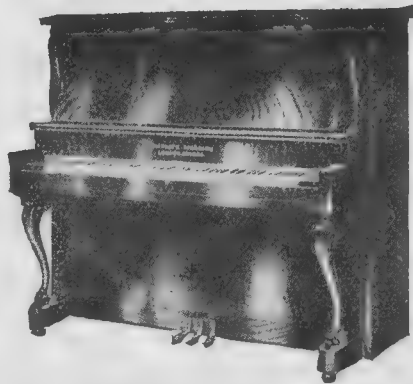
At this point the baby woke up and began to cry. Jean Vignol dropped his pen, seized the milk bottle and administered it to the infant, not so very awkwardly for a beginner, and then rocked it to sleep again.

But, this done, the writer did not return immediately to his work. Instead, he sat pensively regarding the poor little mite, as it lay on the pillow, with two tiny fists, clenched as if already anticipating the fight for existence.

The cradle—infancy—has he ever given these a fair showing in his absurd novels? How false and stupid they seem to him now, all those yarns of his about children stolen and substituted one for another! Now here is a real, living, breathing child, and an orphan at

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Our large turn-over makes it possible for us to buy the standard parts, parts used by the best manufacturers in building their instruments, at very favorable prices.

The selling cost of most first-class piano manufacturers is enormous, simply because their methods are antiquated. We sell direct to you. Having no big road force of travelling men to maintain at high salaries and higher expenses, we are able to sell the Sherlock-Manning at a price that staggers competition. So, when you buy a

Sherlock-Manning piano you simply save \$100, and at the same time you know that your instrument is unrivalled in brilliancy of tone—you know that you have a piano that's built to endure.

Write to us direct and ask us how you may own a Sherlock-Manning Piano—one of the world's best—and at the same time save \$100. Your name and address on a post card will bring you inside information which will prove to your satisfaction the big initial economy and the lasting value of a Sherlock-Manning Piano.

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that — a genuine picture of misery. What is going to become of it? Its grandmother is old, worn out with toil and privation — she cannot last very long. Then it is one of those unfortunates whom organized charity brings up by sufferance, and who, for the most part, turn out badly. It is from these that malefactors and criminals—the real life ones are recruited. Poor little thing, what has life in store for it? Life! that strange serial story which grows more and more incomprehensible with each installment, and the monotonous dénouement explains nothing.

Jean Vignol has fallen into a delirious reverie. The poet he once dreamed of being is not dead in him yet. As he looks upon the cradle before him, he remembers that tomorrow is Christmas, and he thinks of the Babe that was born in the straw of the manger at Bethlehem. That Babe came into the world that men might love one another; and yet, though the churches may have preached His doctrine for nearly two thousand years, are still standing evil and misery, and all uncharitableness seems to continue right along.

The child materially and morally abandoned — the child dedicated, as it were, by a sort of social fatality to vice and crime—there is the theme of a great book to be written, with the outpouring of all the tenderness, all the indignation, all the sincerity of one's heart. Ah! there is the novel that Jean Vignol might write, if— But why think of it? Jean Vignol has no talent — he never did, and never will have. He knows it too well. And if tears spring up and surprise him at this moment, it is because while pitying the child's helplessness he is also in despair at his own.

Meanwhile the door opens. Mère Mathieu has returned. She is all out of breath, and, oh! how tired and worn she looks; how pale and wrinkled her face is, in her old black bonnet.



With the Daisies

But—now or never. Jean Vignol has something on his mind, and is determined to speak out.

"Listen, Mère Mathieu. I have been thinking about you during your absence. When mother was alive my earnings sufficed for two. Why shouldn't they now—if you will take her place? Will you? Then we shall both

have a home, which neither of us has at present. Besides, I can help you to bring up the little fellow."

The poor woman gave a startled cry, then sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands; and, as the baby opened its eyes and began to murmur, Jean took it up from the cradle, regarded it at arm's length for a moment,

and planted upon its chubby little cheek a kiss that was already quite paternal.

Nor is this the end of the story. As it turned out, Jean Vignol's generous conduct brought him luck. True, he continues to reel out much the same kind of stuff for his special public. Yet there is something about his last story, "The Orphan of Belleville," that lifts it out of the class of the others and has made all the shop-girls cry. Its success has increased the circulation of the paper, and at last the author gets his four cents a line. It has also been syndicated in some of the provincial sheets.

The other day, as Jean Vignol stopped at his publisher's to collect his royalties, he experienced the proudest moment of his literary life. An industrious writer, one of the very greatest novelists of the age, patted him on the back and said:

"By the way, M. Vignol, I have been reading one or two of your novels lately, and I find some bits very well done indeed—very sincere and touching—about children."

The poor author blushed to the top of his head.

"Thank you so much, cher maitre," he stammered, with happy look. "You see, the fact is, when I write about children, now, I work my story from life."

Tak' care ye dinna scaud yer tongue wi' ither folk's kail.

A Pill that Proves Its Value.—Those of weak stomach will find strength in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they serve to maintain the healthful action of the stomach and the liver, irregularities which are most distressing. Dyspeptics are well acquainted with them and value them at their proper worth. They have afforded relief when other preparations have failed, and have effected cures in ailments of long standing where other medicines were found unavailing.



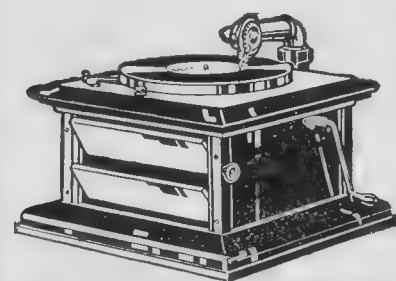
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No "hornless talking machine" of any make, so far offered at anything like this price, has the Columbia features of the continuous tone-chamber, the improved Columbia reproducer, the Columbia tapered tone-arm, the tone-control shutters, the faultless and noiseless Columbia motor, or the musical tone-quality that these Columbia features unite to produce.

The Columbia hornless Graphophone "Eclipse" is 15½ in. square, beautifully quartered oak; plays any disc record—all the recorded voices of the world's great artists, without exception, are at your command. Certainly price need no longer deprive you of the endless enjoyment that only a Columbia can bring. The "Eclipse" can be supplied in Mahogany Cabinet at \$32.50.

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Between the hornless Graphophone and the Graphonola there is this principal difference: In all models of the Graphonola all the mechanism is fully cabineted—the reproducer operating beneath a lid or within a drawer, and the sound waves being led through the tone-arm to a tone chamber, where they are greatly amplified and thence thrown out through the opening, subject at will to regulation in volume.

The Columbia Graphonola "Favorite" was the first instrument of this class to be offered for \$65 or near it—and we believe it is the best that can ever be made and sold at that price. The cabinet work is of the highest possible craftsmanship—the wood used being either selected grain quartered oak or strongly marked genuine mahogany, hand polished. No finer finish is applied to a thousand-dollar piano. The instrument is 18½ inches square at the base and 13 inches high. When the top, which is especially deep, is raised, the surface of the turntable is on a level with the opening, thus being easily accessible. The turn-table is revolved by a powerful three-spring drive motor.

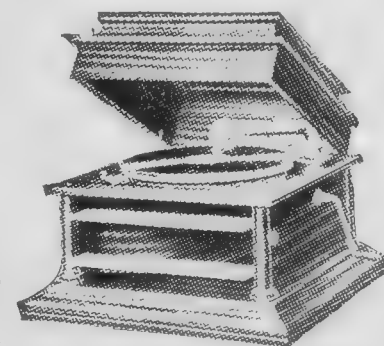
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The Gambling Spirit of the West

Second Article. Written for The Western Home Monthly, by J. H. Kenyon

MY LAST article dealt with three of the so-called reasons why a man should gamble with land values in the West, but there are many more minor ones, as different as the individuals who adduce them. It would be too tiresome a task to treat all of these reasons seriously, but I will deal with a few in order to give the real estate agent the chance he has been waiting for since I began the discussion. In the other article I took the side of the customer, and gave him ethical and religious grounds for refusing to abet the game of the man who only sells lots because there's money in it. In this article, then, I shall take the agent's standpoint, and give the truth that seems to back up his calling. You must keep in mind, however, that the real estate agent (per se) has no morality, he has no religion, he has no sympathy with the unfortunate who loses his money through his trust in flamboyant advertisements, he has lost his old faculty of putting himself in your place, and he therefore looks upon you as legitimate prey at his mercy all the year round. This is straight talk from a real estate agent who does not make much money, because he will not play the game by which it is made. And you can rely upon it as practical truth gained in the business.

He comes forward and, bowing low, smiles genially at you, as you enter his office, and waves you to a chair near his desk. Nobody could be more polite. The office furniture is all calculated to impress you favorably. Considerable taste has been displayed in the very arrangement of things. You cannot help showing your satisfaction at being treated so cordially by the owner of such fine surroundings. So the right atmosphere for business is soon created. It does not matter what the proposition may be, the same series of arguments apply.

"You know well enough, Mr. Smith, that you cannot lose money in a proposition which is made good by the prosperity of the country. It does not matter what price you pay for lots in a growing town out here in the West, of course a price within reason, you know,—you are bound to make money. And what is the good of staying out here at all, unless you do make some big money? The advantages of the East are too manifest to a man with some money, to think of staying here all his life. You know what I mean, Mr. Smith, you know what I mean. I can rely upon your intelligence not to misunderstand me."

"But, Mr. Brown, is it not true that the Western people are doing too much of this kind of thing? Are not most people overloaded already? And what will happen when the inevitable slump comes to readjust values in accordance with the economic law of sufficient return upon capital invested?"

"Yes, I suppose a lot of people are carrying too much real estate, but on the other hand, they are carrying it because it is very profitable. Other people have made large fortunes by means of the same old plan, and thousands of new people will do likewise. You might as well be with them, because somebody will make the money, if you don't accept the unusual chance which I am offering you."

"Besides, it is always the case in a new country which is growing at the rate we are growing, Mr. Smith, it is always the case that some are foolish enough to go wrong, and bite off more than they can chew. When a man does not know how much he can carry, no one can tell him. The losers are men who deserve to lose. They were actuated too much with greed, blinded with it, in fact, so they could not see the inevitable reckoning day ahead. Surely they do not deserve our pity or sympathy. Business is business the world over, and the man who makes a success

of it is he who obeys the laws that govern it; the man who disobeys them cannot help failing, since he has to pay the penalty of outraged law, which knows no pity. You follow me, I hope, Mr. Smith?"

"Yes, but don't you think now, man to man, that there must be a slump again pretty soon, just as there was one a few years ago? Isn't this tightness of money one of the indications?"

"Bless your innocent soul, Mr. Smith, there is always tightness of capital here. And why? Just because there is none that has to go begging for investments of a high order. This is a sufficient refutation of the charge that people are poor out here. They are too rich to have much cash on hand. Very seldom do you find a rich man with much of a balance at the bank; he cannot afford to keep it there, inasmuch as he can get from ten to fifty per cent for his money outside. It is the poor man with a few dollars he doesn't know what to do with who puts his savings in the bank, and this is the reason the banks are vying with each other now to secure the working man's deposits. They know they can depend upon him to leave a balance worth while in their vaults. But they are never sure of the

man with lots of money, since he can afford to invest to advantage whenever the opportunity comes.

"No, Mr. Smith, the present situation is first class. The capital of foreign countries is flowing into the country faster than it ever did, and the end of it is not yet in sight. And you may depend upon it, that as long as so much money keeps coming in, we shall have splendid prosperity. Towns will come into being overnight. Railways will be extended in every direction. New ports will be established. Homesteaders will rush into the country, seeking for homes, so that the land offices will be embarrassed by too much business. Rich farmers retiring from hard work will flock to the new towns to live their future lives of ease, so that building lots will be in great demand for years and years to come. And where the population is, there will come manufacturers and wholesalers of all kinds, erecting their factories or depots, employing countless men and women, increasing the circulation of money, which is the blood of commercial health, my dear sir, as you well know, and thus, building up the nation to a size astonishing. Can you conceive the possibility of a slump under these present circumstances?"

Mr. Smith is silent for a moment. The torrent of fervid eloquence has almost made him ashamed of his doubts. In fact, his blood is tingling with the joy of living amid such splendid conditions of progress. He feels that he should have come out here years and years ago, in order to have taken his share of the vast wealth which has already been distributed. Why did he not do so when he had more money than he has now? Good Lord, what profits he might have made!

"And, Mr. Smith, I do not have to tell you that facts cannot lie. The figures of our last statistics more than bear me out in all that I have said. You know that. Our country is the wonder of the earth just now. People are coming to it from even pros-



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perous countries like the United States and England in hordes. They come because they can make more money here by simply growing up with the new Canada than they can by remaining in their birthplace and working hard every day of their life. This is what I like about the West. You don't have to toil and moil every hour of your working days, in order to make sufficient money to meet your daily wants. On the contrary, you can go to a small town and just settle down there, and the unearned increment will make you rich in the course of a few years. You don't have to work for your wealth to become a slave in order to get it, like the average man down East. All you have to do is to wait here, and the folk who come will make your lots and farms valuable. There is no other place on the face of this earth where the man of a little money can make so much with it by actually doing nothing himself, except invest a few dollars. Don't you believe me? Of course, you do. No one can deny an obvious fact."

Mr. Smith is still silent. He is so impressed that he is secretly calculating how much money he can get together to put into Mr. Brown's care. His brown study is noticed by the enthusiastic agent, and rightly interpreted. Hence the following discourse:

"It may interest you to hear that I met a man whom I knew about five years ago. After we exchanged greetings and shook hands, we asked each other questions. 'How are you getting along?' I asked. 'Oh,' he replied, 'I am doing finely. You know when I went to Saskatoon. Well, I had just forty dollars when I arrived there. Have you followed my career out there?' 'Yes, a little,' I answered. 'I have heard that you made over a million in real estate.' 'Well,' he said, 'whoever told you that is not far wrong. And I made it all by investing that forty dollars just as soon as I arrived.' Can you beat it?"

"If you will take the trouble to cross the road to get to the Queen's Hotel, I can show you there a man who used to be a boot-black two years ago. Today he lives like a lord, all because he was wise enough to put his savings in certain inside lots in Edmonton."

"A deacon of one of the leading churches here the other day confessed that his accumulations were bothering him. He was a Scotchman, and he was trying hard to be a Christian. But his money was making him so much money that he was getting more afraid of hell-fire every day he waxed richer. And he said it was a lot harder to give away money than to make it out here, and he didn't know just what to do. He wanted to earn Heaven, because he was orthodox, but at the same time, he wanted to take advantage of his large capital now that he had finally got it. How to die poor enough for Heaven, and rich enough for Winnipeg, is almost too hard a problem for him to solve. He showed me his profits in real estate on Portage Avenue last year, and they astonished me."

"How much were they?" asked Mr. Smith eagerly.

"Just about four hundred thousand dollars, and the surprising thing about it is that the man can hardly read or write. He never reads a book in consequence. Yet he is one of the leading pillars of one of the leading churches in the city."

"Indeed!"

"And I could give you a thousand instances of the same sort, all showing the wonderful opportunities there are out here to grow rich in spite of all things. But what's the use. What I have said is sufficient for an intelligent man like you, Mr. Smith. You don't have to be coaxed like a country jay to accept your chance in life. Now is the time, and here is the place, and if you will do all that I tell you, for it is to my interest to help you to make money, I will guarantee that you will never regret trusting me. I have made so much money for my own clients that I am confident I can make you a lot. Really, Mr. Smith, if I was not sure that I could do this, I would not for a moment think of taking up your time in this way."

"Thank you, Mr. Brown, you are very kind, very kind, and I have come to the

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conclusion that it would be rejecting the overtures of Providence to let your offer meet with a refusal. I owe a duty to my family, as well as to myself, and for their sake, I should do all in my power to insure their future against want. Please show me what you have in the best class of bargains, and let us get right down to business at once. Money talks the best."

Thereupon, Mr. Brown, nothing loath, for this is the very result he has been trying for, gets his map, and shows his new client the lots that he can heartily recommend as first-class buys.

"These, you will notice, Mr. Smith, are rightly situated to give you an enormous profit in a little while, say a couple of years. By that time they will be overtaken by the business of the town, and be worth as much a foot as they cost by the lot now. I am speaking advisedly, I assure you."

"Do you really think so?" more eagerly asked Mr. Smith, his greed now inflamed and intensified to a burning point of concentration. "Do you really think so?"

"I certainly do, Mr. Smith. Did I not sell this lot here to a client only a year ago, and now it is worth a thousand per cent more than he paid for it. This is but an instance of what I have been privileged to do for a large number of people, including trustees, widows and orphans, who need to invest their money to advantage, you know."



"In Lakeland," East of Winnipeg on the G.T.P.

"Well, Mr. Brown, if you say so, I think I will agree to follow your advice, for I know so little of the thing myself. What money will you want from me?"

"We can easily arrange details, Mr. Smith. Leave yourself in my hands. I assure you I will do all I can for you. Suppose you decide to take these ten lots, and these four lots, and these six lots. Let me see. That will be twenty lots in the heart of a town that is so rapidly growing that in a couple of years, perhaps in a year, you will be comfortably situated for life. A young friend of mine put only one thousand dollars in Saskatoon fifteen months ago. What do you think he has been offered for his lot?"

"Perhaps five thousand," meekly murmured Mr. Smith.

"Five thousand! Why, Mr. Smith, my friend was offered \$45,000 for the hundred feet he bought, simply because the city needed it for business purposes."

"Did he accept it?"

"No, sir. He was too astute a kid for that. He asks \$50,000, and I think he will get it this autumn without fail."

"Dear me." And then Mr. Smith, now convinced that he made the big mistake of his life in not coming out here years ago, is quite ready to sign the biggest cheque he can to cover the first payment on the twenty lots he has bought, altogether on the recommendation of a gentleman who has no interest in him, except to get his money away from him as fast as possible. Mr. Smith would not buy goods he had not seen, but he has no hesitation in buying land

without seeing it, and at a price that nets our friend, Mr. Brown, about a thousand per cent profit in six months.

In all the transaction described by a man in the business, there is no question of ethics, no anxiety regarding the right or wrong of it, no feeling that to get something for nothing may be opposed to the great law of honesty which prevails in God's kingdom on earth or in Heaven. The only desire apparent is how to make the most money with the least amount, and this is shared by both the wily agent, who knows enough to tell a lie with the words of truth, and by the customer whose greed is the actuating cause of his investment or speculation. Can you admire the cupidity in it all, the selfishness that is uppermost, the disregard for all the highest things that should enter into our calculations, even in daily business? Where is the conscience that should weigh values? What about the consequences of the habit thus established? Can we escape them? The good and the great God knows we cannot, and all clear-minded thinkers are on the side of the Infinite and Almighty, whose laws are the object of their search.

What I contend is that no ultimate or satisfactory good can come out of this general practice of gambling with values that are not made by the gamblers, and with the future of which no man knows anything. The inevitable reaction will take place, soon

enough, Heaven knows, and when it does come, it will sweep many thousands of misguided people into the whirlpool of ruin and despair, for there is no resistance possible to stem the flood of a panic which destroys arbitrary prices.

The only possible safety for this country is in the sane and healthy growth of values in accordance with their intrinsic worth, that is the interest-bearing value they possess. And the sooner we realize this, the better it will be for all concerned, especially for our children, and their children. For we must build up a prosperity for the future — not merely for the present day in which we may loom large or small; and any practice that discounts honest labor, honest value, must inevitably invite its own doom, and precipitate it upon the innocent as well as the guilty. Seeing the matter in the light I do, both as a real estate buyer and seller, I have no hesitation in affirming that the general gambling tendency of our Western people is demoralizing them and their offspring, reducing the standard of morality, canonizing wealth regardless of its sins of commission or omission, frivolizing the spirit of the age to a point where any serious attempt to find the truth in any other pursuit, except that of money, is made ridiculous, and debilitating both the mind and soul and body of the nation at large. For this reason, I have spoken the truth on the subject, as best I could, and am governing myself accordingly in my business.

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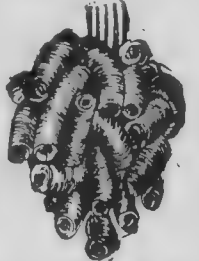


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Out of the Christmas Snow

By Louise Forsslund

BUB SIMPLE came floundering back through the snow to the end of the veranda and slung down the Christmas tree. Softly swirling all about him were the snowflakes, and although he had left the house but ten minutes before he was as white as if all the wintry imps of the air had been pelting him with snowballs. He winked his lashes energetically to relieve them of their weight of snow and, looking between the blinks to the door of the vestibule, he called in the soft, kindly, idiot's voice peculiar to him: "Mis' Edie!"

As if it had been waiting for the call the door flew open and, set like a picture in a frame, Mistress Edith appeared in the lighted interior, holding fast to the collar of a great, straining mastiff.

"I was afraid you would have to come back," she exclaimed with concern, peering through the swirl of the snowflakes. "Don't go around to the kitchen, Bub. Come in this way."

Bub braced one foot against the upper

Edie. 'Tain't fit fer women-folks ter be outdoors. Go straight back er I'll send yer ter Yap-ma-hank. Duke, take her back. G-g-g-good-night! I—I—I used ter warm up the broth an' feed it ter my own mother afore I—I went ter the porehouse."

With seven-league strides of his great hip-boots Bub went plunging into the snow. When he reached the gate he looked back.

"Christmas Eve's a lonesome time fer poor Mis' Edie, with all her folks's stockin's a-hangin' up in Heaven," he muttered as he turned to face the bitterness of the north wind. And something more than the wind's keenness brought the tears to Bub's eyes.

Edith stood looking at the Christmas tree while Duke sniffed at the cedar branches with his ever-inquisitive nose. Suddenly he lifted the nose and gave a joyful bark of discovery. A fallen cedar tree, pungent, spicy, prickly and tickly, had used to mean a year full of



Falls on the Smoky River Mount Robson District, G.T.P.

step of the porch and with both hands rested the heavy covered basket that he carried on his knee.

"M-m-mis' Edie," he stuttered, "I—I kin carry the basket all right; but I—I couldn't carry that air Christmas tree ef yer sent me back ter Yap-ma-hank!"

To Bub the worst place on the face of the globe was "Yap-ma-hank," or Yaphank, the county poorhouse from which Edith had rescued him ten winters ago.

Edith smiled at his earnestness.

"But are you sure you can carry the basket so far?"

"Y-y-yes; I'll be back before you kin say J-J-J-Jack Robinson. I'll give the leetle gal her or-or-naments, an' her cap-an' mittens, an'-an'-her candy an' oranges, an'-an'-an'-everything, an' tell her that Santa Claus 'll bring along the tree termorrer."

Forgetful of the storm Edith stepped out upon the porch, the dog straining to be ahead of her.

"Bub, Bub!" she admonished the lad, "don't forget the little girl's sick mother. The child is tiny, they say, so you will have to warm up the broth for Mrs. Holmes; and mind that you tell her that I did not know anything about her trouble until today. Oh, Bub!" Looking with still greater distrust in the foolish, snow-veiled face, Edith stepped farther across the veranda: "Bub, I wish I could go with you."

A look of rare intelligence shot across the idiot's face.

"Y-y-you go back in the house, Mis'

sport crammed into one day, and a little girl racing in a delirium of joy all over the house, long before the sun had popped up until long after the sun had gone drifting into the west. Might not this tree mean the old times come back? With another glad bark Duke seized hold of the tree and dragged it across the veranda into the vestibule. But there Edith closed the storm door, and, opening the great Dutch door of the hallway, bade him with a new sternness in her voice to drop the tree and come within.

Together they went into the library and sat down before the open fire. They sat there a long time, Edith gazing into the glow and tumble of the firelight, Duke watching the face of his mistress until at length he felt that he could not endure the silence, with its memory of a sternly-spoken word, an instant longer. With a little whining sound he thrust his head beseechingly against Edith's knee. She turned her gaze from the fire and looked into the eyes of her companion.

"I'm lonely, Duke, and so are you. We're not philosophers, you and I. We make a good play at it three hundred and sixty-three days in the year, and then when Christmas Eve comes we're just one more lonely dog and woman. Heigho, Duke!" She rose from her chair and, standing back to the fireplace, slowly surveyed the room. "You wanted it too, Duke; I wanted it, too, doggie, as you used to do? And I wanted it too, Duke; I wanted it, too. I want to see it over in that corner where it used to be, with Dorothy danc-

ing around it. I want to see the little pair of stockings that used to hang here"—she lifted her hand and touched the mantel—"hanging here again. I want—oh, Duke—I want all that other women have tonight—all that I have lost! And I've got—just you!"

She looked at him with wide, tearless eyes filled with the sorrow of widowhood and the dumb aching of mother-loss; and he took her hand within his soft, moist mouth and held it lovingly as he had been wont to hold the hand of fearless Baby Dorothy.

"Why, even Mrs. Holmes, of whom we never heard until today," went on Edith wildly, "even she, poor, unknown, sick, and, like me, a widow—even Mrs. Holmes has her little girl tonight."

Duke whimpered, and Edith, taking her hand from his mouth, laid her head against the mantel and sobbed long and silently without the falling of a single tear. So, before this very mantel, she had sobbed on that first Christmas Eve without Dorothy, but then Dorothy's father's arm had been around her. Dorothy's father's shoulder waiting until she could lay her sorrow-drooping head against its sheltering breadth. And now he and Dorothy were keeping Christmas together.

"Sweetheart," she could hear him saying out of the time gone by, "do something. Scream aloud. Talk! Take your fists and hit me. Do something."

Edith raised her face, haggard and old, though still in its beautiful youth.

"Doggie, what shall I do?" Duke ran to the hall and barked at the front door.

"Bring in the tree!" he barked.

Edith smiled a half-whimsical smile and reflected that, when one has no human being to please, one might as well please a dog. She opened the door, and Duke leaped out into the vestibule, to come back the next moment lugging the tree. Across the hall he dragged it, into the library, and over to the corner where a Christmas tree had set every year of Dorothy's brief lifetime. Then he looked up at his mistress inquiringly. Of a sudden her face lighted, and her girlhood—her lovely, capricious girlhood—seemed to flit back across her mobile face.

"All right, Duke! We'll play that Dorothy's coming to see it!"

She went darting like a sprite through the house and up into the attic. There she found a box wherein another tree had stood many Yuletides ago, some shining colored balls and a profusion of silver tinsel. After bringing them downstairs she set the tree within the box in the old Christmas-tree corner of the library.

"If Dorothy herself can't come why some other little girl will come to see it, Duke." A soft blush rose now blooming on Edith's cheeks. Her eyes sparkled.

"Now, Duke, the presents! You know the little girl must her presents!"

They found old toys laid away with Dorothy's wardrobe in a cedar closet upstairs and away in the corner of the closet Edith's hand fell upon a pair of white stockings rolled into a little ball. She took the ball and, placing it hurriedly within the bosom of her gown, looked askance at the dog to see if he had observed her. He was silently lifting between his teeth an old wooden horse that he had used to carry for Dorothy in the days of long ago. Edith filled the skirt of her dress with toys from the cedar closet and then followed Duke, the toy horse still in his mouth, down the stairs. First Edith placed the doll of the last Christmas of Dorothy's brief life away up in the top of the tree, holding out its arms as it had held them out to Dorothy.

"You're not a bit rumpled or broken, dolly! You're almost as free from childish finger-prints as I."

The woman gazed long at the doll. "Oh, if she would only come and muss up her hair again!"

Under the tree Edith placed a doll's high-chair, gilded like a throne. Nothing else that she had looked new, but she set battered little toys here and there on the branches, and scattered thumb-marked books all around the floor. It looked almost as if Christmas

had come and gone; the toys been tried and not found wanting; and the tree beginning to think that it must soon be stepping down from its throne in the corner to make way for the joys of the New Year.

The dog placed his wooden horse beside the other toys and wagged his tail with joyful anticipation. He gave a sharp, quick bark—the bark which used to mean: "She's coming—Baby Dorothy!"

"Duke," whispered the widow, "it seems almost true! Let's go upstairs and get the old tea-table."

* * * * *

In the attic, where Dorothy had played on rainy days, there was the little tea-table, spread with a cloth

grown yellow and set around with dishes now covered with dust. A folded yellow paper thrust itself out from under the cover of the sugar-dish. Edith placed her lamp on the table, and, kneeling down, took out the folded piece of paper and unfolded it slowly. Across its page was printed with baby fingers:

"Dorothy invites Mamma to her tea-party. Please bring gingersnaps."

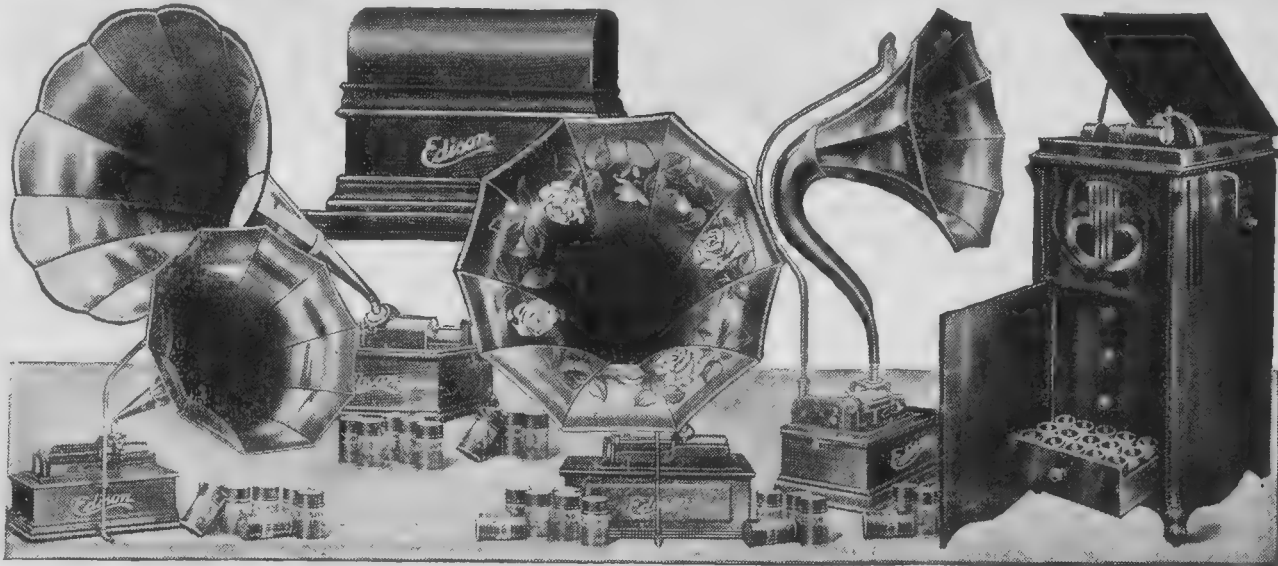
Edith covered her face with her hands and knelt there under the attic eaves a long time. Then slowly she placed the note back under the cover of the sugar-dish.

"I think we will leave the tea-table here, Duke. Let's look for some candles instead."

Near the south window they found a dozen half-burned candles in little tin Christmas holders.

"Hurrah!" cried Edith softly; "the little girl shall have her candles, Duke."

She went downstairs and fastened the candles one by one on the tree, doing it slowly, for she knew that the task was almost done, the play nearly over. Then at last, one after the other, still more slowly, she lighted the old candles—who shall tell what ashes of hope were blown about her heart as she set fire to the tapers? The tree lighted, she turned out the light of the lamp. It was very dim in the room. She walked slowly to the fire place and looked at the tree. The dog came and stood beside her. Except for the occasional crackling of the fire there was complete



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The Reason

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silence. She felt the little roll of stockings as a heavy weight upon her breast. She dared not carry the play further and bring them out to hang them in their old place before the fire. She stifled a sob in her throat.

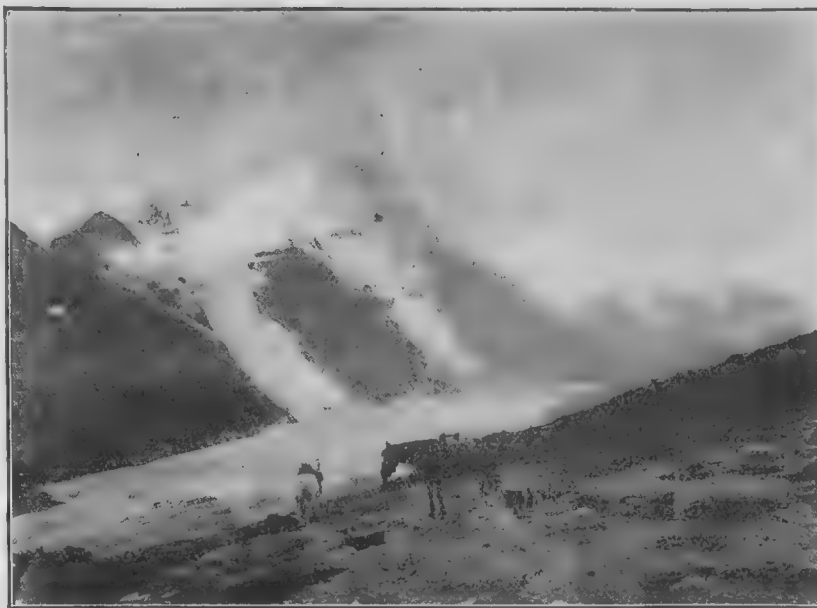
"Merry Christmas, Duke!" she whispered.

Ah, it was more real than she had thought it could be! It seemed as if Dorothy must be waiting in rapturous impatience outside the door — as if the husband must be standing on the hearth beside her calling her: "Next to the Christ-gift, God's greatest gift to me!"

Her voice fell with low sobbing on Duke's strained ears: "I want my baby!" And she held out her arms to the invisible, the lost, the unknown, with impotent yearning.

Duke stalked to the door and whined with his nose against the crack. Baby Dorothy must be waiting outside, dancing up and down as if her spirit of delightful anticipation would dance right out of her rosy skin. A stamping of feet sounded on the porch. With a start Edith followed Duke out into the hall and closed the library door behind her. Bub Simple had returned and the poor fool must not see the evidence of his mistress's folly. With flaming cheeks and bright eyes she went to the outer door, but her knees were trembling and she sought the great dog's head for support.

Across the snow-covered porch Bub's snow-laden feet came with soft thumpings, and then he entered the vestibule staggering like a drunken man, white from head to feet. As he half-tumbled into the hall she saw that he carried an unwieldy bundle in his arms, wrapped up in his own shaggy gray ulster. The dog came and sniffed at the bundle, whereupon Bub lifted the bundle higher in his arms and smiled above it at his mistress with brightly



A Stormy Day on Mount Robson - Canadian Rockies

shining eyes. A very miracle of joy seemed to be passing over the lad from the poorhouse. Shaking, shivering, he held out the bundle to Edith.

"I found it all by it—it—it—its lonesomes—a-cryin'."

"Found what?" She snatched the coat from around the bundle and beheld a little child in a blue dress, patched, faded and worn, with her own gift of mittens protecting the tiny hands, and the cap which she had sent set close to the curly little head. The child's eyes were like violets, and Dorothy had had violet eyes with lashes ravishing in their tempting of kisses. Through long, dark lashes sparkling with tears the eyes of the waif looked straight into Edith's heart, and of a sudden Edith saw herself in a low chair, this child's

head against her mother-aching breast, ever and again stooping to kiss this child's eyes to sleep.

"Ye-ye-yes!" Bub Simple was saying. "I brung her hum. I—I—I found her. Mamma died ternight, didn't she, leetle gal? Nobody thar but the doctor. Doctor, he say: 'S-s-s-send her ter Yap-ma-hank!' Yap-ma-hank!" The lad made an eloquent pause. "I brung her ter Mis' Edie."

Edith knelt before the child, gazing with eyes that could scarcely believe their own vision.

"What is your name, Baby?" asked Edith.

"Dolly's mother's dead."

The mother of a dead Dorothy

trembled. She wrapped her arms around the little child. The child shivered and shrank with terror; and Dorothy's mother knew that some one—God knows who—had tried to make the child forget that God had always meant outstretched arms for shelter, for caressing.

"Are you cold, Sweet?"

"Dolly's mother's dead."

"Are you hungry?"

"Dolly's mother's dead."

Edith's face grew white and the child's lips were quivering. With a swift motion of appeal Duke looked up at Bub Simple. Bub bent his lean figure together until his hands rested on his knees and his eyes were almost level with the child's. Upon his brow he managed to place a frown of displeasure, but this was contradicted by the smile of ineffable pity upon his mobile lips.

"L-l-l-leetle gal, answer up smart new, or we'll take yer ter Yap-ma-hank!"

Again the child shivered, then of her own free will flung her arms around Edith's neck, clinging close. Edith felt old stirrings at her heart, old yearnings at her breast, a measure of the lost satisfaction; then with a wave of old mother-passion her mouth sought the mouth of the child. Dolly gasped, but not with fear. A wonderful, wise, all-transforming smile dimpled her pinched baby-face.

"Dolly's mother used to do it that-a-way," she whispered softly.

The tears gushed to Edith's eyes. Lifting the child, holding her close against her breast — against the little roll of white stockings hidden there—she carried her to the closed door behind which waited the lighted Christmas tree.

Some workmen digging in the streets of Berwick on Tweed, discovered several old wooden water pipes near the Post Office.





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MANY TIMES GOLD MEDALISTS

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One in a Hundred

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by W. S. Francis

THE day broke clear and calm—a little cold perhaps for a day in May—but ideal for the great Marathon race scheduled for that afternoon. At a comparatively early hour the streets of Symonsville were thronged with people, citizens and strangers, all absorbed in the one engrossing subject. The race was an important one, and attracted world-wide attention. England, Italy, France, Ireland and Sweden were all represented, while the number of local entries was enough to disgust the committee. The betting was lively. Shortcraft, the unbeaten Indian, and Bush, the clever English champion were favorites. Some people, however, obsessed with a keen gambling spirit, placed their money on runners of a darker hue, whose chance of winning was according to the estimate of the sporting editors in the same ratio as is the number one to the same digit followed by twin cyphers.

For over a year the Symonsvilleites had been doing their utmost to collect a purse large enough to tempt the big men of the racing world to patronize their town. In this effort they had succeeded beyond all expectations. Just a month before by holding a special "Tag Day" they managed to bring the total to the required five thousand dollars. There was to be one prize only, so the numerous copper, silver and gold coins collected were exchanged for five one-thousand-dollar bills, and placing them in a large blue envelope ready to hand to the winner. The committee on arrangements deposited the package for safe keeping with Mayor Symons, the prime mover of the whole affair.

On this festive day the pleasure of the townspeople, however, was marred by a feeling of gloom. Just a week be-

fore their worthy mayor had died suddenly. Heart trouble, brought on by business worries, was the cause, so the doctors said. Though always considered wealthy, he died comparatively poor, owing to his having been involved in the extraordinary manipulation in wheat, engineered by a certain Pattonson, who at the time dominated the cereal kingdom.

The late mayor had been the most honored man in the whole town and district, loved and respected by all, a man whose word and bond were spoken of in equal terms, and whose character was beyond reproach. To mourn his loss were left a sorrowing wife and an only son, a youth scarce out of his teens.

On the morning of the race, David Symons, son of the deceased Mayor, sat at breakfast in depressed silence, dreading what that afternoon would bring forth. Two weeks previously he had been the unwilling witness of a scene that had haunted him ever since, haunted him till he went nearly mad as he thought of the outcome. It happened in this wise. He had been sitting quietly in the library of his luxurious home reading until the dim twilight, when suddenly his father entered. David assumed that the older man knew of his presence and did not speak. The father went directly to the safe and took out a large blue envelope. With trembling hands he broke the seal and withdrew five crisp bills and put them in his pocket, while the son, dazed and horrified, watched. The father refastened the package as before, placed it again in its pigeon hole, closed the safe door, and passed quietly out of the room and house before David fully un-

derstood what had occurred. One can imagine rather than realize the state of the poor fellow's mind as he tries to think what will happen when the victor of the coming race opens the envelope and finds it empty. Something must be done. He has but a few short hours in which to save the honor of his dead father. Finally he springs to his feet and, leaving his half-eaten breakfast, much to the concern of his mother, hurries out of the house and down the street. Ten minutes before the specified time for closing the list of competitors the name of David Anderson Symons was entered in the Marathon race.

As each contestant stepped into the wide quarter-mile track he was greeted with loud cheers and hand-clapping, which was acknowledged in each case in a manner distinctive of the nation to which the runner belonged. Shortcraft ejected a grunt of satisfaction. Ledoux, the Frenchman, made several elaborate bows. Olson, the big Swede, in trying to imitate the Frenchman, almost fell over the Englishman, while Murphy, he of the Emerald Isle, entering directly behind Blando, the Italian, made several rapid circular movements with his right hand which was not lost on the crowd. And so on down the list.

David Symons was the last to present himself, and even before his spiked shoes touched the hard cinder track his name was shouted from all sides of the closely-packed grand stand. The youth's pale face flushed with embarrassment at the unlooked for attention, and he fain would have retreated to the waiting rooms, but it was too late; already the men were lining up.

Precisely at three o'clock the sharp crack of a pistol sounded, and the runners were off. Before even the echo had died away young Symons had sped to the front, his desire being to obtain a good lead at the commencement, and to hold it if possible to the end.

The first five miles was easy; he had often run that distance at college, and such good time did he make that at the beginning of the sixth mile his nearest opponent was nearly a lap behind. The older men did not mind this. Many a time they had seen a green runner forge ahead for five, ten and even fifteen miles to drop out suddenly, broken in wind, heart and spirit. At ten miles David had stolen another lap, and was thus now two to the good. Then came the struggle for supremacy. First one, and then another, would try to shorten the gap between himself and the slim runner ahead, but all to no avail, and discouraged would fall back to second, third or fourth place as the case might be; and so they all pressed on.

Mentally, Taylor, the Indian's trainer, sized up the runners as they passed. Already over half the distance had been covered and he was beginning to feel worried. Young Symons was still leading, and running much too easily to suit this critic. Taylor wondered if he had made a mistake. Were they watching the wrong man? Again David passes the grand stand. Taylor notes the long hip bone, and closely knit muscles, which mean speed and endurance, and the easy rise and fall of the chest, indicating abundance of wind. He urges his man on.

Bush, who had been running third, suddenly came to the same conclusion as Taylor, and put on such a great burst of speed for the next half hour that when he had completed his twenty-third mile he was but one lap behind the local runner, and nearly a hundred yards ahead of the Indian. But the effort was beginning to tell on the English sprinter, and a quiet word from his trainer warned him to keep his speed for the final miles. The Indian was beginning to limp badly; a weak knee had played him an old trick, and even the caustic words of his trainer could not force him to increase his speed.

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This bear was mounted by our student, Wm. Kohli, Bluffton, O.

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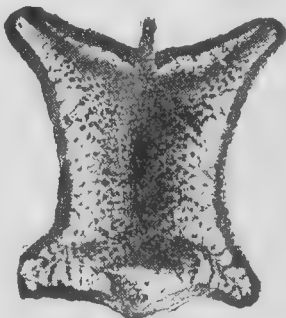
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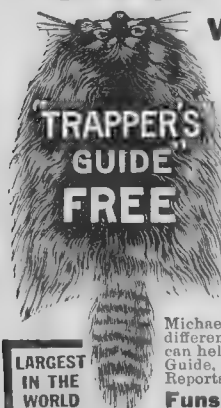
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the race had become intensely exciting. David, though he ran with seeming ease, was really in distress. The pace was having its effect on his delicate frame, but he dare not for one moment slacken his speed. To a person of his proud nature the victory meant life or death—and so he kept on. When the flag dropped, indicating that he had but one more mile to go he looked back—there came Bush scarce half a lap behind, with Shortcraft close at his heels—and the rest of the runners straggling in the rear. Some persisted only by reason of the cheers of their friends, or the taunts of those who would have them lose.

Poor David! No one knows what he suffered in that last terrible mile. His

staggered from side to side; he is beyond feeling pain and runs mechanically. He neither sees nor hears the madly cheering throng in the grand stand as he plunges forward. Five yards from the goal he falls. Can he make it? Hysterically he extends his hands amongst the cinders in front of him and crawls—and crawls. After a seeming age, he drags his body over the tape and is safe. Not a second too soon, for the next instant both the Englishman and his dusky opponent came under the wire in one wild final rush.

Tender willing hands carried the unconscious hero off the track, and the waiting emergency ambulance conveyed him swiftly to his home, where the mother, wet-eyed and heart-stricken,

The Message

By Rev. D. S. Hamilton, B.A.

List! the message of the ages
As the Christmas-tide draws near,
Glory, glory in the highest,
Joyous are the notes we hear:
Peace on earth, good will is promised
Unto the remotest bound;
Let the world take up the chorus
'Till it swells the earth around.

Yea, let all the prophets tell it,
Yea, let all the people sing
'Till the world has learned the story
And the Christ is crowned the King—
King and Saviour, mighty Prophet
Of the Kingdom yet to be,
When with strife and discord banished
All shall dwell in harmony.

Slowly seems His plan to ripen
As we view the darksome cloud,
As we hear the clash of armour
And the cannon thunder loud,
As we see the Christian nations
Glaring with inhuman hate,
As if man were made for slaughter
And deserved no better fate.

Seems it that the great illusion
Holds the nations in a spell,
And the war god, winning worship,
Leads them in the ways of hell,
While the Church makes feeble protest
Or approves the threatened fray,
Heedless of the mighty message
Of the first glad Christmas Day.

Not in military madness
Shall we see the Kingdom's sign,
Not in armies nor in navies
Shall we find the conquering line;
But with those who find in service,
Not in slaughter, their desire—
They have caught the King's own spirit,
He their every act inspire

He in patience moulds His Kingdom
By sweet love's constraining power,
He in faith reveals a vision
Of the glad triumphant hour,
When the crowning of the Sovereign
Shall all prophecy fulfil,
And is realized in fullness—
"Peace on earth, to men good will."

feet were almost raw with the pressure of stiff new shoes; the muscles of his legs seemed to be almost wrenched from the bone, and his lungs felt as if pierced by a knife at each intake of breath, while his heart seemed ready to burst.

The spectators became mad with excitement. Would this unknown runner win? Would the famous Englishman be beaten? Would the Indian—that Goliath of strength—be vanquished by a beardless boy? They watched intently—breathlessly. One lap—two laps—three laps of the last mile are reeled off, and the long striding Indian has passed Bush and is slowly, but surely, closing the gap between himself and the brave runner ahead. David

took him in charge. The old family doctor looked grave. "One chance in a hundred," he said.

Hour after hour the mother and nurse sat beside the death-like boy, weeping and praying. About nine o'clock a gentle tap came to the door, and the nurse answered it. A silver tray was handed in, and on it a large blue envelope—the Marathon prize. The patient stirred, opened his eyes, and leaned forward. The mother, hardly able to see for tears, as she sat beside the bed, opened the envelope that her late husband's own dear hands had sealed, and withdrew, wondering—a pink slip of paper—a certified cheque to the bearer for ten thousand dollars.

With a great cry of joy the boy fell back, his face illumined with the knowledge that a double victory had been won.

The Dark Hole

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by Margaret Bemister

THE sullen-faced boy scarcely glanced up as the turnkey unlocked the door of his cell.

"Captain Thomson wants to see you, Marshall," he said harshly. The boy rose in a dogged manner and stumbled into the corridor. The turnkey placed himself behind Marshall and their heavy footsteps grated on the paved floor as they marched to the door leading into the office of the Reformatory.

Taking out the great keys, the turnkey placed one in the lock. With oiled smoothness it revolved and they stood before a stern man with keen grey eyes.

"You may go now, Monroe," he said. "I shall ring when I am ready for you."

"Yes, sir," answered the turnkey respectfully, and the iron door swung heavily into place behind him.

Captain Thomson looked keenly at the boy in prison garb.

"So you have been trying to escape again, Marshall," he said.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy sullenly.

"This is the second time within a month, is it not?"

No answer.

"Will you tell me why you are so determined to run away?" asked Captain Thomson, looking closely at the boy's heavy face.

For a few seconds Marshall stood staring sulkily at the floor, then with hands clenched and face flushed he turned to the warden.

"Wha'd' you ast me that fool question for?" he cried harshly. "Wha'd' you s'pose I want to get away for? Do you think this is such a swell place that a guy would like to live here, dressed like a hoodoo and cooped up like a rat in a trap and watched every moves he makes? An' you bet I'd 'a' got away this time, too, if it hadn't 'a' been for that

sneak of a turnkey that is always a-springin' on you like an old Tom cat with green eyes!"

The Captain stood looking straight at the boy during this outburst, then he said very quietly, "Marshall, I am afraid you don't understand what we are trying to do with you here. You have had a pretty hard time in this short life of yours, and while you are in here we want to try a d make you see things differently, so that when you go out your life may not be lived in the same old haunts, but I know you are finding many of the rules hard at first, but just have patience, my boy, and you will see why you are asked to do some of these things. Now I know you hate this uniform," pointing to the overalls with one leg made of blue duck and the other of white, "and I do not blame you, but remember when half of your time is up and your behaviour has been good, you will be given overalls of one color. Then you will not feel quite so much like a prisoner."

The boy made no answer, his gaze still fixed sullenly on the floor.

The Captain went on, "Now, Marshall, I have something to say to you that I am finding very hard—the punishment for your offence is the Dark Hole."

The boy looked up with a quick, startled glance, his eyes grown wide with fear.

"Yes, I know it is a terrible punishment," said the Captain, "and I only wish I could change it, but I also must obey orders." He paused, then said slowly, "My boy, I am going to tell you something. I was afraid of the dark, too, when I was a boy." Dan made as if to speak, then stopped. "Yes, the dark," went on the Captain, "I know what it is like, so do not mind, and be-

cause I understand I am going to do something I have never done before." Turning to his desk he opened a drawer and took out a candlestick. He laid a match on the holder and said, "I am going to give you this to have with you in the cell, but I want you to promise me that you will not light the candle unless you have reached the end of your courage, and remember, Marshall, that although I am sending you to such a terrible place, it is not because I am angry with you. You are my boy for a year, to care for and to love."

"To love?" The boy looked up with a slow, incredulous look.

"Yes, to love," said the Captain, "and I want you to remember that when you are alone in the darkness," then reaching up he touched a bell, the iron-studded door swung slowly open and the turnkey appeared.

"Take Marshall to the Dark Hole and leave him there until seven o'clock tomorrow morning. Place a tin pail of water and this candle within the cell," commanded Captain Thomson.

"Yes, sir," said the turnkey, as he picked up the candle. Then placing Marshall in front of him they passed out into the corridor.

The great key was turned in the lock. Then their heavy steps echoed as they marched past the long row of cells to a door at the end of the hall. Opening this they tramped down the narrow stone steps, and Marshall saw they were now in the basement of the building. Down the length of this they passed until they reached the farthest end and Monroe paused before a steel door in the wall. Taking his keys, he fitted one in the lock, and with a grating noise the door opened. Giving the boy a push he said, "Now go in there, you young limb, and see how you like that for a change, and I only wish you weren't going to have this water and this candle to help you out a little."

Placing the small tin pail on the floor and the candle beside it, he pulled the door shut with a heavy clang.

Dan heard the lock snap and he was

shut in alone and in darkness. Instinctively he put out his arms and felt around until they struck the wall, then he moved along it until he felt himself in the corner. There he let himself slip down to the floor, crouching against the hard wall as if he could get away from the awful blackness around him. He closed his eyes to shut it out. White rings and flashes darted and circled around him until he opened them again in desperation. Then the terrible blackness of the darkness seemed to close down upon him as if it were taking his breath and he felt himself sinking. He put up his hands to push it away and cried aloud in terror, but there was no answer to his cry. The darkness seemed to change into bright-colored stars and strange shapes that danced and whirled like things possessed. He threw himself full length face forward on the floor and screamed. Suddenly one hand touched something cold. He started, then remembered it must be the candle. Wildly he clutched on it, then felt for the match. It was gone. Creeping over he felt along the floor, passing his hand in a widening circle. At last his fingers touched it and with a little cry of joy he drew it across the floor. It snapped, but did not light.

Suddenly Captain Thomson's words came to him, "I want you to promise me not to light the candle unless you have reached the end of your courage." Had he? Was he really such a coward as this that such a few moments of darkness had used up all his courage? Slowly he put the match into his pocket; then crawling back along the wall he seated himself in the corner again. But this time the darkness did not seem so dense. He seemed to hear the Captain's voice again, "and when you are alone remember that I love you." Did he really mean that? Love him, a little, vagabond thief who had never had anyone to care for him in all his life? Could that big, strong man really love him?

How long Dan sat there he never knew. It might have been a few

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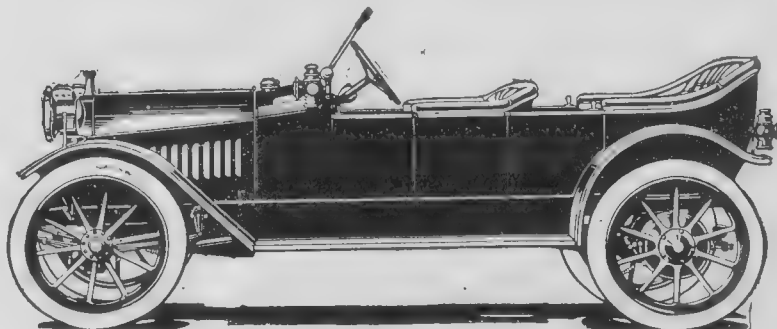
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minutes; it might have been some hours. He never could tell, but suddenly through the awful stillness he felt rather than heard a noise. With every nerve tightened he listened. Again it came and seemed to be behind him, a little rasping noise. In a moment it stopped and Dan had almost persuaded himself that he had imagined it. Once more it came, this time a little louder and clearer, a grating, rasping sound. Turning, Dan laid his ear to the floor and could clearly distinguish the sound of something grating against the stone. Even as he listened it stopped, and then he heard another noise which he could almost have sworn was voices. He sat up quickly, trembling with excitement. What did it mean? Voices meant human beings—and the rasping noise; could it be some one trying to escape? He tried to think. His head was in a whirl. Hadn't some of the boys said there were two Dark Holes, one in the Prison as well as one in the Reformatory, so perhaps the cell on the other side of this wall was the Dark Hole of the Prison.

He dropped to the floor again and pressed his ear against the rough stone. The noise was louder now and he could distinctly hear the breaking of stone.

Suddenly a harsh whisper said, "Be careful, you fool; you are making too much noise." Then a shrill whisper

Suddenly he sat erect. What was he thinking of? Going to run away again and from Captain Thomson, the man who loved him? With a smothered cry he crouched in a heap against the wall. What a coward he had been, and worse than a coward. Suddenly he sat erect, his ear strained, for the hoarse whisper was saying, "Are you sure the fuse is all right?" "You bet," replied the other. "All I have to do is to slip under the steps and touch it, and before we board the Flyer the whole place will be blown to atoms, and then there'll be no danger of them thinkin' of us or tryin' to track us." "Good," said the other. "You've got a fine head. Dang me if you hain't."

Every pulse in Dan's body was throbbing. What could this diabolical plot be? A fuse under the steps, the whole place blown up. What could be done? The steps must mean office steps. How could he stop them? How could he get the fuse? Slowly his brain began to clear. His head stopped its terrible pounding, and out of his thoughts a plan leaped clear and plain.

He must let them escape. Then he must follow them and put out the fuse before it had burned in too far.

A rumbling, crunching sound now caught his ear, then heavy breathing. He leaned forward to listen better and knew that the men must have removed the last stone and were making their



Pyramid Lake near Fitzhugh, Alberta

answered, "We have no time to lose if we are going to catch that Midnight Flyer." "Well, dang me," said the other one, "we will not catch anything if you keep on with that racket." The voices ceased, and with muffled steadiness the rasping continued.

Dan understood it all now. They must be prisoners in the Dark Hole of the men's prison and they were trying to escape by making a hole under the wall, which separated them from the hall in the caretaker's part in the building. Could they do it?

Suddenly, with a wrench, the stone under the very one Dan had his ear against seemed to give way, and the men's voices sounded almost in his cell.

"Dang me, that was fine," said the hoarse voice. "Another jerk like that and we are out." "Yes, and we had better hurry," said the shrill whisper. "It is not far off midnight now, if you ask me." "It won't take long now," said the first, "but we had better keep still for a few minutes. Maybe someone heard that last yank."

Utter silence now, and Dan leaned against the wall, beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead. For, as he put his hands on the floor to raise himself, he felt the stones move and wildly he thought of what it meant. Part of the floor in his corner had been loosened by their last strenuous effort, and now if he could only lift these stones he could escape, too. His heart beat so furiously that he thought the men must hear it. Would they never go? It would be safe to follow in a few moments.

way through the hole. The one with the hoarse whisper was evidently going first.

Dan crouched, scarcely breathing, for what seemed several minutes, then slowly, cautiously, he began to work at the loosened stones. He dug his fingers into the cracks and pulled with all his might. A dozen times the largest stone yielded and nearly came out. Then, with a click, it fell back into its place again. Dan grew desperate. The men must be nearly out now. In a few minutes they would touch the fuse. How long would it burn before it reached its deadly goal? He must get out before too late.

Gritting his teeth, he grasped the large stone again and pulled with a strength born of desperation. It gave way suddenly almost sending him backwards. A little cry of joy escaped him. Eagerly he felt in the opening. Some smaller stones seemed loose. He jerked them out and felt again. The opening now was large enough to admit his body. Leaning down, he began slowly to crawl in. It was dark and rough. He reached out his hand and felt an opening ahead. With infinite care he drew himself through and saw that he was in a long, dimly lighted hall. With the stealthiness of a cat he crept along the wall until he reached the end; then darting across, he gained the foot of the stairs. There was no one to be seen on them, so he crept up, and the creaking of every step sounded like a cannon roar in his ears. At the head of the stairs there was a door. Very softly he opened it, and found himself in a huge

room faintly lighted by the street lights, which burned outside the windows. He knew where he was; it was the Court Room for the Reformatory, and the Prison adjoined the Court House. As he stood, scarcely breathing, he saw a shadow pause on the ledge of one of the windows, then it dropped.

Dan did not move for the space of a moment. There was no other movement, no other shadow to be seen, so he knew both men must have escaped through the window. With noiseless tread he crept across the floor until he stood partly at the open window. Outside was a fire escape, and in the light from the street lamp, he saw two figures dart across the road and disappear. He scaled the ledge, slid down the ladder and dropped on the ground below. Then, with a dash, he reached the steps of the office and darted under. A tiny red glow in the corner was all there was to be seen, but he knew what deadly peril it meant. Reaching in he grasped it with his right hand, crushing it with all his strength. He barely noticed the burning sensation which shot up his arm. If only he could put out the fatal spark before it reached the spot. After a moment's space he ventured to let go his hold. There was no glow to be seen now. Reaching in his hand he felt around, just as a heavy grip caught his collar and he was dragged out.

"So it is you, you young limb of Satan," said the rough voice. "Now we'll see what the Captain thinks of his pets."

Lifting Dan bodily, the turnkey almost threw him up the steps and through the door of the office. Captain Thomson turned quickly from his desk at the sudden noise.

"See here, sir, what I found under the steps," began Monroe.

"Oh, please, sir," said Dan, "do catch them—they are going to board the Midnight Flyer. They are over there by the old stable."



New Year Dance.

"Who?" cried the Captain rising. "The men who were in the Dark Hole. Oh, hurry! hurry!"

Three sharp clangs of the gong rang through the building and almost instantly three men in uniform appeared in the doorway.

"Two prisoners have escaped. Follow them. They will try to catch the Flyer. Cross the open lot near the stable!" commanded the Captain quickly. The men saluted and wheeled. The Captain turned to Dan. "We will hear more about this tomorrow," he said. "Monroe, take Marshall to his cell."

"Yes, sir," said the turnkey, unlocking the door.

"But what is wrong with your hand," Captain Thomson cried as Dan passed him.

"Nothin', it's all right," said Dan, putting his hand behind his back.

"Let me see it," said the Captain

quietly as he took hold of Dan's arm, and gently but firmly drew it around. As the light fell on the hand he exclaimed in shocked tones:

"Oh, my boy, you are badly burned!"

"No, it's not hurtin' much," muttered Dan, biting his lips.

"It must be attended to at once," said Captain Thomson quickly, crossing the room to the telephone.

Half an hour later Dan was in bed in his cell, with his right hand and arm wrapped in oiled cloths.

"You will be all right in a short while," said the fussy little doctor as he finished the bandaging. "Good night now and try to sleep. Don't think about those rascals you so nicely caught. You are a pretty brave young chap. Good-night."

Long after the doctor's footsteps had died away, Dan lay with wide-open eyes. It must have been near dawn when

he heard steps coming down the corridor and stop before his cell.

"Are you asleep, my boy," asked Captain Thomson's deep voice.

"No, sir," said Dan eagerly.

The Captain opened the door and entered. He seated himself on the edge of the bed and lightly touched the bandaged hand.

"Is it very painful?" he asked gently.

"Oh! no, sir," said Dan. "It hardly hurts. But did they catch them, sir?"

"Yes, they were caught just as they were boarding the train," answered the Captain. "You acted very bravely to-night, Marshall, and I have just finished writing this application to the Attorney-General," drawing a paper from his pocket. "In it I have asked that your sentence be commuted and I have every reason to hope it will be granted."

"And then I'll—" cried Dan, sitting upright.

"You will be free," said Captain Thomson slowly.

There was a long moment of silence, then Dan exclaimed hoarsely, "Tear it up, sir! Tear it up! Tear it up!"

"What do you mean?" cried the Captain.

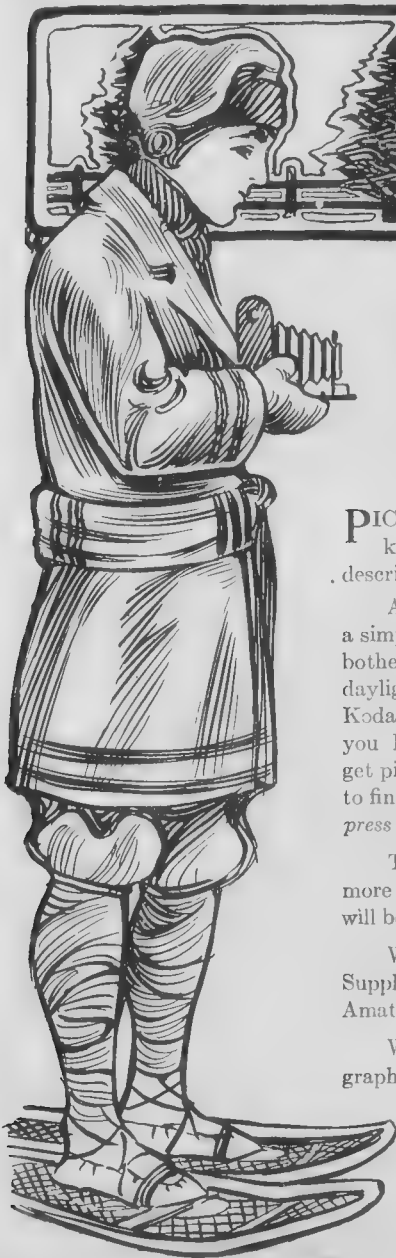
"Please, sir, I don't want to go away. You're the only one what ever loved me—and I order to stay—I deserve it—let me stay—tear it up, sir!"

The Captain looked at the boy's face showing white in the dim light from the corridor lamp. His eyes were shining like stars and an answering light came into the Captain's face. For a moment the two looked deep into each other's eyes. Then slowly, deliberately, the elder man tore the paper, piece for piece, and let it fall on the floor.

"I guess I'll go to sleep now," said Dan as he lay down on his hard pillow.

The Captain leaned over him.

"Another name has been added to the list of heroes tonight, Marshall," he said softly, "and I think it is written in letters of gold."



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The First Verse of a song in praise of Miss Margaret Fullerton, by Robert Burns, eldest son of the Poet. July, 1836.
As I gaed up the side o' Nith,
Ae simmer morning early,
Wi' gowden locks, on dewy leas
The broom was wavin' fairly.
Aloft, unseen, in cloudless sky,
The lark was singing clearly,
When wadin' through the broom I spied
My pretty Meg, my dearie.

A wheen Scots Proverbs:

He has a bee in his bonnet-lug!
I wadna ca' the king my cousin!
Jouk, and let the jaw gang by!
Law-makers should na be law-breakers.
I'll say naething, but I'll yerk at the thinking!
Keep yer tongue a prisoner, and yer body will gang free.
Laugh at yer ain toom pouches!
It's gude to hae yer cog oot, when it rains kail!
Marry for love, and work for siller.

"Auld Reekie." Robert Chambers tells us it was an old Laird of Largo who invented the name "Auld Reekie" for Edinburgh. This old gentleman, in the long days of summer, used to regulate the time of evening family-worship by the appearing of the smoke of Edinburgh. When the good folks of the capital were preparing their supper, and the "reek" began to rise, the Laird would say, "It's time noo, bairns, to tak' the Buiks and gang till oor beds, for Auld Reekie, I see, is pittin' on her nichtcap."

The wallie never failed us,
E'en at our sairest need;
But when the heat assailed us
We ran to it wi' speed!
And as we sloked our drouthie craigs,
Ilk ane was fain to cry—
"It's braw to hae a wallie
When the burn rins dry."
—Robert H. Calder.

The Cambuslang School-Board are distributing £30 in prizes among the schools of the parish. A good idea.

The Dumfries School-Board a year ago made a rule to compel the wearing of a certain regulation "Academy hat." This year they are wiser, and have rescinded the foolish regulation.

Border fat cattle were selling at prices higher this Spring than were ever known.

As to farm-wages; at Stirling Feeing Fair for farm-servants, married men were engaged at 20 to 23 shillings per week, with free house; junior ploughmen got £14 and their "keep," for six months.

Broughty Ferry and Monifieth will shortly be included within the Corporation of the City of Dundee.

Aberdeen barbers have raised the price of a "shave" from three halfpence to two-pence; and haircutting from threepence to fourpence.

Andrew Carnegie, LL.D., as Rector of Aberdeen University, gave his Rectorial Address, June 6. He gave much good homely advice, about honesty, ability, and character, and severely scorned the use of liquor.

Come busk ye braw, my bonnie-bride,
And hap ye in my gude grey plaid;
And ower the Brig o' Doon we'll ride
Awa' to Carrick hills, love!
For there's flowery braes in Carrick land,
There's wimplin' burns in Carrick land,
And beauty beams on ilka hand,
Among the Carrick hills, love!
—Macquorn Rankirie.

An Edinburgh firm was fined £30 ("or 60 days") for selling £500 worth of "Real Kerry Tweed" to a London buyer, when the goods were not Irish at all, but made in Scotland.

Gin God gang-na till the stoure, kings
wad be wysser at hame!—Hately Waddell.

Scots Names. "Beckett," at the little brook.

"Carr," rock, hollow place or grove.
"Calhoun," hazel-tree dwelling.
"Fairbrother," father-brother, uncle.
"Pringle," the pilgrim.
"Prescott," the priest's cottage.
"Aylmer," renowned race.
"Powell," son of Howell (ap Howell).
"Redham," red or reed home.
"Allerton," alder-tree town.

Kissing. One of those tender caresses, which ladies sometimes bestow on each other, with unnecessary prodigality; to the great discontent and envy of the male spectators. Sir Walter Scott.

The Minister of Biggar, in Lanarkshire whose abilities, whatever they might be, were held in the utmost scorn, on account of his "reading," was one day concluding his discourse as an old woman of the true heaven was leaving the church. He closed the leaves of his sermon and those of the Bible at the same time, saying with emphasis, intended as a sort of clincher to his argument, "I add no more." "Because ye canna," cried the old woman.

Hurrah for the land o' the brown-covered brae,
The land o' the rowan, the haw and the slae!
Where waves the blue harebell in dingle and glade—
The land o' the pibroch, the bonnet and plaid!
—John Crawford.

John Clerk, the famous Advocate, had been at his potatoes one fine morning in Edinburgh, and was wending his way home toward Picardy Place. At one particular place he stopped confused, with his back to the wall, and hied a street caddie, or porter.

"Can you tell me, my man, the road to John Clerk's house?"

"Ye're a fine fellow," replied the caddie, "to ask the road to John Clerk's house, when ye're John Clerk himsel'."

"I ken that very weel," replied the Advocate, "but I'm no John Clerk's house. Oxtor me to his house, and there's a shilling."

In a yer dealins, gie yer neibor the cast o' the bank.

The Weavers of Jedburgh brought home with them the banner under which they fought at Bannockburn, 1314. The old banner was lost in a fire 14 years ago; but a colored drawing of it has now been presented to the Public Library by Provost Hilson.

The Provost and Council of Elgin are furious at the Secretary for Scotland, in dealing with Elgin as something less than a "city." They say it was acknowledged as a city by the King of Scotland, as long ago as the Twelfth Century.

O Scotland mine, my mother-land,
How grand, how fair art thou!
The sunbeams play about thy feet,
The lightnings round thy brow!
How stout of arm, how fierce of speech,
In battle and in storm;
But to thy children, bosom-nursed,
How tender-souled and warm!
—MacIntyre Henderson.

"In Church, Sir." When Lister, the great surgeon, was in a professor's chair in Edinburgh—Lister himself was English, born in Essex—the great German surgeon, Hoffman, came from Germany to see him. He called at Lister's house on a Sunday (having arrived in Edinburgh the night before), and asked the maid who opened the door if her master was at home. "Sir, he most certainly is not!" "Could you tell me where I am most likely to find him?" "You will find him in church, sir; where you ought to be!" They don't believe in Sunday visiting in Edinburgh.

A Scotsman says you may say what you like in the House of Commons, if you only "take care to contradict yourself in the papers."

The Rev. Sydney Smith wrote in later years, of his five years' sojourn in Edinburgh—"Never shall I forget the happy days passed there, amidst odious smells, barbarous sounds, bad suppers, excellent hearts, and most enlightened and cultivated understandings."

A strike of gravediggers in Glasgow was settled by some of the men getting another shilling a day. "Folk maun be bury't," and they all went to work again.

Oh, weel I lo'e our auld Scots sangs,
The mournfu' and the gay—
They charmed me by a mother's knee,
In bairnhood's happy day;
And even yet, though ower my pow
The snaws of age are flung,
The blude loup's joyfu' in my veins
Whene'er I hear them sung!

Somebody suggests a statue of Mr. Carnegie at his birthplace Dunfermline, Fifeshire, and that the work be entrusted to a Scottish sculptor.

"Fine morning, Donald. What's the day going to be?" "Weel, I'm thinking, maybe it'll rain." "But the barometer is rising, Donald." "Yes, but it's very little heed the weather hereabouts pays to the barometer!"

A Scottish angler several times thought he had a "bite," but was mistaken. Making another and very scientific cast, the hook caught in the back of his coat—just too high, and just too low to be reached with his hand. He tried to rub it out against a tree, in vain. Then he looked for somebody to help him. He kept on down stream, for five miles, and saw a man. "Will you kindly pull that hook out of my back. I've come miles to get help." "Certainly, sir; but why on earth didn't you pull off your coat?" He had not thought of that.

Harry Lauder has a brother—Alick—who is also funny. He has been doing South Africa, and is now in Australia.

"A Bee in His Bonnet." At a political meeting in Glasgow the other night, a "heckler" was requested to "take off

his bonnet," and he demurred, till one man called out, "He's frichted he'll see the bee!"

Aberdeen will let out a tramcar (street car) for 30 shillings, for a funeral. The cab proprietors, backed up by the undertakers, are up in arms against the new innovation. "Nobody ever heard of such a thing before!"

Just Think of It.

A Congressman, who is recognized as an authority in matters of state, had been to Baltimore one afternoon with his family. When they left the train at Washington, on their return, his wife discovered that her umbrella, which had been intrusted to the care of her husband, was missing.

"Where's my umbrella?" she demanded.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten it, my dear," meekly answered the Congressman. "It must still be in the train."

"In the train!" snorted the lady. "And to think that the affairs of the nation are intrusted to a man who doesn't know enough to take care of a woman's umbrella!"

DOCTORS COULD NOT HELP MY KIDNEYS

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured Me



MR. GEO. W. BARKLEY

CHESTERVILLE, ONT., JAN. 25th, 1911

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GEO. W. BARKLEY.

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Sirs—Please send a copy of your Catalogue to me, I want to see what you have in clothing before buying winter outfit. I bought a pair of Lumbersoles from you last winter and was very pleased with them. I was on the trail 60 below zero and never had a cold foot, which never happened before even with \$7 footwear on my feet.
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Enclosed, \$.....
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ADDRESS.....

CALENDAR OF CANADIAN HISTORY

DECEMBER

1791—1st—Proclamation of Division of Canada into two provinces appeared in Quebec Gazette.

1841—1st—"Canadian Spelling Book," the first book granted a Canadian copyright.

1872—1st—Adams George Archibald's term as Lt.-Gov. Manitoba ended.

1872—2nd—Alexr. Morris appointed Lt.-Gov. Manitoba.

1738—3rd—La Verandrye entered the village of the Maudans.

1827—3rd—Presbyterians of Montreal appealed to the Home Government for a share of the Clergy Reserves.

1881—3rd—Edgar Dewdney appointed Lt.-Gov. N.W. Territories.

1604—4th—Estate of Brittany decide to support the demand of the merchants of St. Malo for freedom of fur trade with Acadia.

1835—4th—Sir Richard Cartwright born at Kingston, Ont.

1794—5th—Lt.-Gov. Simcoe made the trip from York to Kingston in an open boat.

1837—5th—Mackenzie's march on Toronto.

1837—5th—Martial Law proclaimed at Montreal.

1892—5th—Sir J. A. Chapleau appointed Lt.-Gov. Quebec.

1892—5th—Sir Mackenzie Bowell, K.C., M.G., appointed Senator.

1678—6th—Niagara Falls discovered by Hennepin.

1790—6th—Lt.-Gov. Col. L. Armstrong's second term as Administrator of Nova Scotia ended.

1855—6th—Fourth Battery Field Artillery, Hamilton, organized.

1861—6th—Seventh Battery Field Artillery, St. Catherine's, organized.

1600—7th—Agreement of Jehan Brouët for five crowns per month for his services as doctor on one of Chauvin's vessels sailing to Newfoundland.

1649—7th—Father Charles Gariner murdered by the Iroquois at St. Jean, a Huron Mission.

1739—7th—John Adams made Governor of Nova Scotia.

1770—7th—Hearne left Fort Prince of Wales the third time, with famous Indian guide, "Matonabee."

1663—8th—Father Nouvel celebrated the "Fete of the Immaculate Conception" at Father Point.

1838—8th—Von Schoultz executed at Kingston.

1852—8th—Charter of Laval University, Quebec, signed by Queen Victoria.

1843—9th—Last meeting in Kingston of Canadian Parliament closed.

1789—10th—Kings County (Nova Scotia) Agricultural Society formed, still in existence.

1868—10th—Earl Granville appointed Secretary of State for Colonies.

1889—10th—Hon. J. A. Lougheed, Calgary, appointed Senator.

1813—11th—Newark burned by Gen. McClure.

1862—11th—13th Royal Regt., Hamilton, Ont., organized.

1812—12th—John Sandfield Macdonald born at St. Raphaels, U.C.

1831—12th—Wm. Lyon Mackenzie expelled from U.C. House for libel.

1497—13th—Edict of Henry VII. granting Pension of £20 per annum to John Cabot.

1665—13th—Treaty of Quebec — De Tracy's treaty with the Iroquois.

1804—13th—Joseph Howe, statesman, born near Halifax.

1871—13th—Hon. W. J. Macdonald, Victoria, made a Senator.

1875—14th—N.W. Territories as an administrative unit came to an end.

1653—16th—Oliver Cromwell made Protector in England.

1876—16th—Luc. Letellier de St. Just appointed Lt.-Gov. Quebec.

1892—16th—Hon. John N. Kirch Koffer, Brandon, appointed Senator.

1640—17th—The Hundred Associates (Fur Co.) ceded their claim to the Island of Montreal, to the Society of Notre Dame de Montreal.

1603—18th—Edict of Henry IV. granting to de Ments a monopoly of the fur trade of New France for ten years.

1704—18th—Simon Denys de Bonaventure administration of Acadia began.

1854—18th—Parliament of Canada adjourned.

1854—18th—Governorship of Lord Elgin came to end.

1876—18th—Funeral of Lt.-Gov. Caron, of Quebec, from "Spencerwood."

1896—18th—Hon. G. G. King, Chipman, N.B., made Senator.

1606—19th—Three ships sailed from London, by London Co. for furs.

1813—19th—Gen. Riall crossed to Lewiston, took and burned it.

1813—19th—Death of James McGill, founder of McGill University.

1853—19th—Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, K.C., M.G., born Quebec.

1854—19th—Sir Edmund Walker Head became Governor of Canada.

1863—19th—Hon. Adelard Furgeon, K.C., C.M.G., C.V.O., M.L.C., born.

1891—19th—New Westminster, B. C., and Old Westminster were directly connected by C.P.R. Telegraph and Bennet-McKay cables.

1615—20th—Champlain with Huron guides reached Huron towns.

1867—20th—First Session first Dominion Parliament adjourned.

1883—21st—Royal Canadian Dragoons organized, Toronto, Ont., and St. John's Que.

1887—21st—New Court House, Quebec, inaugurated.

1814—24th—Treaty of Ghent (peace between England and United States).

1881—24th—Hon. Thos. McKay, Truro, N.S., appointed Senator.

1635—25th—Marc Antoine Bras de fer de Chateaufort appointed administrator of New France.

1650—25th—Mass first celebrated in Church of Notre Dame de la Paix, Quebec.

1791—26th—Constitutional Government became effective in the Canadas (Upper and Lower).

1610—27th—Contract of marriage between Champlain and Helen Boullé.

1855—27th—Governor-General's Bodyguard Dragoons organized Toronto.

1694—28th—William III. inaugurated King of England.

1852—28th—St. Patrick's Institute founded Quebec.

1852—28th—Duke of Newcastle appointed Secretary of State for Colonies.

1797—29th—David Thompson reached the Missouri.

1837—29th—"The Caroline" was cut adrift and sent over Niagara Falls.

1868—29th—Lord Lisgar (Sir John Young) G.C.M.G., appointed Gov.-General of Canada.

1870—30th—First election for Legislative Assembly of Manitoba.

1491—31st—Jacques Cartier born (?).

1622—31st—Grant by Charter of Island of Newfoundland to Sir George Calvert.

1775—31st—At 4 a.m. the Americans began the assault of Quebec, Montgomery's point of attack Pres-de-Ville barricade; 431 of Arnold's men surrendered, and Montgomery killed.

1813—31st—Black Rock (Niagara District) captured by General Riall.

1605—6—Winter of — M. de Corcelles spent winter among the Mohawks and makes first mention of Lake of Thousand Isles (St. Lawrence River).

1799—Population of Canada, 161,311.

1818—Population of Upper Canada estimated 120,000; Lower, 375,000.

1840—Population St. John, N. B., 19,281.

1870—Population Manitoba—11,963.

Winnipeg, December 1st, 1912.
H. S. Seaman.

The Interrupting School

Richard Mansfield's interesting young son has begun school life. He was supposed to be enjoying it till one morning recently, when he entered the library, where he found his father, seated himself carelessly in the largest chair, and said:

"I'm getting tired of going to school, father. I think I shall stop."

"Why," said Mr. Mansfield in some surprise, "what's your objection to going to school?"

"Oh," answered the youngster, suppressing a yawn, "it breaks up the day so."

Unavailing Evidence

"Of what were you accused?" a prisoner was asked, by a visitor to a gaol. "Of stealing a watch," he answered. "I made a good fight. I had able counsel, and he proved an alibi with ten witnesses. Then he made a powerful speech to the jury. But it was of no use; I got two years." "How was it that in the face of such rebutting evidence you were not acquitted?" asked the visitor. "Well, sir," explained the prisoner, "there was one weak point about my defence: The watch was found in my pocket!"

A Progeny Problem

A miner living in the North of England took his two little sons to school for the first time. "Are they brothers?" asked the schoolmaster. "Yis, sor," answered Geordie. "Then, I suppose, as their ages are both the same, they're twins?" "No, No," cried Geordie, "they're not twins, sor!" The schoolmaster thought for a moment. "Well, if they are brothers and both the same age," he said, "I'll admit you are cleverer than I am if you can prove that they're not twins." "Wey, they're triplets, sor, but the other yeiks deed!"

Christmas at the Windward Light



CHRISTMAS out at the Wind'ard Light,

A stiff no'theaster blowin',
Waves blue-green with a fringe of white,
Feel in the air like snowin',
Breakers jumpin' acrost the ledge,
Flingin' their sprays tergether,
Bell-buoy settin' yer teeth on edge—
My, but it's windy weather!

SCHOONER footin' it east by south,

Runnin' at every scupper,
Beatin' in fer the harbor mouth,
Home fer the Christmas supper.
Skipper holdin' his hat on tight,
Hailin' me clear and jolly:
"Merry Christmas the Wind'ard Light!"
"Same ter all on the Polly!"

By Joe Lincoln

COAL-BARGE swashin' along serene.

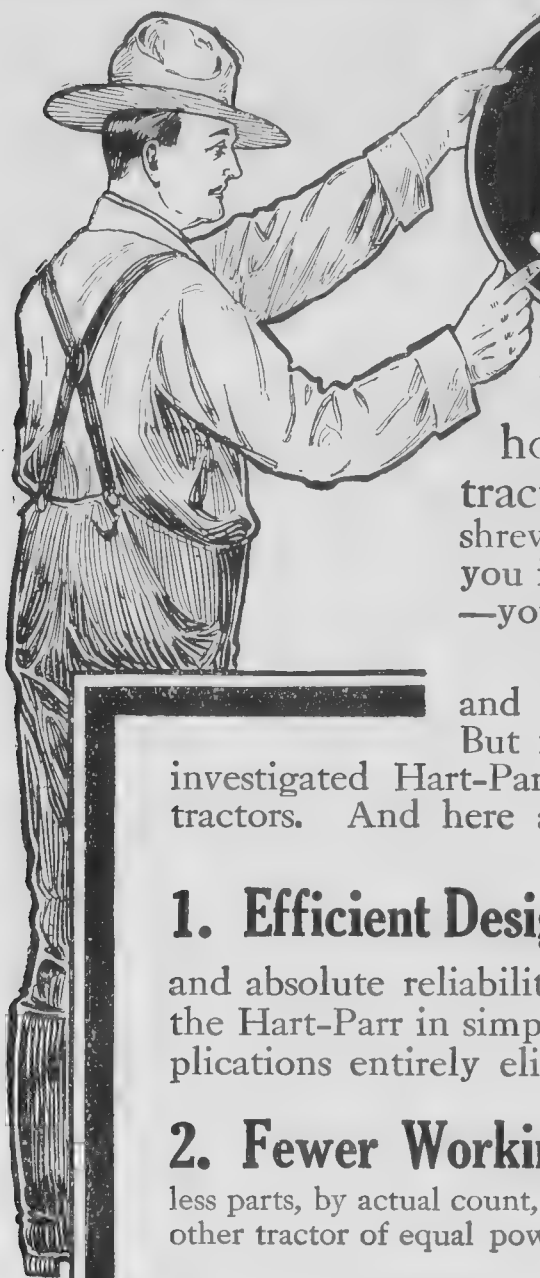
Tug a-puffin' and gruntin',
Deckhouse hung with the Christmas green,
Bright with the Christmas Buntin';
"Merry Christmas!" the lighthouse bell
Calls as it clangs above 'em.
"Toot, toot!" answers the whistle's yell;
"Same, and a-many uv'em!"

CHRISTMAS out at the Wind'ard Light,

Ma at work in the kitchen,
Cookin' somethin' that just smells right,
Settin' yer mouth a-twitchin';
Youngsters playin' with doll and drum,
Praisin' up Santy's glory,
Calckerlatin' he must have come
Round last night in a dory.

OLD no'theaster keeps on ter blow,

Clouds ain't a bit the thinner.
But what of it? From down below
Ma is a-callin' "Dinner!"
Ain't complainin' a single mite,
Wouldn't swap jobs with many—
Christmas here in the Wind'ard Light
Just as merry as any.



Reasons Why You Should Buy a Hart-Parr Oil Tractor

Now that you have decided to sell most of your horses and put the money into a general purpose farm tractor, be sure you buy the *right* one. If you are a shrewd buyer who can't be misled by a lot of unsupported claims—if you insist on getting *full value* for every dollar you invest in a tractor—your choice will surely be the "old reliable" Hart-Parr Oil Tractor.

Thousands of other wise farmers have made this same choice and the tractor has earned and saved money for them ever since. But first of all, they did just what you should do. They carefully investigated Hart-Parr construction. Then they compared it with that of other tractors. And here are just a few of the many superior features they found:

1. Efficient Design Gigantic power, great strength and absolute reliability, all combined in the Hart-Parr in simple form, with complications entirely eliminated.

2. Fewer Working Parts Several hundred less parts, by actual count, than are found in any other tractor of equal power.

3. Long Life Bearings at every point where heavy traction effort comes. These are unseen when the tractor is assembled, but hard field work soon shows the absence of them in other tractors and then repair bills begin to soar skyward.

4. Ground Joints The kind that are heat and moisture proof. In direct contrast to the troublesome, inefficient packed joints used by many tractor builders.

5. Enclosed Construction All working parts of motor enclosed. No chance for dust or dirt to enter and cut these vital parts.

6. Accessibility Every part at your finger tips. No need to tear down the whole engine to get at any part of it. A time and money saving feature when making adjustments or repairs.

7. Surest Fuel Feed A carburetor especially designed for tractor work. Feeds just the right quantity of fuel, at just the right time, no matter at what angle the tractor is tilted.

8. Automatic Lubrication Keeps all parts freely oiled. No need for operator to worry about parts running dry.

9. Uses Cheapest Fuel Operates successfully on kerosene or distillate at all loads and produces full power with any of these fuels.

10. Oil Cooled This feature insures you a frost proof engine. No danger of a freeze-up, even in below zero weather. On cold days, when a water-cooled tractor stands idle, you've got to drain the cooler or risk serious damage. No such fuss or trouble with the original *oil-cooled* Hart-Parr.

And Last But Not Least

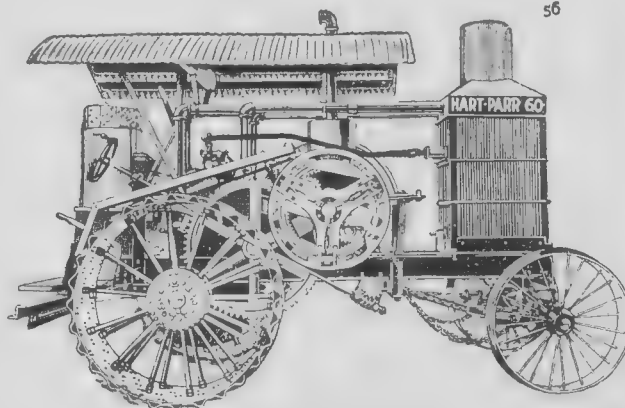
These thousands of farmers found, too, that Hart-Parr Oil Tractors are a big success in the hands of their owners. And they also learned that Hart-Parr Service really serves. A Service that sends an expert to show you how to get the most benefits from your purchase. A Service that lays repairs down at your station in record time.

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The Feast of All Peoples

Specially Written for The Western Home Monthly by R. F. McWilliams, B.A., LL.B.

CHRISTMAS DAY is the one universal day of joy in all Christmas lands. Whether we be Protestant or Catholic, Greek or Roman, orthodox or heretic; whether we or our fathers were born under the skies of Britain, or France, or Italy, or Russia, we all celebrate this one great day; and gather families and friends about that we may enjoy it to the full. Therefore it is that this day should be one of especial value to us of the West. In this vast melting pot of the twentieth century where the hardy and courageous of all lands are gathered to carve out homes for themselves, and to develop new ideals for a nation, it is well that we should welcome and make the most of those days which are dear and of loving memory to all. From whatever lands we may have come this day is an old friend clothed with memories, and for all it has the same meaning. In commemoration of the birth of the Babe whose life was to be one of innocence and unselfishness and who was to become the light and hope of countless millions of all races, we celebrate the day with gifts and kindnesses and loving remembrances as most befitting the spirit of the Child Jesus.

Most men if asked from what race the English of later generations have come would promptly answer 'the Anglo-Saxon,' and would perhaps boast of their purity of blood. No greater mistake could be made. It took the Anglo-Saxon-Jute combination of Teutonic tribes 400 years to conquer the Britons of the earlier time and even then the conquest was only accomplished by the absorption of the older and utterly different race whose blood mingling with that of the conquerors has produced those special types of English character which even today distinguish the man from Yorkshire or Devon or Cornwall. Scarcely had Alfred established some unity in the land, when the whole eastern half was conquered by the Danes and their blood mingled with that of the Angles to form a type which still lingers along the east coast and among the fens of Lincoln and Norfolk. Scarcely had Edward the Confessor restored again a nominally English rule, than the country was overwhelmed by the Norman invasion and for 300 years England was ruled and her whole national character transformed by a people who did not even speak the tongue of the Anglo-Saxon. It was out of this compound of races and tongues that the English people and the English language developed, and it is to the fusion of the strongest elements of these diverse people that we owe that character which has made the nation the greatest in the world. But the admixture did not cease even then. For centuries England was the refuge of the oppressed, and the Huguenots and Dutch, whom prosecution had driven out of their own homes, cast in their lot with the people of England, enriching her blood and adding many, who bear their names, to the roll of British heroes.

The American who crosses the line to join his fortunes with ours is in most cases the inheritor, as well as we, of all the glories of British history. He may have as much right to boast of Balaclava and Waterloo; or his fathers may have fought with ours in the great struggle against France for world-wide empire; or fought under William and Marlborough for the freedom of Europe and of religion. Even if he traces his ancestry back to the Mayflower he but makes himself of the best English blood which proved in its very leaving that it was worthy of the land of Elizabeth and Shakespeare. If he has separated from his father's house, it has been but to build up a new Britain dominated at heart by the same great principles, with the same sense of justice and fair play to the weak, the same love of liberty, the same birthright of free government. Why should we fear the "American Invasion?" If our laws are just, our people and our courts honest and our government administered for the public good, we shall find the "Invaders" quickly becoming Canadians as loyal to the land of their adoption as to the land of their birth.

And who shall deny to the French-Canadian any place in the making of this people? First to cross the continent in search of the Western Sea, first to carry the Christmas message to the Indian tribes, first to make his home in the promised land, he has

a right to share in all its privileges and prosperity. Beaten through no fault of his own in the struggle for military supremacy, he has loyally accepted his place in the British Empire and fought by the side of his English compatriots in every issue for Canada's defence. His blood is that of the race which for a thousand years held first place among the nations. His heart is as true, his hand as steady, his courage as great as any man's. He will make his contribution to the new Britain of the west as the Briton of the old did to the Britain behind the channel.

But what of the other less well-known peoples from the continent of Europe. Of what material are they? What can they contribute to the fibre of our people? What answer can they make if challenged to show their right to share in the privileges of this Western land?

Twenty years ago there began an immigration from Iceland, and Englishmen wondered what these people would amount to. Little we knew that these hardy men of the north had back of them centuries of wonderful literature. It was not long before we learned that they had minds and ambitions which needed but opportunities, and that they could produce students and business men fit to compete with, and sometimes to surpass, our own best. Ten years ago most of the Icelanders were laborers and poor farmers borrowing the means to build their homes; already they are on their feet and many of them are lenders or employers. Today we welcome all the settlers we can get, not only from Iceland, but from their kinsfolk in Norway, Sweden and Denmark. They came speaking a strange language, doing our laboring work, looked upon as foreigners, but today regarded as among the best of our Canadian stock.

Of the Germans, the Dutch, the Belgians, the Swiss, little need be said. We know something of what these peoples have done in their own lands, for has it not been with these that our own people have had to compete. The Dutch and the Swiss we have always loved because of those very virtues which we most highly prize, and our fathers have many times stood shoulder to shoulder in the battles for freedom both civil and religious. One generation of union and national strength has developed the German people till they rival and threaten to overtake even the mistress of the seas as they strain the bounds of their limited area and cast wistful eyes on the broad areas England holds for her sons. We need in this country the patient, thorough, determined industry of the German, and the more we can get the better for us and the stronger the ties which will bind these two peoples together and prevent their drifting into a frightful struggle for military supremacy.

Then what of the Poles, the Galicians, the Russians, the Hungarians, the Bulgarians? Do we forget that for centuries the Poles were one of the great nations of Europe with history, literature, art, music, fit to compare with that of any land? That in the days when the fate of Europe and Christianity hung in the balance before the invasion of the Turks in the time of their might, it was the Hungarians who bore the brunt of the battle and sacrificed their own prosperity and development in the protection of the Western nations? And that in the most critical of all times it was a Pole who was chosen to lead the allied armies of the Cross and who won the victory that settled the fate of Europe? Is there not room for peoples who have the spirit of the thousand of Greeks and Bulgarians who but a month ago threw to the winds their prospects and their hopes in this land to hasten back to the help of their native lands in the mighty struggle to free their people from the yoke of the unspeakable Turk? Are the Ruthenian Galicians who have, during centuries of foreign rule, oppressed by stronger neighbors, maintained their language and nationality and their own peculiar form of Christianity, not a people with the strength of character, the ideals, the ambition to bring into the melting pot elements which shall add to the power and the fibre of our composite race? Watch the Galician laborers crowding their churches on a Sunday, size them up, and see whether they have not these very qualities which we value most in the British working people. Consider whether there be not in these peoples, who, after centuries of oppres-

sion and absolute rule, have still the courage to emigrate thousands of miles in search of a land where they may win homes and liberty for themselves and their children, that same spirit which drove the English of earlier times to seek their fortunes in new lands where they might enjoy liberty of conscience and the right of self government. Consider with what steadfast faith the Doukhobors have clung to their ideals of communism founded on the Christian church of the Apostles. Then ask yourself whether these peoples have not earned the right to share in the good things of a land which cries out for men and women of ambition, of faith, of character, of endurance.

As we think upon these things, we are forced to see that there are among all these diverse peoples, elements of common interest and influences for union far stronger and deeper than at first appear. First and foremost, there is the bond of a common Christian faith. With all the differences in forms and secondary beliefs, there stands out among the Christian peoples a common faith in the gentle, loving Jesus, a common acceptance of his teachings, a common devotion of the spirit of his cross. Christianity is the great bond that shall eventually unite all peoples, and God has given to us Canadians of the West the opportunity to show to the world what the spirit of his truth can do to break down the barriers which have so long separated the peoples of the earth and made them enemies instead of friends.

Christmas Day is the world's great day of joy and peace. It is a day of joy for the birth of him who was so soon to become a light to lighten the Gentiles and whose very birth brought forth magnificent songs of joy for the glad tidings which he came to bring. As we think of the child in his lowly cot, sharing not the luxury of the rich or even the comforts of the well-to-do, the hearts of every one of us are drawn to him and we rejoice with one accord and join in the universal song of love. "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," was the very essence of the meaning of this birth and every year as the day comes round we acknowledge the beauty of the message and profess the truth. Sometimes our hearts are very narrow and our good will scarcely passes beyond the bounds of our families and our friends; sometimes it reaches out and embraces the people of our own land and our kin beyond the sea; sometimes, though rarely, we realize that the good will of Jesus knew no distinction of race or creed or country; that it matters not to him whether a man be English, Irish, French, German, Galician, Russian, Bulgarian; that he meant us all to be His brothers and brothers each of every other.

Sometimes men try to imagine what would happen if Christ were to come to visit us and take again for a time the human form. Among what surroundings would he be happiest? What men would he choose for his companions? What would men do in the presence of the Son of Man? Where think you he would wish to spend the Christmas Day? Would it be among the nations of Europe, armed to the teeth for slaughter? Would it be among the rulers of the peoples boasting of their nation's power and prosperity while the rich grow ever rich and the poor struggle for existence and jostle each other for bread? Would it be in the great cities of this continent that was once the land of opportunity for all but where now the powerful of our own race trample under foot the poor of all races in a struggle for gold more terrible than any war. Would it not rather be that he would seek out that country where men of all races and creeds lived together in peace and harmony and good will and every man had thought for his neighbor's good. If he found in this West a Canada which knew no distinctions, where every man was valued for his own real worth, where peace and good will were the maxims which governed both public and private life, might it not be even here that he would wish to spend his Christmas and, departing, leave upon us his benediction: "My peace I give unto you."

The message of this, the greatest of all days, was summed up for all time and for no time so much as for ours in the words of the angel who first proclaimed the good tidings of great joy "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men."

A Christmas Suggestion



In this cabinet the owner has stored 5 dozen dishes, 40 packages and nearly 200 other articles

Give Your Wife a Hoosier Cabinet— save miles of steps for her tired feet

Do you know how many miles of steps your wife takes in the kitchen? Her table is the center of her kitchen work. To that she must bring everything and then carry it all away.

You can see her now as she works around in her kitchen—never still—never stopping—always moving until you are impelled to say to her—

“Don’t You Ever Stop?”

A woman never stops—she can’t—there’s too much to do. The time she might spend in resting she puts in walking back and forth in an inconvenient kitchen, getting things together that ought to be all in one place. You can save her countless steps by giving her a Hoosier Cabinet. It combines pantry and cupboard around a big table covered with pure aluminum, and puts everything at her fingers’ ends.

The half million women who own Hoosier Cabinets don’t walk for things. They reach for them, and save hours every day.

Labor-Saving Machine

In your own work you have scores of labor-saving devices. Your wife practically has none in her kitchen where her hardest work is done. The Hoosier Cabinet is the first real kitchen labor-saving machine. Men by thousands have seen its merits and are buying it for their wives this Christmas to cut their kitchen work in two.

Designed by Women

This Hoosier Cabinet has been developed year by year from the suggestions of housekeepers. It is compact and wonderfully convenient—built of solid oak to last a lifetime—beautifully finished—handsome enough to grace the finest kitchen in the land.

Every woman who owns a Hoosier Cabinet urges her friends to have one. Enormous sales have cut manufacturing costs in two. To give you the benefit, the factory fixes the price. Thus you get the best built kitchen cabinet on earth at much less than you would have to pay if it were made in small quantities.

Save Money

Furthermore, you may enroll in the Hoosier Club and have your cabinet delivered at once provided the Christmas club for your town

Does Your Mother Own a Hoosier Cabinet?

is not filled.

Join the Hoosier Club

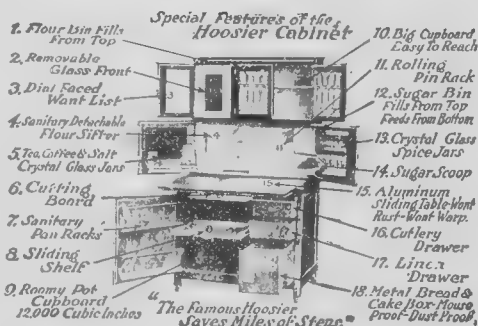
Fee \$1.00

the low cash price fixed by the manufacturers. The cost of this extra accommodation we make up by the increased sales.

Ideal Christmas Gift

The Christmas club plan is especially convenient. You can give your wife, mother, sister, or sweetheart, a handsome Hoosier Cabinet without missing the dollar.

Nothing could please her so much. Try it. Enroll in the Hoosier club today.



The Club Plan

The club plan is new. It is based on the fact that two-thirds of Canadian families get their money monthly or weekly.

By this plan, we are permitted to sell and deliver a limited number of Hoosier Cabinets immediately on payment of a single \$1.00; balance \$1.00 per week, at



The “Hoosier” Store

HOUSEHOLD SPECIALTIES

ALBERTA BRANCH:
715 First Street East
GALGARY

419 PORTAGE AVENUE
WINNIPEG, MAN.

SASKATCHEWAN BRANCH:
715 Rose Street
REGINA



LICENSED AGENTS FOR
HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINETS



THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

THE world's greatest master was a servant. He associated himself with the poor, sought out the needy, and gave himself to the things which were obscure. The world's greatest need is an extraordinary specialist in the realm of ordinary. Men who can do small things in a great fashion. Men who are too big to regard any necessary thing as common or unclean. "J. B." of the Christian World is a great writer. Let me quote from him: "Louis Philippe once said that one of the qualifications for being King of France was that of being able to black his own boots. It was a jesting reference to the instability of a French throne; but it is an excellent teaching for kings and dignitaries generally. If we are capable of service—even if it be in blacking boots—we are all right; without that capacity there is nothing right."

GOOD FEELING

Christmas stands for the enthronement of every holy sentiment. Christmas means the exercise of generous emotions toward all men on the ground of a common origin and destiny. Since we are brothers let us be big brothers. Why should I not differ with a man and yet love him. Let anger, even, be for a moment and limited to the realm in which it was manifested. It is related of the late Lord Randolph Churchill that in a conversation with Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, the talk turned upon India. Now Mr. Forbes had just returned from a prolonged and minute examination of Indian affairs undertaken at the instance of the paper on which he was employed; and Lord Randolph had just completed a term as secretary of state for India. To a statement of Mr. Forbes, Lord Randolph said: "I know you have been in India, but from what you say I shouldn't suppose you knew where it was." And Mr. Forbes replied to Lord Randolph: "Yes, you have ruled India, but the real India is a sealed book to you." Doesn't that sound promising for a family feud? And yet immediately after the two men were walking arm in arm to another room to join the ladies; to think of each other as self-respecting men ought to think of each other and none the worse that they differed from each other on matters pertaining to India.

YOUR ENEMIES

Pick out your enemy for some special kindness. Melt him with kindness. Pat his children on the head. Speak pleasantly to his wife. Be kind to his dog. Go out of your way to confer a favor. Send the customer for whom you have not the necessary article over to his store. Let it be known that you rejoice in his success and are pleased with his continued prosperity. Kindness will do it. It will fetch him—sure. The racy writer remarks: "Both in private and in public life," says Shaftesbury, "Palmerston was a very placable spirit. . . . Of public resentments he had no memory at all. . . . On one occasion he had decided to name a certain clergyman to a vacant bishopric. A day or two afterwards he wrote to me to say that since he had made up his mind for Dr. —, he had received a letter from Lord Russell, with a request that a friend of his might be appointed to the see. If," he continued, "Russell's man be a good and proper man, I should wish to appoint him, because you know Russell once threatened me in a very rough way, and I desire to show him I have quite forgiven it." A good lesson to many both in and out of politics, who take revenge whenever opportunity offers.

DO SOMETHING

The holiday season is a good one for action. Do something. Send a gift to the poor and a present for those who are not so poor—a book for your pastor (that's me)—a dollar for your postman—an apron for the maid—a piece of silver for the grocer's clerk—a box of mixtures for the newsboy and a ton of coal for the poor man's widow. Do something!—a splendid article in the British Weekly begins with these words: In "The Remains of the Rev. Richard Cecil"—a forgotten but powerful book—there is a saying which Bulwer has put into the mouth of Austin Claxton: It is very relevant today. "The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action, that everything seems to say aloud to every man, Do Something—Do It—Do It." We will change one word and say: "The state of the Church is such, and so much depends on action, that everything seems to say aloud to every man, Do Something—Do It—Do It."

GIFTS OF THE POOR

The greatest gifts have been the gifts of the poor. The greatest soul that ever breathed was a child of poverty. Out from the haunts of hunger have come forth the children of genius. Columbus

was poor yet he presented humanity with a new world. Thy purse may be slender and thy hand empty of gold and silver but thou hast something for the enrichment of the world. Lord John Russell once said concerning a great warrior: "Garibaldi used to come to me generally in the evening, and always enveloped in a poncho or cloak, which garment he never quitted while the interview lasted. This appeared singular. I subsequently ascertained that his reason for coming after dark was that he had not means to purchase lights for his own use—and therefore he wrote and prepared his orders, maps, etc., as long as daylight lasted, and then came to me. He wore his poncho to conceal the dilapidated state of his clothes, for he literally had not wherewithal to procure a decent suit. The pay and rations that he ought to have received from the Government of Montevideo never reached him, or only a trifling part of them."

BROWNING'S MANNERS

That man is a poor Christian whose manner and style are not improved by his religion. Tact is such a useful attribute of personality. Politeness is such a superior piece of velvet in the realm of social intercourse. Thoughtful consideration is such a rest producing lubricant in the wear and tear of life's machinery. Study to say the right word. Study to do the right thing. It is worth while and will be remembered. David Williamson says concerning Robert Browning: "I heard this little story exemplifying his good manners. His son—the third incomprehensible in the world—as some wit said when he heard of Robert Barrett Browning's birth—was holding an exhibition of his sculpture in Rome. The sculptor had given a card of invitation to the servants, and the cook availed herself of the opportunity of seeing 'Mr. Robert's' work. She arrived very shyly at the exhibition just when the room was thronged with fashionable folks. The poet discerned her nervousness, and instantly left the group of friends by whom he was surrounded. With a courtly bow to the cook, he said: 'May I have the pleasure of taking you round the room?' And master and servant went round the studio, Robert Browning explaining each subject with as much care as if he had been escorting a duchess."

SINCERITY

Sincerity is a heart quality. No true orator ever lacked it. It is the golden glory of the home and the silver light of the pulpit. To be real, true, vital, genuine and hearty—this is what the world demands of its present-day hero. How Thomas Carlyle pleaded for sincerity. Thomas Guthrie was a splendid illustration of the thing for which Thomas Carlyle labored. He says: "I had gone through a more costly and complete preparation for the ministry than most men. I was not open to the charge of vanity in concluding that I was as well qualified as most, and better than many, who had got in while I was left out in the cold. I had waited by the pool for five long, weary years; and all this was so disheartening and mortifying, that, but for God's sustaining hand and good providence, I had abandoned the profession in disgust—resolved that, if I could not enter the Church without forfeiting my independence and sacrificing my principles for a living, I would seek to support myself and serve God in some secular pursuit."

FRAGMENTS

Fragments of time, casual remarks, wayside greetings, common-place deeds, every day points of contacts, circumstantial involutions, evolutions and revolutions—the odds and ends of life—the things which both please and annoy—these are things which work their way into the fabric of life. In one of her letters Miss Havergal writes: "The bits of wayside work are very sweet. Perhaps the odd bits, when all is done, will really come to more than the seemingly greater pieces!—the chance conversations with rich and poor, the seed sown in odd five minutes, even the tables d'hôte for me and the rides and friends' tables for you."

CECIL RHODES

The Child of Nazareth was a dreamer. He had a vision of a world redeemed. The circle of his soul was as large as the circumference of the race. He held humanity in his eye. And every great dreamer, by virtue of his vision and aspiration, approaches the matchless one. What is your dream, your vision, your aspiration? The biographer says of Cecil Rhodes: "At exactly what period he began to be conscious of the magnetism of Africa, the attraction of that vast unexplored region to the North, which

was one day to receive from him its name, he would himself find it very hard to say. But, at any rate, he had already for many years ruminated over the idea when, sixteen years ago at Kimberley, he unbosomed himself thus to a friend. Moving his hand as a pointer over the map of Africa, up to the Zambesi, he said, 'That's my dream—all English.'"

TOIL AND TEARS

In almost every case greatness has been consecrated by sorrow—and sometimes sorrow overwhelming. I would like to be great, famous, popular and world renowned, but, I fear the cross. Think of Carlyle and his temperamental gloom. Think of Beecher and his great trial. Think of Lincoln and his sad love affair. Think of Grant and his miserable failure in business. But how heroic it is to be great in sorrow, noble in suffering and firm in tribulation. Following this line a modern writer says: "It has been pointed out that Walter Scott became great as a man and realized the highest expression of his genius not until the wave of adversity swept over his life. Mr. Benson pointed out the commonplace character of Scott's personal journal up to the time before the failure of his publishers took place. But after that failure a new note became vocal in the great writer's journal, a new personality emerged. One remembers in this connection the letter which upon the day succeeding the news of the disaster Scott wrote to an intimate friend: 'I have walked for the last time in these halls which I have built, looked for the last time in all probability at the domain which I have planted, but death would have taken these things from me if misfortune had not.' The letter concludes with the words, 'Adversity is to me a tonic and a bracer.' 'Look at that manuscript,' says Ruskin, referring to Scott's novel of 'Woodstock' which was in course of writing at the time, 'written in the very maelstrom of that adversity and not by the quiver of a hair stroke, not by the suggestion of a single tremor in the hand, not by an erasure or change, not by any falling off in the creative interest of the story could anyone detect that when Scott wrote the second part of that novel he did so under a cloud of bitter adversity.'"

TWO STANDARDS

There are two ways of looking at life—through red glasses or through blue. You can measure the distance between the base of the mountain and its brow and exclaim: "I have climbed it!" or you can measure the immeasurable distance between the highest peak and the nearest star and affirm that no airship will ever span such a stretch of atmospherical blue. King George of England, at the close of the Revolutionary War, in which he had lost thirteen colonies, proclaimed a day of thanksgiving because of the return of peace. His chaplain said to him: "For what would your majesty have us give thanks? for the fact that you have lost thirteen of the brightest jewels of your crown?" "No, not for that," said the king. "Because we have added millions to our national debt?" "No, not for that," said the king. "Because tens of thousands of people of the same race have been destroyed?" "No, not for that," said the king. "Why, then?" insisted the chaplain, "and for what shall we give thanks?" "Thank God," said the king, with great vehemence, "thank God because matters are no worse."

SELF CONTROL

This is the time of the year when we are lovingly compelled to think of the things which are highest. Among these, even though it lie at the base of the high mountain range of all true achievement in the realm of character, is self control. Henry Ward Beecher tells an interesting story concerning his father which illustrates our thought: "I remember that once a man came to our house red with wrath. He was boiling over with rage. He had, or supposed he had, a grievance to complain of. My father listened to him with great attention and perfect quietness until he had got it all out, and then he said to him, in a soft and low tone, 'Well, I suppose you only want what is just and right?' The man said, 'Yes,' but went on to state the case over again. Very gently father said to him, 'If you have been misinformed I presume you would be perfectly willing to know what the truth is?' He said he would. Then father very quietly and gently made a statement of the other side; and when he was through the man got up and said, 'Forgive me, Doctor. Forgive me.' Father had beaten him by his quiet, gentle way. I saw it, and it gave me an insight into the power of self control. It was a striking illustration of the passage, 'He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.'"

Don't Let This Christmas Go By Without Music in Your Home

A little money buys an EDISON or a VICTROLA. A little more buys a PIANO. And still a little more will buy one of those wonderful instruments,

The New Scale Williams Player Piano



You can search the world over and not find another gift so acceptable to the entire family as any of these musical instruments. The New Scale Williams Player Piano is the result of advanced studies in piano building and the case designs are marvels of craftsmanship. The famous singing tone of this great instrument has endeared it to the hearts of artists and musicians everywhere. Lucky indeed are they who find a New Scale Williams in the family stocking on Christmas morning.

Prices, \$750.00 upwards

Fall Payments if you like

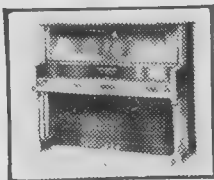
Other Player Pianos each having an established reputation for constructional soundness and purity of tone, are

The Everson Player Piano The Ennis Player Piano The Krydner Player Piano
The Wurlitzer Electric Piano The Hardman Autotone Player

Prices, \$550, \$600 and upwards.

Monthly, Quarterly or Fall Payments Arranged.

Reserve YOUR Christmas Instrument NOW!



New Scale Williams Upright Piano

The Piano of the present and the future. Recognised as Canada's Premier Piano by four-fifths of the great visiting artists, and used and recommended by them. This is a high-grade instrument, in fact Canada's best.

Price **\$450.00 upwards**

Victor Victrolas

\$20.00 \$32.50 \$52.00
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Music Rolls

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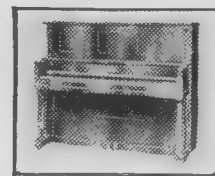
New Scale Williams Grand Piano

\$750.00 upwards

The Sweet Toned Ennis Piano

This instrument has an honorable reputation of some 30 years to its credit, and is easily the peer of all pianos at the price.

\$350.00



The Everson Piano

The best Piano at anywhere near the price. This instrument is in mahogany, walnut and mission, and \$350 is its regular value. We offer it on special terms at

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New York Weber Grand Pianos

\$1000.00 upwards

Canadian and American Leaders

Exceptional Holiday Bargains for Quick Buyers

KREUTZER PIANO, Mahogany Case. This is a sample piano that should sell readily at \$350.00. Specially priced **\$198.00**
MASON & RISCH PIANO, large size, Mahogany case, has had the best of care and is in excellent condition. Regularly \$550.00 **\$350.00**
HEINTZMAN & CO. PARLOR GRAND, Mahogany Case. This instrument is like new in tone, and the case has been refinished **\$465.00**
APOLLO PLAYER PIANO, Walnut Case. Used but a short time, and good for years of service **\$435.00**

Pick out the Instrument you are most interested in and send for catalogs, terms and descriptive literature

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Cross, Goulding & Skinner, Ltd., 321 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

WINNIPEG'S BUSIEST MUSIC HOUSE

What the World is Saying

Woman Suffrage in the States

Approximately 630,000 women will vote this year. Four years hence they will probably number millions.—New-York American.

Think They Can Sing, and Can't

Truly, there are more people in this little city who think they can sing and can't than any town in the Province.—Belleville Intelligencer.

Fourteen Happy Couples

"Why go to Canada?" Ask the fourteen young women who arrived in Montreal on an ocean steamer last week and were all married within two hours after landing.—London Daily Chronicle.

One Effect of the War

There will probably be less currants in the Canadian Christmas puddings this year on account of the war in Turkey.—Ottawa Citizen.

Scotland Without Any Scots

Canadian magnetism is doing for Scotland what American magnetism has done for Ireland; it is depopulating it, and prophetic Scotsmen are dreading the advent of a "Scotland without any Scots."—Vancouver Sun.

Many Diverse Tongues

The Bible is said to be taught in 45 languages in the schools of Winnipeg. If true, the descendants of the builders of the tower of Babel must be centred there.—Brantford Expositor.

The Cost of High Living

Drinkers and smokers are paying "Uncle Sam" \$2,000,000 more a month this year than last, but they seem to think that phase of the high cost of living is all right.—New York Herald.

Prosperity and the Politician

Prosperity is a matter of indifference to the politician—when times are good he takes all the credit, and when they are bad he has something to holler about.—Wall Street Journal.

The High Cost of Living

A New York woman pays ten dollars a day for a hotel room for her dogs and employs a maid to take care of them. Here is material for sermonizing or otherwise.—Guelph Herald.

One of Ye Editor's Joys

One of the greatest joys of editorial life is to read the effusions of nameless critics, who try to be smart at an editor's expense. Such things make one feel that he has not lived in vain.—Victoria Colonist.

A Prize System of Bank Examining

An employee of a Michigan bank is said to be short more than \$44,000, much of which was taken sixteen years ago. That would indicate a prize system of examining banks in that state.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Home Life at Fault

The trial of 1,500 cases before the juvenile court in Montreal suggests to the Herald that there is something amiss with the education of the boys and girls. There certainly is. Their home life is seriously, if not wholly, at fault.—Kingston Whig.

A Look into the Future

There is little doubt that there are many people now living who will see the day when the population of Canada will exceed that of the British Isles, and the situation which will be thus created will bring with it new problems.—Brockville Recorder.

A Delusion to be Dispelled

The practice of wife beating is partly due to a delusion that a man has a right to chastise his wife, as he has to chastise his children. Nothing will dispel this illusion more quickly than a few floggings for wife beaters.—Toronto Telegram.

Sobriety on the Increase

The Lackawanna Railroad has issued a notice to the effect that any employee caught drinking intoxicating liquors either on or off duty will be dismissed. This is in line with the action taken by several other railways of late. The day when a man could get intoxicated and still hold his position and chance of promotion has passed. Industry is working to make a sober world.—Montreal Gazette.

A Good Word for Pie

In its proper place pie is not only a palatable but a nutritious staple, an excellent vehicle of carbohydrates and fruit. It is not essentially indigestible, and demands only proper mastication and insalivation to insure lack of discomfort.—Dominion Medical Journal.

A Progressive New Town.

Think of it. The new town of Grouard, in the Peace River and Grande Prairie country, has before it a proposition for electric lights and waterworks. The first thing it knows it will be fully modern and will have a police investigation.—Edmonton Journal.

Uncertain Visitors

The discovery of a new comet is reported in France, but after the trick Halley's will o' the wisp played on the astronomers they will hesitate to vouch for it until identification is established.—Lethbridge Herald.

The True Way to Improvement

Some persons have a notion that more of the right sort of interest in the children while they are tender and needful of help would rob the penal institutions of a large percentage of the toil levies upon humanity and would make the world more glorious.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

Lesson of the Doukhobors

Whether they stay or go, the Doukhobors have unconsciously done Canada a service by fixing as a cardinal feature of the Canadian immigration policy the principle of no public invitation to any foreign sect or peculiar people as such.—Golden (B.C.) Star

One of the Many Calls of the West

So many Toronto police officers are resigning to accept positions in the West that the efficiency of the force is threatened. Larger salaries and prospects of advancement are inducements the Eastern blue coats can not resist.—Calgary Herald.

A Kindly Smile Rewarded

That a pleasant smile is an asset is evidenced by the fact of a wealthy London woman bequeathing \$500 to a girl who smiled genially at her coming out of church. Possibly the merry expression was caused by the old lady not having her bonnet on straight.—Hamilton Herald.

Armored Umbrellas for Dreadnoughts

The new British battleship now building is to have its funnels protected with what may be called armored umbrellas which will minimize the danger from missiles dropped from airships. There are few inventions in the way of destruction that are not followed by others that offset their power of doing harm.—New York Tribune.

Courage and Optimism

Nature is usually lavish with her gifts, and the promise that "so long as the earth remaineth seed time and harvest shall not fail" still remains good, even though local conditions may not always suit us. Besides, courage and optimism go a long way towards winning success, and happiness and contentment is as much a process as a result.—Crystal City Courier

Newfoundland's Old-age Pensions

The colony of Newfoundland is the first cis-Atlantic commonwealth to provide old-age pensions. It has 800 old men of seventy-five years or more on the pension roll this year, but they get only \$1 a week each, and the Opposition is calling for an increase in the rate.—Toronto Globe.

The Yorkton Sage to the Young Man.

Let the young man about town out of a job try a year on the farm. Plowing behind a mule will give him an entirely new constitution, take the kinks out of his head and the frog out of his throat, the gas out of his stomach, the weakness out of his legs, the corns off his toes, and give him a good appetite, an honest living and a sight of heaven.—Yorkton Times.

Facts vs. an Ancient Joke

Two men who appeared before Judge Fry in the Debtors' Court in Chicago, swore that they were supported by their mothers-in-law, without whom they would find it difficult to exist. The incident is quoted in justice to a much-maligned class, which it is suspected is not at all as bad as some sons-in-law would make it out to be. This despite what the joke-makers say to the contrary, also.—Ottawa Free Press.

Will Be a Lesson to Others

Twenty years is a long time to spend in prison, but such a sentence is none too severe for a man who showed such readiness to resort to gun-play as O'Brien, who has just been sent down by Justice Walsh at Lethbridge. The incursion of these thugs from which Alberta has of late suffered has been a serious public menace and too strong an example can hardly be made of those who have been rounded up.—Calgary Albertan.

A First Need of Foreign Newcomers

In deciding to open a night school for foreigners in the east end of the city, the board of education is doing what it can to aid these new arrivals to become good citizens. Their citizenship can never be of a satisfactory quality unless they obtain at least the rudiments of an English education, and it is to be hoped that many of them will avail themselves of this educational opportunity.—Hamilton Times.

The Professor's Suggestion

Dr. Hugo Munsterberg, psychologist of Harvard University, holds out the possibility of the prevention of crime by hypnotism. He believes hypnotic suggestion may turn an intending crime committer from his purpose. So might another kind of suggestion, such as a policeman's club. The difficulty is to get the criminal before he accomplishes his crime. He does not usually advertise his intentions in the newspaper.—London Advertiser.

British Emigration

Principal Lloyd, of Saskatoon, declares that England has ten million more people than the land can support the way things are at present and that that is the reason there exists political and industrial unrest. Whether the Westerner is correct or not, it is certain there is a big emigration from the British Isles going on all the time. The satisfactory feature of the situation is that the great majority are going to other parts of the Empire. They are not changing their allegiance.—Toronto News.

Fashions and Expenditure

Mrs. Potter Palmer, the Chicago society leader, attacks the present styles as outlandish and immodest and hopes women will gradually learn to pay less attention to the modes of the minute. She also thinks too much is spent on dress. It is feared Mrs. Palmer's hope will not be realized. The women are paying more attention to the fashions than ever before in the history of the world, and there is no sign of a change. As for the spending, it is going on at a great rate. As an example, Montreal stores are advertising evening dresses at \$250, evening coats at \$300, and hats at \$150. And they are selling them.—Montreal Witness.

The Material for Poetry Always With Us

It is not because the English language is "rubbed and worn by use" that there is at present no great poetry being produced. It is the materialistic spirit of the age which has sterilized poetic imagination. Nature is the same now as ever, and the human heart is the same, and human experiences pretty much the same. The material for poetry will never fail, and when the great singer comes who has the soul and the imagination and the artistic skill to use the material in the creation of verse that will live, the resources of the old language he will find all-sufficient for his art.—Ottawa Journal.

A True Hero

Not many can have read without a pang of true and keen sympathy of the death of William Rugh, the Gary newsboy who risked and lost his life to save that of a young girl whom he had never seen. One is at a loss to say whether the pathos, the chivalry, and the self-sacrifice of his act are more moving because of its unusual nature, or because of the feeling that it is typical of the quiet heroism which is to be found in thousands of men in the humblest walks of life. Hardly a railroad disaster, a perilous fire, an accident on the water but furnishes its tale of instant courage, and self-forgetfulness. But there is something peculiarly touching in this quiet and undramatic sacrifice in the Gary hospital. The girl has suffered extensive burns through an explosion of gasoline in a motor-cycle. When Rugh, a newsboy with a crippled leg, heard of this, and that only the grafting of a large amount of cuticle could the girl's life be saved, he offered his crippled leg for amputation. He was warned that the operation might result fatally. "What's the odds," he said, "if it will only save her life? The leg is no good to me, and I have no friends to worry in case I die. Go ahead and cut it off." No heroics in it at all; but many a less knightly act has been embalmed in a hundred poem.—New York Post.

GIFTS FOR YULETIDE

Suitable Presents for Men, Women and Children

SELECTING suitable Xmas Presents is always a difficult task. We have eliminated as far as possible all this worry by classifying them under appropriate headings, showing in each list the most suitable articles to give.

There is something for everybody—the men, women, and the children. For the men and women there are many useful items; little things which come in handy for daily use.

In every complete list the children must, of course, be included. In this connection our big range of toys will be found most helpful.

Gifts for Men

MOST MEN LIKE SILK SOCKS

They look nice, but as usually priced, are something in the nature of a luxurious comfort. Note these; as we sell them they are no more expensive than good quality cashmere; and remember silk socks will be worn more largely next year by the careful dresser than ever before.

If you want to buy a Christmas present for a young man, a half dozen of these socks would surely be appreciated.

We put them up in pretty boxes suitably decorated with holly and we will ship to any address you may desire.

The socks are pure silk and can be had in black, tan, navy and grey.

7T45—Men's Pure Silk Hose, sizes 10, 10½ and 11. Per pair..... **45c**

3 pairs for..... **\$1.25**

(In ordering state size and color wanted.)

HANDKERCHIEFS ARE ALWAYS VERY SUITABLE

8N2008—Men's Irish Hand Embroidered with Initial, genuine Irish Linen, hemstitched, State initial. Half dozen..... **\$1.50**

8N2014—Men's Genuine Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, ¾, ¼, ¼ and ¾ inch hems. Per dozen..... **\$1.50**



8N2016—Men's Fine Quality Pure Irish Linen, hemstitched, ¾, ¼, ¼ and ¾ inch hems. Per doz. **\$2.75**

GLOVES ARE USEFUL AND ACCEPTABLE PRESENTS

7N8—Men's Fringed Gauntlet Gloves, suitable for driving. Small, medium and large sizes. Per pair..... **\$1.00**

7N20—Men's Fringed Driving Gauntlet, buckskin lined. Per pair..... **\$1.50**

7N51—Men's English Capeskin Gloves. Tan shades only. Sizes 7½ to 10. Per pair **\$1.00** Silk lined **\$1.25**

7N75—Men's Unlined Mocha Fringed Gauntlet, sizes 8 to 10. Per pair..... **\$2.50**

7N76—Men's Rabbit Lined Cape Gauntlet. Great glove to wear, sizes 8 to 10. Per pair..... **\$2.75**

NECKTIES MAKE APPROPRIATE GIFTS

14N507—Four-in-hand Neckwear. An extra large range in light, medium and dark colored silks. Each 35c. **\$1.00**

14N500—Silk Neckwear. Light, medium and dark colors, also plain black or white. Each..... **50c**

SHAVING SETS

MEN LIKE THESE IMMENSELY

6N156—Popular Gift Shaving Set, consisting of thick bevelled plate glass mirror 5¼ inches across; fine quality, cup and brush. Price... **\$2.50**

6N157—Our Best Shaving Set. Mirror, three cups and brush. Complete **\$5.00**

SMOKING SETS MEN ALWAYS APPRECIATE

36N68—Smoking Set, complete with cigar cutter, ash tray, match holder, cigar and tobacco holder. Each..... **50c**

36N69—Smoking Set in walnut finish, with cigar cutter, ash tray, match holder and cigar holder. Space at back for pipes. Each..... **\$1.25**

36N73—Entirely New Smoking Set. Three bowls for cigars, ashes and matches. Gilt trimmings on dull background. Very neat. Each.. **\$1.50**



BRUSH SETS ARE POPULAR XMAS GIFTS

36N76—Military Set consisting of two ebonoid finished brushes, silver mounted, in case. Complete..... **\$1.15**

36N73—Pair of Military Brushes, clothes brush and dressing comb. All mounted and packed in neat box suitably lined. Complete..... **\$1.95**

33N75—Toilet Set in leatherette case containing two military brushes, dressing comb, clothes brush and hair brush. Strong ebonoid backs. All silver mounted..... **\$3.15**

Santa Claus Land for the Children

The finest selection of toys and Xmas stockings imaginable are here for the juveniles. We give just a few items to illustrate their variety. Our buyers ransacked every corner of Europe and America to get them all together. See our Fall and

Winter catalogue toy section and you will be surprised at all the things there are to give the little ones.

XMAS STOCKINGS

47N750—Big Xmas Stocking, full of novelties with candies, also containing good assortment of toys. **75c**

47N1000—Our Big One Dollar Xmas Stocking contains a splendid variety of selected toys for boys and girls. Price..... **\$1.00**

47N1500—Our Largest Stocking. Wonderfully good value, contains mechanical and musical toys worth from 10c to 25c each, also assortment of candies. Price..... **\$1.50**

DOLLS

33N252—Eaton Beauty Dolls, each \$1.00, \$2.00 and..... **\$3.50**

33N244—Latest Baby Doll with sleeping eyes..... **50c**

33N260—Talking Doll, 20 inches tall, will say "Papa" and "Mamma." Price..... **25c**

TOYS

33N345—Dolly Grand Piano. Has twelve keys and good tone **\$1.25**

33N211—Eaton's Little Gem Sewing Machine, to make dolly's clothes. Complete with needle and spool of thread..... **45c**

33N324—Iron Floor Train. Imagine, tender and two passenger cars. Price..... **50c**

33N202—Boys' Tool Set of nine pieces. Price..... **50c**

MAGIC LANTERN

33N269—Iron Body 8x6x3¾, fitted with powerful condenser and lens, strong lamps and reflector. Complete with one dozen 2-inch slides. Price..... **\$2.00**

33N350—Extra slides to fit lantern. Per dozen..... **45c**

Gifts for Women

HAIR BRUSHES ARE PARTICULARLY NICE PRESENTS

6N731—Ladies' Handsome Brush of fine quality. Long bristles. Long oval concave back. Price... **\$1.00**

36N46—This Two-piece Set is one which will give entire satisfaction. Both pieces are mounted. The brush has good ebonoid back and handle, and has 13 rows of splendid quality bristles which are well set in the back. Price..... **\$1.75**



HANDBAGS VERY POPULAR THIS YEAR

32N6—Our Special Genuine Seal-grain Leather Bag, 10-inch frame. Mounted with very pretty floral design. Bag 8 inches deep and leather lined, change purse and card case attached. Price..... **\$1.90**

32N8—Genuine Seal Leather Bag. The finest obtainable. Size of frame 9 x 8 inches. Lined with soft leather. Change purse attached, 15-inch leather handle as now popular. Price... **\$5.00**

32N7—The Marguerite Bag. The latest New York and Paris craze. Made of leather and has long silk cord handle with tassels. Fitted with change purse and handkerchief pocket. Price..... **\$1.75**



TOILET SETS ARE MUCH APPRECIATED

36N47—Ladies Toilet Set in black leatherette case, lined with mercerized drill; containing hair brush, round sharp bevelled-edge mirror and dressing comb, all mounted **\$1.90**

36N51—Ladies' Seven Piece Combination Set in leatherette covered case. Contains hair brush, dressing comb, cuticle and corn knives, powder box, nail file and polisher, finished in ebonoid. All pieces mounted **\$2.90**



36N58—Twelve Piece Toilet and Manicure Set. Consists of clothes brush, hair brush, dressing comb, bevelled plate hand mirror, nail polisher, two salve boxes, nail file, corn knife, tweezers, cuticle knife and manicure scissors..... **\$5.50**

HANDKERCHIEFS ARE ALWAYS IN FAVOR

8N2006—Women's Irish Hand Embroidered with Initial, genuine Irish linen, hemstitched. State initial. Half dozen..... **\$1.00**

8N2012—Women's Genuine Irish Linen, hemstitched, ¾, ¼, ¼, and ¾ inch hems. Per dozen... **\$1.50**

8N2013—Women's Beautiful Quality Genuine Irish Linen, hemstitched ¾, ¼, ¼ and ¾ inch hems. Per dozen..... **\$2.00**

8N2032—Christmas Greeting Handkerchief, pure Japanese silk, hemstitched, 1¼ inch hem, full size embroidered in neat wreath and holly design with "Merry Christmas," "Christmas Greetings," etc. Half dozen..... **\$2.00**

GLOVES MAKE A PRETTY GIFT FOR A WOMAN

7N84—Woman's French Kid, Princess quality. Sizes 5¾ to 8. State color when ordering. Price..... **\$1.00**

7N81—The Best Wearing French Kid. Standard quality. Sizes 5¾ to 8. State color when ordering. Price..... **\$1.50**

7N86—Washable Kid Gloves. Can be washed with soap and water so as to appear like new. Sizes 5¾ to 8. Price..... **\$1.50**

7N97—Woolen Lined Suede with fur at wrist and cuff and strap fastener. Sizes 6 to 8. Price..... **\$1.00**

7N109—Unlined Mocha Fringed Gauntlet, sizes 6 to 8. Price..... **\$2.50**

7N110—Mocha Fringed Gauntlet. Sizes 6 to 8, wool lined. Price..... **\$2.75**

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

The CRAIG PIANO

A Christmas Special at the HOUSE of McLEAN

Just in time for the Christmas season, a special shipment of Craig Pianos is now in our warerooms.

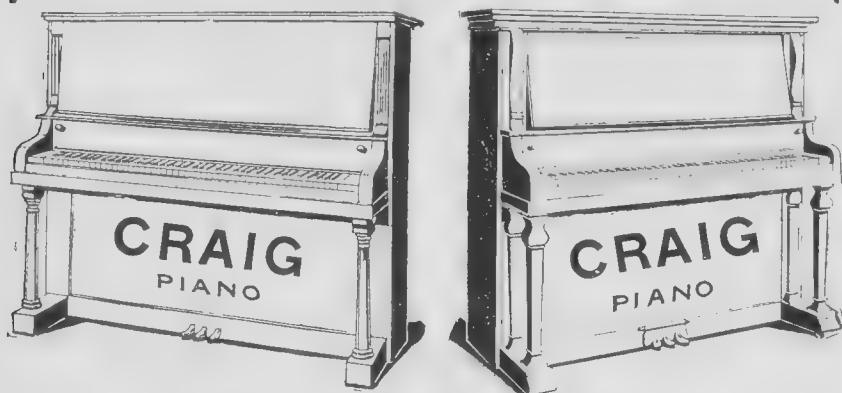
The Craig is not a new instrument—it has been manufactured since 1856, and has an established reputation. But the mere fact that the House of McLean is handling it should be proof to you that it is a Piano of more than ordinary value.

Twenty-five years in the piano business and the fact that that business is now the largest in Western Canada, have placed us, we feel, in a position to sit in judgment on Pianos. We have tested the Craig and found it worthy, and it is backed by our reputation.

In order to introduce it quickly, however, into the homes of the West, we are making

Special Christmas Prices

on the two splendid models pictured herewith. See the descriptions and illustrations, and when we tell you that the actual Piano is as good in deeds as it is in looks, you may realize how very special these prices are.



Style A

Style 31

Case—Double veneered inside and out. Carvings all hand work. Entire swing front (automatic). Continuous hinges on fall and top. Hinges and pedals nickel-plated. Keys of ivory, sharps of ebony.

Scale—7 1/3 octaves overstrung, tricolor. Heavy bronzed metal plate, extending to top of piano. Plated metal depression bar. Perfect repeating action. Loud, soft and practice pedal.

Style A—4 feet 4 inches high, 5 feet 2 inches wide, 2 feet 2 inches deep.
Style 31—4 feet 8 1/2 inches high, 5 feet 4 inches wide, 2 feet 3 1/2 inches deep.

\$295.00

\$325.00

There is No Better Christmas Investment

than a Piano. Every day in the year brings a handsome dividend in entertainment and pleasure.

The Craig meets every requirement of the music-lover, and in appearance is a credit to any home.

We ask an opportunity to tell you about it, and to explain the easy terms on which it may be purchased from the House of McLean

Mail the attached Enquiry Coupon Today →



J. W. KELLY J. REDMOND W. J. ROSS
Sole Owners

Winnipeg's Greatest Piano House

PORTAGE AVE. and HARGRAVE ST.

Winnipeg, Man.

J. J. H. McLean & Co. Ltd., Winnipeg.
Dear Sir—Please send me descriptive matter concerning Craig Pianos with your Easy Payment Plan for same.
Name.....
Address.....
W.H.M.

The Women's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind.

IF we're happy at Christmas, why not the day before an' the day that follows, and so on evermore" Wilbur D. Nesbitt.

When the editor-man sends round a little notice "Please get copy in early, our Christmas number will be large and we must be on the presses so and so. Make it suitable to the season." it immediately has the effect of knocking all Christmas feeling out of me, in fact it makes me plain cross. Still the editor-man is right and if the Monthly is to be with our readers at its proper time, one must write copy whether in the mood or not. So, just because my spirit of Christmas has not yet emerged from its wrappings, I have chosen for my readers the following on



Mrs. Holt

Christmas by the good and the great, and with these verses go my heartfelt wishes for a happy, happy Christmas for you one and all:

Christmas Bells

The old gray bell in the old gray tower
Is ringing so gladly across the town,
And the red, red dawn, like a shaken flower,
Scatters the Christmas glory down.

Oh the light of the sacred morn
Of the day when the dear Lord
Christ was born!
Oh the sweet winter air,
When it's Christmas. Christmas
everywhere.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

The Song for Christmas

Chant me a rhyme of Christmas—sing
me a jovial song—
And though it is filled with laughter, let
it be pure and strong.

Sing of the hearts brimmed over with
the story of the day
Of the echo of childish voices that will
not die away.

Of the blare of the tassled bugle and the
timeless clatter and beat,
Of the drum that throbs to muster
squadrons of scampering feet.

But, O, let your voice fall fainter, till,
blent with a minor tone,
You temper your song with the beauty
of the pity Christ hath shown.

And sing one verse for the voiceless;
and yet, ere the song be done,
A verse for the ears that hear not, and a
verse for the sightless one.

For though it be time for singing a
merry Christmas glee,
Let a low, sweet voice of pathos run
through the melody.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Nellie L. McClung's new book is out and I have great pleasure in suggesting to my readers that they may not only buy it with confidence for themselves but as a gift for their friends for Christmas. As stated some time ago, it is a

The Black Creek Stopping House rises, the longest, and the only one with a plot, giving its

name to the book. Many readers in Manitoba will recognize plenty of the incidents of that story as the everyday happenings of the stopping houses along the trails which, according to their quality, were the bane or the blessing of the men who had, in those days, to haul their wheat such long distances to market.

Capable, cheerful, courageous Maggie Corbett is a type which the West has reason to call blessed. Her thought of and tenderness for the little bride, fresh from her luxurious Eastern home, is, fortunately for the brides of the West, a not unusual thing. From end to end this story breathes the very spirit of the West. The cold, the storms, the wrong doings are ignored or hidden, but they are given their proper setting, to wit, the hope and help and sunshine which have made the settlement of the great prairie provinces possible.

Other stories in the book are "The Runaway Grandmother," "The Ungrateful Pigeons," in which I feel sure I can trace not a little of the doings of the younger McClungs; "You Never Can Tell," a clever and effective snub for the over conceited city women, who think, because a clever woman has married a farmer she must, of necessity, have thrown herself away; "The Way of the West," which is a unique Twelfth of July celebration; "The Return Ticket," the only bit of real sadness in the book; and the "Illusive Vote," which, as the author declares, is a strong argument in favor of Woman Suffrage. It is a bright and breezy tale, with a little sting in it



Mrs. Card

for the men who, for party purposes, are not ashamed to tamper with the ignorant voter. It is an o'er true tale captured from the actual doings of the general election of 1911.

The book is dedicated to the pioneer women of the West and the dedication is a gem. I give it in full.

"The pioneer women of the West, who made life tolerable, and even comfortable, for the others of us; who fed the hungry, advised the erring, nursed the sick, cheered the dying, comforted the sorrowing, and performed the last sad rite for the dead.

"The beloved pioneer women, old before their time with hard work, privations, and the doing without things, yet



Mrs. Wessels

in whose hearts was always burning the hope of better things to come.

"The godly pioneer women, who kept alive the conscience of the neighborhood, and preserved for us the best traditions of the race.

"To these noble women of the early days, some of whom we see no more, for they have entered into their inheritance, this book is respectfully dedicated by their humble admirer, the author."

I am including in my page this month four photographs which have a special interest for readers of "The Western Home Monthly."

Last month I spoke of Mrs. Wessels, and the wonderful work she had done in grain for the exhibition in Strong connection with the Dry Women Farming Congress. I am sorry that in the picture her face is so indistinct, but I think there is enough in the pose of the figure to convey something of the woman's strong, capable and resourceful character. I would like my readers to note the way she has her hands closed and her arms hanging at her sides. To me the figure is potentially Western.

Mrs. Card was the first white woman in Cardston, the largest of the many Mormon settlements in southern Alberta. She is an old lady and not the least ashamed of that fact. Hers is a typical pioneer face, and it is worthy of note that she is standing in almost identically the same position as the



Mrs. Stavert and Children

younger woman, Mrs. Wessels. She is alert, interested and ready for what may come next. She was one of the most interesting figures at the Congress.

Mrs. Holt is also standing as if ready to start on some fresh enterprise. She is a marvelous woman in her capacity for work. At the present time she is actively managing three farms and run-

ning a newspaper. She was a special accredited delegate of the Panama Canal Exposition to the Congress, and she succeeded in making us all feel that whatever else happened we must get to that exposition in 1915.

Mrs. Stavert, the president of the Woman's Congress, from the East, and her face and attitude are in striking

contrast to the other three. It may be noticed that she is looking downward, all the others are looking straight ahead. Mrs. Stavert made a good presiding officer and she is learning rapidly to be Western spirit if not in appearance. She is a busy woman and a capable editor of Country Life, and finds time to mother adequately her three children,

-And DON'T Forget the Maple Buds, Grandpa!"



Shopping is only half done if you forget the Maple Buds. Children must have sweets. Their little natures crave for dainty sweet things. Bad for them? Not Cowan's Maple Buds. Pure milk, pure sugar, pure chocolate. What could be more nourishing and wholesome? What else could made them

such favorites with intelligent mothers? Make the children happy. Give them sweets you know are good. Put Maple Buds on your shopping list.

THEY'RE NOT MAPLE BUDS
UNLESS THEY'RE

COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS

The COWAN CO., Limited
TORONTO,

Ontario

Name and design registered



Pure Milk Chocolate



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Look for the Name

Splendid Winter Wear At Rock-Bottom Prices

Besides our famous LUMBERSOLE Boots, we carry a great stock of seasonable winter goods of sterling value. All British made and guaranteed by us. Sold on our usual policy of satisfaction to you or money back. **We always pay Delivery Charges.** You can order any of these goods with perfect confidence. We are winning customers daily by our fair treatment. **Ask for our Catalogue.**

SPECIAL—In Order to Introduce Our Goods

In every home, we have made up some extra value parcels. In some cases we are giving as high as 20% extra value. This special parcel idea was carried out by us last year, and proved a big success. We sent parcels to all parts of the Dominion. The goods are all British made and guaranteed by us. Every parcel is made up of seasonable articles, just what you want at this time of the year. These parcels make ideal sensible Christmas presents, and delivery is undertaken by us without extra charge. We recommend ordering by Express whenever possible as safer.

BE SURE TO STATE PLAINLY SIZES OF VARIOUS ARTICLES REQUIRED

READ WHAT CUSTOMERS SAY—Two Letters out of Hundreds Received

Buxton, Ont., Nov. 4.—Gentlemen:—I have received goods safely and I am perfectly satisfied with them. They were securely packed and I am extremely obliged to you for your prompt attention to my order and I will certainly show all my friends because I think your goods are well worth the money.

I did not like sending so far as Winnipeg for goods, but after your prompt delivery of same I will never be shy of sending to your firm again, believe me. I remain, Yours very sincerely,

A. LATHWELL

P.S.—You can use this as you think fit to further the interests of your business.



Vanguard, Sask., Sept. 16, 1912.

Sirs:—Please send a copy of your catalogue to me. I want to see what you have in clothing before buying winter outfit. I bought a pair of LUMBERSOLES from you last winter and was very well pleased with them. I was on the trail 60 below zero and never had a cold foot, which never happened before even with \$7.00 footwear on my feet. Yours truly,

DONALD CURRIE.

SPECIAL PARCEL No. 2 For Men and Youths

- 1 Pair 2 Buckle LUMBERSOLES, any size, 3 to 12.
- 1 Pair English House Slippers, any size, 6 to 12.
- 2 Pairs of Scotch Wool Socks

\$3 Delivered Free Anywhere.

SPECIAL PARCEL No. 3 For Youths

- 1 Suit Youths' 2 piece Pure Wool Underwear, Double breasted, any size 22 to 32.
- 1 Pair 2 Buckle LUMBERSOLES, any size, 3 to 7. (All-Felt Boots if preferred)

\$3.25 Delivered Free Anywhere

SPECIAL PARCEL No. 4 For Women or Grown Girls

- 3 Pairs English Worsted Stockings, any size, 8 to 10.
- 1 Pair Pure Wool House Slippers, Leather Soled, any size 3 to 7.
- 1 Pair White Fleece-lined lacing LUMBERSOLES, any size 3 to 8. (All-Felt Boots if preferred)

\$3.25 Delivered Free Anywhere.

SPECIAL PARCEL No. 5 For Boys or Girls up to age 10

- 1 Pair Fine Fleece-lined Lacing LUMBERSOLES, any size 6 to 12, fit ages 3 to 10.
- 1 Pair Warm British House Slippers.

\$2 Delivered Free Anywhere.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR BOYS

We have only 30 left of these. English Cowhide Footballs, best quality with high-grade Rubber Bladder. Full Regulation Size. Any boy will be proud to have one.

\$3.50 DELIVERED FREE, Worth \$4.00

COMPLETE CATALOGUE OF ALL OUR GOODS SENT FREE ON REQUEST. ALL PRICES INCLUDE FREE DELIVERY ANYWHERE. DEALERS WANTED.

Scottish Wholesale Specialty Co., 134 Princess Block, Winnipeg

PRICE LIST OF LUMBERSOLES, ETC.

- 2 Buckle Lumbersoles, sizes 3 to 12. For all ages, both sexes..... **\$1.75**
- Fine Lacing Style, sizes 3 to 12. All ages both sexes..... **2.25**
- Children's Lacing Style, sizes 6 to 12 (Fit ages 3 to 10)..... **1.50**
- Men's 6 Months Guaranteed Moleskin Pants. Waist sizes 32 to 44..... **3.00**
- 3 Pairs Hand Knit Scotch Woolen Socks, for Men..... **1.25**
- Women's English Worsted Stockings, sizes 8 to 10, 3 pairs for..... **1.50**

Ask Your Dealer For Our Goods.
All Prices Include Delivery To You.

YORKSHIRE RELISH

**MAKES
EVERY DISH**

**MORE
APPETISING.**

**MORE
ENJOYABLE.**

**MORE
DIGESTIBLE.**

**AND
IS**
"THE MOST
DELICIOUS
SAUCE IN
THE WORLD."



BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. KING GEORGE.

Sole Proprietors,
GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & Co,
LEEDS, ENGLAND.

all of whom accompanied her to the Congress and were devoted to her. The fact is that it is a little difficult to think of Mrs. Stavert apart from her children.

The members of the Canadian Women's Press Club have sustained a great loss during the month and their loss is shared, in some measure, by all the women in the West who for six years looked forward weekly for "Dame Durden's Page" in the Advocate.

Across the for Florence Lediard Great Divide has passed over "The Great Divide." Frequently, as I have gone up and down the West, I have been asked if I knew her. Warm indeed was the praise that women gave to her page and heartfelt the testimonies to the help and cheer it had given them in many a dark hour. A year ago Florence Lediard left the West for her old home in Owen Sound to spend the months before her marriage with her mother and on the 27th of

June, 1912, she was married to Ernest Clutten, a mining engineer, and went to make her home, for a time, on Pelee Island, Lake Erie. On November the 14th, like a bolt out of the blue, came the message that she was dead. Only then did the Winnipeg branch of the press club realize how much she had been to them. Possibly, the passing of no other member would have left quite such a sense of personal loss. Florence Lediard was a woman of a deeply religious nature with an extremely keen sense of humor, a combination as rare as it is delightful. She had a genius for friendship and had the power, in a marked degree, of meeting the need of the friend she was with, without the slightest disloyalty to any other friend. The desolation of her husband must be beyond words. From all over the West I am sure a great wave of sympathy will go out to him. From little things in her letters, we knew she was full of great plans for their Christmas together and now, alas, he must spend it alone.

Christmas Suggestions

Written for The Western Home Monthly.

Gifts from the Camera

If you are fortunate in having a camera your gifts for Christmas can be quickly made and such gifts that your far off friends will thoroughly appreciate.

Art calendars of various sizes can be bought for about ten cents each and the calendar pads cost about the same price per dozen. Paste a snap of your own work on it and you have a unique gift.

Address books can be made from white linen note paper using a colored paper for the outside cover, books of blotting paper can be made in the same way and tied together with ribbon, decorating the cover with water colors, stencil or snaps.

Those who print their negatives on post cards can use them as remembrances or small oak or gift frames may be bought for them at fifteen or twenty cents. These make pretty bedroom pictures if your work is well developed.

Small albums filled with snaps of your own work make pleasing gifts. Print your pictures in various shapes and sizes and if you care for an expensive gift use the albums with leather covers.

Stencil Work

For the busy woman a stencil outfit is a cheap and good investment. Many simple as well as expensive gifts can be made by stencilling and if care be taken anyone can use it with success. Curtains, cushions, centerpieces, library cloths, work bags and laundry bags are quickly worked with stencils.

The library cloths can be made of any colored linen, but the tare is preferable, the ends should be hemmed or hemstitched, a design stencilled at each end and if desired, fringe or crochet lace can be sewn to the ends and your cloth is completed.

Stencilled linen cushions are much in vogue. Have your linen rectangular in shape, stencilling the top side of cushion and it requires one yard of fringe, (a half yard for each end) to finish it. This makes a very serviceable cushion.

Linen centre pieces may be stencilled if you have not the time to embroider them, or you can embroider an outline around your design after you have stencilled it. Sew linen lace or fringe around the edge as it gives it a finished appearance. Work bags can be made of holland linen lined with silk, stencil a design on the front of your bag and work the outline stitch around the edge of your design. Use cord or ribbon the same color as your embroidery stitch for the draw strings.

Towels

Two yards of figured towelling will make three guest towels (14 x 24). Hem-stitch or buttonhole the ends and embroider one or two initials at one end of towel.

Wool Work

For those who can crochet, wool work is quickly done and restful on the eyes. Tea coseys, slumber boots, bedroom slippers and aviation caps are gifts which add comfort to all who are fortunate in receiving them.

Boudoir Caps

Two yards of colored mull, muslin or Persian lawn will make three or four boudoir caps. These are cut the same size and shape as a dust cap. Small pieces of muslin can be joined by insertion to make the desired size, edge your cap with lace and run ribbon through beaded insertion about two inches from the edge, tying in a pretty bow at left side.

Fancy Collars and Ties

Dutch collars can be made from odd pieces of muslin, edge with a fine Valenciennes lace and tailored bows of ribbon are easily made to wear with them. Ribbon rosebud ties are worn a great deal. These can be made of satin or satin ribbon, shaping the ribbon like rose petals by turning down the corners and joining together all the petals. Wreaths of roses made in this way make pretty bandeaus for the hair, and the party girl would certainly appreciate one.

Do the Best That's in You

J. H. Larimore

Always hammer with a hammer that is sure to hammer right.

Just use the best sword in the lot if you would win the fight;

Pass up the tallow candle for the bright electric light—

And do the best that's in you all the time.

Let the old men sing the glories of the days that have gone by,

Set your face to the future—keep the main chance in your eye;

Just keep a-smiling ev'ry day, don't fret or whine or cry—

And do the best that's in you all the time.

In the fight to break the shackles forged in liquor's cruel reign

Look on old and worn out weapons with contempt and with disdain;

Use the newest, most effective, most direct you can obtain

And do the best that's in you all the time.

To the advocates of license give no heed—they're in the wrong;

Most of them are insincere—there's a false note in their song;

Just keep the battle going, victory will come ere long—

And do the best that's in you all the time.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

THE CHRISTMAS PRAYER OF A FALLEN GIRL IN THE CITY

Down the street, O God, I wander among a surging crowd of men and women and children. Myriads of hearts go by but not one is a comrade heart to mine. I am starved for a little bit of love, for a word of cheer, for a smile meant for me alone. Back home over the seas I see my home-folks gathered about the dear old fire-place. Mother is there and so is father and the little ones. Perhaps they are thinking of me; O the heartache of a lonely girl. The loveless eyes of those about me rob the day of Christmas joy. The wreaths of holly in home windows that breathe messages of greetings to happy hearts, mock at me. I am weary with the shell of an exterior world. In the country where one sees no other people one feels not the laugh and racing rivalry of Christmas revelry. God's out-doors does not flash other people's blessings in one's eyes. People—people everywhere but not one friend for me.

Great spirit of God, guide a friend to me. Let me have one companion who will help me in this desert of desolation. I am hungry for the pulse of human hearts. Send me a friend.

Why is the heart of a fallen girl of so little value? If I have erred in the paths of right, I am but a worm for polished boots to trample on and crush. There is no hope. Those diamonds that flash on that protected woman's fingers were bought with dollars dipped in my blood. It is her Christmas present.

Guide me, O God, into the light of Thy love. The world is through with me and I turn to Thee. Reveal Thyself to me as a friend, I pray.

Ah, what is that I feel wrapped so tenderly about me—it is a cloak of love and my heart throbs with a sweet strange strength, and hope breathes a new message in my being. I see! I see! It is the Christmas star. It is the birth of the Christ child in the heart of a fallen girl. Amen.

THE CHRISTMAS PRAYER OF A LONELY GIRL IN THE COUNTRY

The bells of joy are ringing today and everyone is glad, but my heart is heavy for no one understands its ache. Oh, the bigness of the great outdoors! I am chilled with loneliness for my soul-mate is not with me. In the distant city he seeks new friends and leaves me to endure the hungry gnawing of an awful fear.

Perhaps he has put aside the girl of his boyhood love. My gestures may be a bit awkward, my manner quaint, and my dress suggests a home-made fit. But my heart is full of a great pure love for him—a love that the tragedies of artificiality cannot blight. It is as God has made it—pure, sincere and undefiled for him who plighted his love for me. My mind is filled with sadness today—the future is dark and empty and I have nothing to live for in this life. Let me go to the city where I may crush this heart in the mad whirl. Ah, the day is empty and endless! Men are false and fickle. I shall never trust another.

Infinite, great spirit, reveal thyself to me as a friend. Thou who guidest souls through the sea of life, send a ray of comfort to me today. Fill my lonely life with love and tenderness. Make me see the nobleness in mankind. Take the bitterness out of my heart and let the Christ love come in. The way is dark, show me the silver lining of the cloud. Thou, who guidest trusting souls, make me feel the value of this bitter lesson. Give me a clearer vision to see my life-work.

Ah, what is this that is filling my heart as I commune with Thee? Love, tenderness, joy, sweetness, and hope have filled the empty place. Before me is a beautiful vista of a life useful and happy. I thank Thee for the blessed comfort of soul communion. I see! I

see! I see the glory of the Christmas star! It is the birth of the Christ in the heart of a lonely girl. Amen.

A MOVING PICTURE PANORAMA FOR CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

Every Christmas I turn to the Book to learn more of the Madonna. This year I turn the pages of the Old Testament from cover to cover and I see a panorama of women. In the story of Eve, which is the first love poem, we learn that in the thought of God, man is incomplete alone. She is ordained man's companion, but she becomes by her intrinsic qualities, his leader. For good or evil she will give the tone to human life.

Then next is Sarah—the earliest portrait of a woman in the Bible. When strong faith rushed into her heart she became beautiful in the strength of mother love. She was a woman far from perfect, yet a typical woman and her life appeals to our sympathy in her hunger of heart, and in the joy of satisfaction. She furnishes a sober warning to all women in the violence of her jealousy and the persistence of her hatred.

When we first see Rebekah she appears as the most winsome woman in the Old Testament. Her sweetheart comes to her from a distance and wins her, for it is God who speaks to a girl and bids her to love. The two lifted up their eyes and saw one another. From the ends of the earth elect souls come, guided by the finger of God to be united, and often the first glance reveals the long preparations of the divine love.

May not a young girl pray that the soul which is her own counterpart and fulfilment may be led across the continent or the seas to her side? May she not commit this great blessing of her life to God? Such marriages are made in heaven.

The next picture flashed on the screen of my mind is Rachel—a woman beautiful and attractive, but devoid of the deep qualities, intellectual and spiritual, which ideally ought to engage the affection of men. Yet men are her devoted admirers and women hurl their bitter weapons of jealousy at her, just as they do today at the modern Rachels who fascinate modern Jacobs by their charms and smiles. She, like Mary Queen of Scots, was irresistible to those who saw her, yet when we study her history we do not see much character. But Jacob loved her and found no fault in her, and shall we speak lightly of one who can inspire a life-long devotion from her husband?

Following Rachel we see the face of a temptress—Potiphar's wife, a woman who was intended to be the helpmeet for a man but she became his ruin. There are types of her today, who defile what but for them would be an earthly paradise. Bad men who have made shipwreck of their lives, realise with horror that their fall has been directly or indirectly a woman's work. When spirituality fades from a woman's heart it is positive disaster. Turn the screen—I do not want to look longer at the face of Potiphar's wife—she is uglier than the worst man whose picture is given in the Bible. Whom do we see now? The daughter of Pharaoh, a true woman who feeling a child in distress tugging at her heart, helps the little one. She is an example of the divine motherhood that broods over the world. This is the guarantee of human progress. Good women are the channels of divine revelation and influence to the world always. We turn to another face and I am sincerely sorry for her. Rahab, the harlot, is a notable example of a woman rescued from shame to become the noble mother of the world's salvation. With our eyes fixed on Rahab, hope springs in our heart for all the lost and outcast world. Ah Rahab, your life story reminds us

WITH YOUR
CHRISTMAS
CHEER

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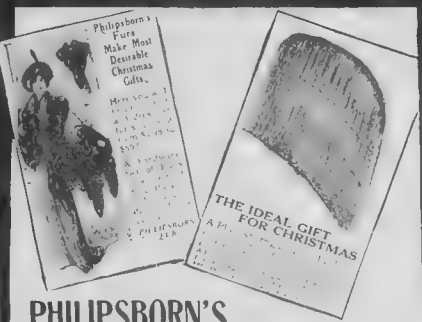
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Mount Robson, Helmet Mountain and Berg Lake on the G.T.P.

that God would have us revise our hasty judgments about the forlorn sisterhood of fallen women.

Am I not truly my sister's keeper? When she has erred should I trample her in the mire?

A lovely picture of womanhood is before us now—Ruth. Ruth is the kind of woman that draws the world after her. There is no hint of a gift of beauty, but we love her for her lasting qualities of unselfish devotion, of lowly serviceableness, of maidenly modesty. Humanity loves to remember her. The portrait of Ruth wins the love of ages and is a model for girls to imitate.

Then we see Deborah—an inspired woman—whose voice and manner are charged with the invisible presence. It is no reproach for any man to recognize this note of authority in the inspired woman. Deborah wielded one of the most powerful weapons that women employ in their influence over men, the faculty of enthusiastic and admiring praise. She closes her song with a touch of tenderness to the mother of Sisera. She realizes that the salvation of Israel brings sorrow to a woman's heart just as the greatest tragedy of

recent battles is the crushing of hearts of wives and mothers and little children.

The fascinating face of Rizpah is the next picture—a maiden of beauty and charm who attracts the attention of Saul. It was the humiliation of the Eastern woman, and is still, wherever Christ is unknown, that a man might possess her body without possessing her soul, without even seeking to win her affections. This is one great blessing that our young women enjoy because of the great Christmas gift. The birth of Christ gives us freedom from an awful bondage.

Following Rizpah is Michal who is the type of the proud and beautiful woman who inspires passionate attachments, exercises a subduing influence, but "being unregenerate and of the world, injures those whom she attracts, and is innocuous only to those lovers who are able to withstand her charms." Love is a fire which burns with a steadiness and persistency according to the material on which it feeds. Where the heart is shallow and fickle, love, like fire on a stubble field, soon burns out. Where the heart is rich and deep, love, like fire in coals, burns long and fervently, leaping into

new and unexpected flame, glowing with beauty even in the embers. What is the secret of retaining a man's love? Cultivate a personality that has character—character that is builded on a pure Christly heart.

The face and form may kindle passion but it requires a heart to create genuine love. More men are shamed out of their religion by the bewitching and laughing eyes of women than we can ever estimate. There have been but few men in the history of the world who, once enchained in a woman's love, could go calmly on in the discharge of religious duties which she despised. The shafts of scorn are always terrible. David was full of tenderness to Michal but he was still more full of God, and his retort to her sarcastic taunt is worthy of consideration. Michal was punished by a severe penalty. She began with the traffic in the affections of men and ended in the rejection of God. Such women are always punished.

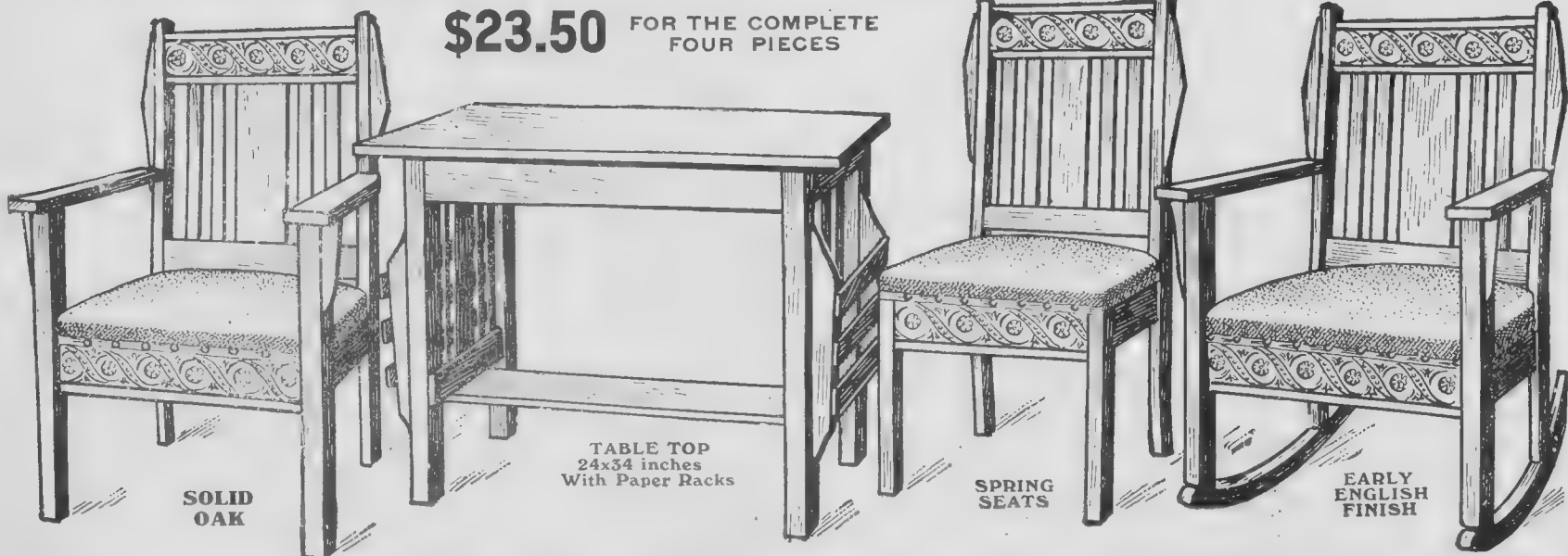
I like Abigail for her rare combination of character. She is a woman of good understanding and of a beautiful countenance. The praise which is paid to beauty sometimes spoils a character. There is power in the attraction of wisdom and mental ability in a woman. Abigail, the beautiful and sensible wife, was mated to a base cowardly man. Her words are among the most eloquent in the Bible. It is not surprising that David turned from the dangerously attractive Michal to the savingly attractive Abigail. Abigail's eloquence rose to singular heights of prophecy and poetry. Every true and good woman has some of the insight which is prophetic and poetic. A good woman like Abigail becomes the teacher of men by her power of conveying great lessons and by her gracious appeal to the nobler side of human nature. The power of such a mind over a man is incalculable.

Michal, the most dangerously attractive woman in the Old Testament, won David but her character was too shallow to hold his admiration. On the other hand, Abigail, the most savingly attractive woman in the Old Testament, won David, and her character was so pure and inspiring that she won and held his admiration.

The Queen of Sheba, who is in search of truth talks on the high planes of thought and the little captive maid is an instructive study of the fact that no study of womanhood is complete which does not push back into girlhood and

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take into account those delicate and beautiful materials out of which the woman is made. She is proof that a servant girl, with a strong and holy faith in her heart, may become a power in the household far beyond the claims of her age, or rank, or culture. These deeds of love acquire much of their charm from the fact that they are done without hope or thought of recognition.

The study of the little captive maid becomes a lesson in the influence which girls can exercise for God and for the good of men. Men are wonderfully influenced by a girl who is modest and unspoiled. No girl can have a more honorable and beautiful ambition than to mould her nature into purity and harmony. Music from such hearts pierces the souls of men. Such girls are the salvation of society. Huldah, a prophet of the court, to whom the high officials and the king himself went for advice, proves that women held responsible positions in biblical days.

The last picture in this group of women in the Old Testament is Esther, the woman who had the courage to carry out her convictions. In this panorama of women in the Old Testament, we find women who were very much like the woman of today; and familiarity with their lives creates inspiration and furnishes warnings that are important in the development of character. It is a fitting study for the Christmas season.

CHRISTMAS CLERKS

The real heroines of the business world are the girls who are forced to wage-earning by various emergencies, loss of family fortune, death or illness or such, and it is an unjust battle when she has to work with the girl who does not need to work; for the latter girl keeps her wages down and makes it difficult for the real wage-earner to live. Then, too, many girls who are needed at home are among our wage-earners. Only the other day I learned of a girl

who is neglecting her mother by going out to work. It is very difficult to fathom the real deep feelings of the girl in business who does not have to work. She who has to earn a salary to pay for her daily bread knows the satisfaction of opening the envelope at the end of the week. She has earned that money honestly and with her best work. Perhaps she is tired but she deserves a sense of satisfaction that she can pay for what she has. But I wonder how the girl feels who opens her envelope trying to decide which theatre she will go to or where she will buy the new necklace. When she opens that envelope does she ever shut her eyes and think of the poor girls who are staring over the "Help Wanted" columns of the daily papers? At this season of the year girls apply for work during the Christmas rush; they can appear more attractive than the girl who must work and consequently they sell more goods. The manager watches this and after the Christmas rush, he dismisses the girl who must work and keeps the girl who does not need to work. Seek out when you shop the little girl who has not a fighting chance.

WOMEN WITH CHRISTMAS QUALITIES

It is not the gift of gems or money that contains the message of Christmas so much as the gift of a loving thought dropped into the heart of another. In my library of biography I have searched for women with Christmas qualities. I find history is full of women whose hearts have burned with the fire of kindness. Then, too, I find that never in all history have there been so many Christmas women as today. They are beginning to feel that while charity begins at home it must not end there and women who are really doing most in their home are doing something outside, the experience of which makes them broader and better able to make their home more successful. Whenever I hear a woman say: "I believe in giving all

of my time to my home" in that martyr-like tone and please-admire-me-men air, I look for her household drudgery story next. Now some of the best housekeepers and mothers I know are women who are helpful in work outside of their home. These women are usually brilliant hostesses and their husbands and children are proud of them. While on the other hand the woman who likes to say: "I have no time for anything outside of my home" is often the woman who wants to tell you of a family tragedy. It might be well for our young bride-to-be to bear this in mind. She who entertains in her heart the message of Christmas—love, kindness, and sincerity, is the young woman who has Christmas qualities for the entire year. The queens of Europe and our own ladies of the land are earning their living—by this I mean they are earning the right to live. Our own queen has in her own disposition so much thought and consideration for others that she works beyond her strength in her efforts of helpfulness. The queen of Roumania, who is helping the blind of the world; the queen of Italy, who rushes to the sick-bed of the unfortunate; and the queen of the Belgians, who studied medicine that she might be of service to her subjects; all inspire us with Christmas messages.

One woman with conviction and courage to carry out that conviction is worth more than ten thousand who have no courage. One woman can influence an entire community. Maud Miner, who is saving New York's young women; Sophie Wright, whose death will be mourned this Christmas season by New Orleans' working people; Jane Addams, Chicago's uncrowned queen; Oklahoma Kate, whose deeds of love make it possible for men, women and children to live; and our own angel of mercy, Margaret Scott; are all women with Christmas qualities. I see also a woman with Christmas qualities in the hostess who invites homeless people to share her Christmas dinner.

There is in this city a home where many home-sick people have enjoyed Christmas hospitality in this way. This one home has done much towards promoting good citizenship in our city and the seeds of Christmas hospitality sown in this home have produced a rich harvest, for in like manner do other homes entertain the lonely stranger. I trust that our homes may be open to the stranger, for the immigrant's heart is especially lonely at this time of the year. We are all lonely at times, even Queen Victoria in one of her letters that expressed her loneliness said: "There are times when a woman requires a woman's sympathy and society." Let us look for the lonely stranger in our midst this Christmas.

CHRISTMAS WEIGHT

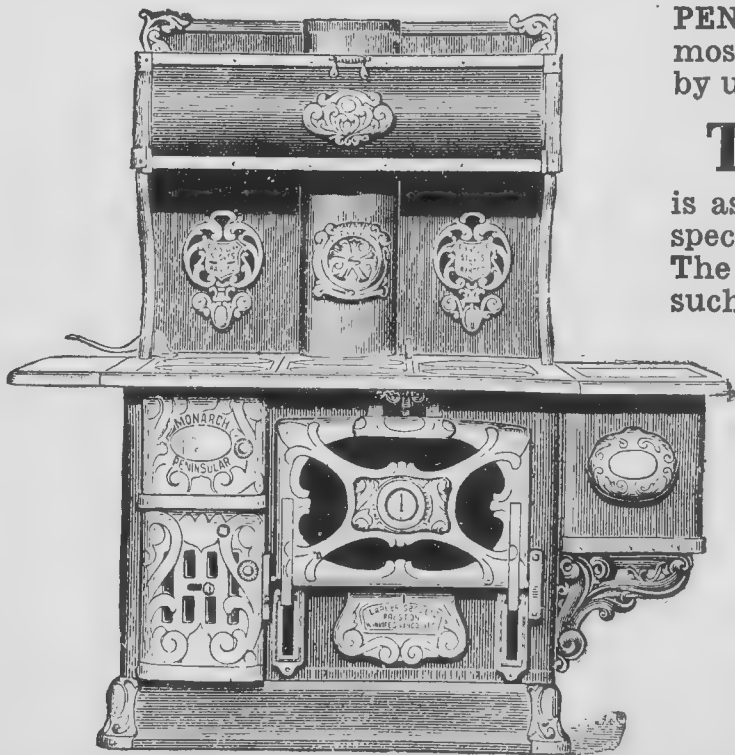
Down in Oklahoma, Kate Barnard, a woman of great influence and the most popular citizen, is a friend of the poor and unfortunate. When she wants a man elected, she has done so much good among the poor that the men whose families have been blessed by her service, will vote as she suggests. They say that she is Oklahoma's best "vote getter." She weighs only eighty-five pounds but some one has said she is eighty-five pounds of dynamite, for every pound of her radiates force. How many pounds of my reader's weight radiate force? This is real Christmas weight.

THE BREAD AND BUTTER LETTER

During the Christmas holidays, young women are invited to spend a time at the home of a friend. Upon the return home, they should write immediately to the one who has entertained them and thank the hostess most kindly. This bread-and-butter letter should never be neglected, because the hostess will appreciate a letter of this kind and more than that she deserves it. Then, too,

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this consideration will make one a welcome guest. A little note of appreciation means more than most people realize. Last week a reader of this page sent a note to me thanking me for just a little attention I had given her and that short message helped me more than I can express. Courtesy is common sense in little things.

A STENOGRAPHER'S PROBLEM

About the liveliest discussion I have had in my club of young women was when I asked the question: "Are the Old Country girls crowding Canadian girls out of positions?" Stenographers have been telling me lately that it is not so easy to secure a position this year as it was last year. There are several reasons perhaps for this. One is that many young girls with very little education in the primary branches such as reading, writing, spelling, composition and arithmetic, will take a course of three or four months in the business college and come out as full-fledged stenographers. Go to the stenographic headquarters and you will see scores of just such applicants who wonder why they cannot secure positions. On the other hand the experienced stenographer does not remain long without a position. Business men say that the Old Country girl who is experienced has a better fundamental education. Perhaps busi-

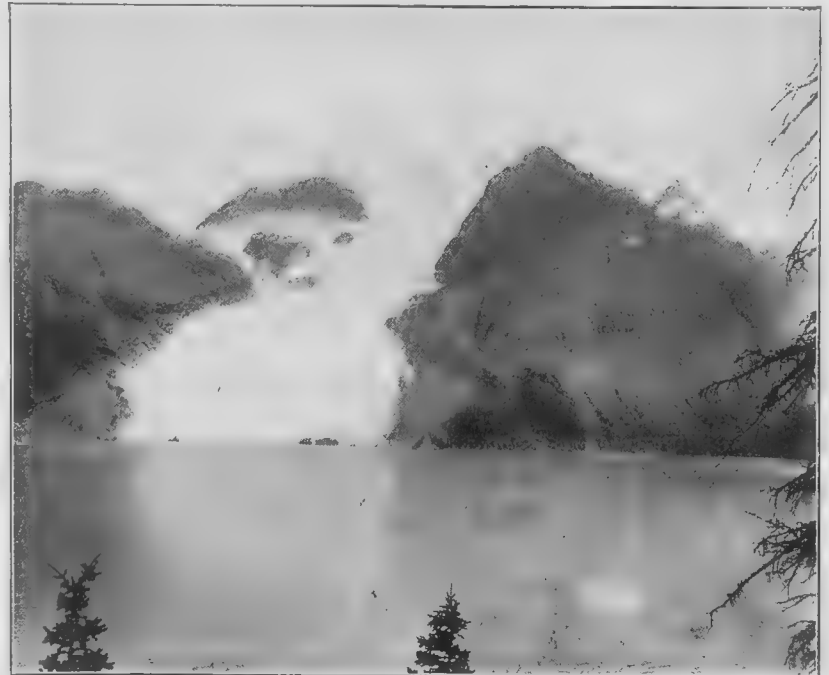
ness men to break their engagements for this reason. It robs him of his self-respect if her present is more expensive than his gift. When a girl gives a young man an expensive Christmas present it places him under obligation. One broken-hearted girl I know dates the broken engagement from the Christmas that she gave her sweetheart a silver smoking set and a locket set with a diamond. She was a wage-earning girl. He borrowed money to "go her one better," as he stated it, and went without a warm overcoat that winter.

A CHRISTMAS TOAST

"Here's to the woman who has a smile for every joy, a tear for every sorrow, a consolation for every grief, an excuse for every fault, a prayer for every misfortune, an encouragement for every hope."—Sainte Foix.

NOTICE

Often girls from rural communities and girls from the Old Country do not know where to go when they reach the city. If any girl, who contemplates coming to Winnipeg, will write to me in care of The Western Home Monthly, I shall be pleased to see that she is met at the station and taken to a safe environment. We have made arrangements



Berg Lake at the Foot of Mt. Robson on G.T.P.

ness men are in a measure responsible for the Canadian girl inasmuch as they do not demand a law enforcing compulsory education in Manitoba. At any rate the business man demands efficiency and there is usually a position for the capable girl. One bright Scotch girl exclaimed with her usual generous impulse: "Well, if the Old Country girl has better educational training, the Canadian girl makes up for it in other qualities—she is progressive and ambitious!" And in this club of cosmopolitan girlhood, we really came to no definite conclusion. Perhaps our readers may help us out.

I might add that the dictaphone is doing away with some experienced stenographers. A business man told me that a certain firm wanted five male stenographers. At any rate the stenographic field has been flooded with inexperienced girls and business men are demanding girls who have had educational as well as business training, and there is always a position for the sensible, capable, reliable and efficient young woman, whether she be Canadian, English, Scotch, Irish, French, Icelandic or of any other nationality. Canadian business men are demanding quality.

A HINT FOR CHRISTMAS

Every year I urge girls to refrain from giving their young men friends expensive presents. Young men do not want to be bought. I have known young

men with the ladies representing the Travellers' Aid to meet any young woman who makes this request through The Western Home Monthly. The women of the Traveller's Aid wear a badge of silver metal, the centre of which is a Maltese cross. The letters, Y.W.C.A. are enamelled on the outside circle. If any young woman who desires help in this way will write to me, describing herself and the time she expects to arrive, I will give the description to one of these women, and she will give special attention to the stranger. Be sure to give definite description.

Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

What Salvation Do We Want?

Is it salvation from the penalty of sin, or salvation from sinning, that we are most concerned about? Is it the fear of being found out and punished, or the fear of doing wrong, that is our strongest deterrent? There are ten prayers that entreat, "Do not punish me this time, Lord, and I will try not to fail again," for one that asks, "Lord, punish me as Thou seest best, if only that will keep me from continued sin." Sin is its own worst punishment. The best way to escape sin's penalty is to be saved from sinning. That kind of salvation is our Saviour's chief joy, and for that He offers Himself.

The Mysterious Mr. Wedderburn

Written for The Western Home Monthly by E. Loyds.

"MR. WEDDERBURN would be happy to see Miss Montresor at the Hotel Cecil at ten, Tuesday, without fail."

The missive was written on thick velum note paper with a gorgeous crest at the head of the sheet and on the flap of the envelope. But the handwriting and wording of the note did not accord with the stationery, and Ida Montresor summed up the impression made on her mind in two words, "Nouveau riche."

Of gentle countenance, brought up in a refined home, she shrank from contact with self-made wealthy folk, but necessity knows no law, and her case was desperate. Her father, a widower, had died suddenly, and to her horror and shame, had died bankrupt. Ida had never suspected the true state of affairs, for her father was one of those sanguine men who are often their own and other people's worst enemies; and the blow nearly stunned her. But she was a high-spirited girl, and as soon as the lawyer had broken to her the news of her penniless condition she proceeded to look for highly paid employment, determined not only to support herself but to pay back in full some of her father's debts. An advertisement for a high-class governess in the "Morning Post" seemed to offer the opportunity she sought. She answered it, and by return of post a reply came, making an appointment.

At ten o'clock, to the minute, Ida reached the Hotel Cecil. She was a tall slight girl, fair-haired and brown-eyed, and her plain black dress suited her style of beauty. A faint pink tinge coloured her pure complexion as, with a heart beating nervously, she asked for and was admitted to the presence of Mr. Wedderburn.

The appearance of her possible employer seemed to verify Ida's worst apprehensions. He was a small man, short and thin, arrayed in ultra smart morning dress. He wore a new black frock coat, with massive gold chain displayed across his vest, and a light tie adorned with a diamond pin. A beard and heavy moustache concealed his mouth and chin, and he wore gold spectacles, so that Ida would have been at a loss to describe his features; but the general impression produced upon her mind was one of ostentation and vulgarity. Mr. Wedderburn was standing on the hearthrug, his hands behind him, though it was high summer, and no fire burned in the grate. As Ida was announced he stepped forward with extended hand which it would have been useless for Ida to pretend not to see. She gave him the tips of her fingers, bowing stiffly as Mr. Wedderburn exclaimed in a hearty voice.

"Glad to see you, Miss Montresor. Fancied from your note you'd suit me. One of the old Montresors of Derbyshire, I suppose?"

Ida bowed. "Thought so! It's hard luck for those fine old families to be thrown on their beam ends; but every dog has his day, I suppose. Eh?" He laughed coarsely. "And your misfortune is our good luck. There's no gainsaying that. Where, half a century ago, would a self-made man like myself have had the chance of securing a lady like you to teach his daughters?—Well, Miss Montresor—by the way, won't you sit down? yes, that's better—so! Well, I was going to say—there's no need for me to put you through a catechism. You're certain to have all the accomplishments my girls require. If there's anything you don't undertake—the harp, say, or mandoline—well, it's easy to drop me a hint and I'll get a special for that. What I want is a lady—a real, genuine, high-toned lady—to form the manners and give what you may call 'Chick' to the girls. And I can see you're the sort—a real thoroughbred."

Ida turned scarlet. Was it possible

that she could enter the house of this man? She half rose, but her interviewer was not deficient in shrewdness. He saw he had offended, and hastened to apologise.

"Pardon, miss;—um—Miss Montresor I should say. Sorry I should offend you. I was just putting my thoughts into words—not always a wise thing to do, but I'm a fearfully outspoken man. No secrets, no reserves, for me. I beg your pardon, I'm sure. Granted?"

"You have not yet told me what you wish me to undertake, Mr. Wedderburn," said Ida calmly.

"Oh, ah, well, I shall leave that to you if you're so kind as to come. My girls are twelve and fifteen. Sharp, clever little fillies, but in need of a training hand. The wife's too weak for them, and that's the truth. And that's another thing, Miss Montresor—Mrs. W. wants a lot of cheering up. She's nervous, and low-spirited like. Not used to the kind of life we're getting into now, and finds country life a bit depressing."

"Where do you live?"

"In Bucks. It's convenient for town now the new railway is opened. But it's only temporary. I expect to retire from business in the spring, and then I'll take the lot abroad, Riviera or somewhere cheerful. And if you like us well enough, you'll come with us. Anything more, miss?"

"I'm afraid," began Ida, but as if divining that the young lady was about to decline his offer, Mr. Wedderburn broke in—

"The screw, I should say, is a hundred and twenty pounds per ann. paid monthly in advance. How does that suit you?"

Again the swift colour rose to Ida's cheeks. A hundred and twenty pounds! Why, in the first year she would be able to pay a hundred pounds to redeem her father's honour.

"It is very liberal," she said, rising.

"You'll take it on?"

"Yes. Thank you."

"Good! Best news I've had for my wife for many a day. Can you come at once? I'm going down myself by the 4.30 today from Marylebone. The motor's to meet me. If you'll come then, I'll wire the wife."

Ida hesitated.

"Very well," she said.

Many doubts assailed Ida as she returned to her lodgings. She ought to have asked for references, to have arranged about notice. But the die was cast now. The golden bait had been too tempting. Her father had quarrelled with his family. Her social circle held no acquaintance whom she could confide in. At the appointed time she was at the Great Central.

Mr. Wedderburn was on the platform smoking a big cheroot. He held out a ticket to her, informed her that it was First Class, and that he was travelling in a "Smoker." Then he handed her into a carriage, made a rush for the bookstall, and returned with a quantity of papers and magazines which he thrust upon her.

At this moment a tall thin man with a big fair moustache, wearing a light dust-coat and a panama hat came up to Mr. Wedderburn and drew him aside. The two men held a hurried confabulation, and then Mr. Wedderburn came back to Ida, his friend following close behind him.

"Awfully sorry, Miss Montresor. Find I must return to the City. Pressing business. You'll explain to Mrs. W., and tell her to expect me when she sees me. Look out for a red motor—landau...." he broke off.

Ida saw the two men walk quickly away, arm-in-arm. Then she turned to look with amusement at the mass of literature provided for a forty-minute journey. Doubtless her employer had seen members of the class he was trying to force an entry into make such provision for lady friends starting on a long journey, and so had

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followed their example with considerably more zeal than discretion.

The first object to attract Ida's attention on reaching her station was an enormous lobster-hued automobile waiting outside. A lady was seated in it; a chauffeur stood on the platform. He enquired if she were for "Mr. Wedderburn's" and conducted her to the car. The lady in the automobile was a pale, thin, depressed-looking person. She was dressed very fashionably but unbecomingly, and she cast a shy, deprecating glance at Ida. On receiving her husband's message she showed peevish annoyance.

"Always the way," she said. "He's for ever disappointing me like that. Just as I hope he's going to settle down and live quietly, more business crops up. I wish we'd never left London. I see him less than ever now."

Soon the machine was rushing up a steep hill and plunging into the depths of beautiful country. Mrs. Wedderburn was silent at first. She sat scrutinizing Ida from under the shade of an enormous feathery, flowery hat, restlessly moving her hands which were encased in white kid elbow gloves. At last Ida spoke, asking if she liked the country.

"I hate it!" was the emphatic reply. "It's so dull. No shops, no music halls, no friends."

"Perhaps you have not been in your new home long enough for people to call yet."



Yellow Head Lake—the Summer Waters of the Great Divide on the G.T.P.

"Oh, they've called right enough. Lady This and the Honourable Mrs. That, and the parson, and squire, and doctor. All as stuck-up and hoity-toity as they're made. I told him how it'd

be when he bought this place. I wanted to live at Richmond or Brixton somewhere lively. But, no, he must be a country gentleman. When I say I don't half like pushing in among all

these grand folk, he just laughs quiet like, and says, 'I'll make 'em sit up if they snub you, my girl.'"

Mrs. Wedderburn, having begun to talk, went on without ceasing. Ida learned that Mr. Wedderburn was very rich, but how he made his money his wife had no idea. He was always racing about; sometimes went to America or the continent. He was no sooner at home than he was off again. If it were not for Mr. Taunton she would have no one but the children to talk to, days on end.

"Who is Mr. Taunton?"

Mrs. Wedderburn looked at her, surprised.

"He's the boys' tutor."

"Indeed!" Ida's colour rose. This was a situation she had not contemplated. What new horror of a male inmate of the house was she destined to meet?

"He's a very genteel young man; related to some great swell. The boys like him first rate. Well, Miss Montresor, here's our place."

A flock of children came running out, and as soon as the ladies had alighted they took possession of the car, the boys fighting for the steering wheel. The troop was led by two girls, at the sight of whom Ida's heart sank, for they were hoydens of the most pronounced type. Their mother called to them, but they paid no attention, and she turned to Ida with a pathetic smile, saying,

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CALGARY, ALTA.

"I can do nothing with them. I might as well speak to the vawse," pointing to a stone pot filled with ivy geraniums.

"That must not be allowed," said Ida, as she followed Mrs. Wedderburn up to her room. The lady informed her that tea would be ready at six in the dining-room, and Ida came downstairs almost at once and went into the garden. She crossed a lawn and entered a shady path that led to a shrubbery. As she came into the little plantation she saw a man in tennis flannels stretched at full length under a tree, smoking and reading. She turned hurriedly, but not before she had been seen. Her name was called quickly; the man had sprung to his feet and was running towards her.

"Ida! Miss Montresor—you here!" "Lord Taunton!" The girl's face crimsoned, her voice trembled on the name.

The young man put out his hand; his dark handsome face was illumined with an expression that told plainly what his feeling to her was. Ida gave him her hand, striving hard to present the appearance of a calm she was far from feeling.

"How strange to find you here!" she said.

"Stranger that you should come! Do you know these people?"

"Not until to-day."

"Surely—oh, it isn't possible!—" he stopped, colouring deeply.

"I am the new governess."

"Never! Oh, Ida!" There was a look of passion in his eyes; a fierce resentment in his tone.

"Please, Lord Taunton!"

"But—it is past understanding. You are in black?"

"My father died a month ago. I am my own breadwinner now."

"I had not heard. I only came back to England two weeks ago. By Jove! It's really rather comical. What do you think I'm doing here?"

"I cannot imagine."

"I am tutor to the young Wedderburns."

"But I thought——"

"That I was well off? So did I. And I shall be before long. This is an interlude—an awkward interval. My trustees, it seems, were to see me through college, and then at twenty-five to hand me over my uncle's property. But no provision was made for the interim, so when I left Oxford, without a penny, of course, I was told I must support myself for fifteen months. I was forbidden to raise money on my expectations on pain of forfeiting my interest in the property. So I got a year's engagement as travelling tutor, and when I got back I saw a tempting advertisement, and obtained this post."

"What sort of people are they?"

"I fear he's rather shady. 'Something in the City.' I mean to tackle him when he comes down."

A year ago Ida and Gerald Taunton had seen a great deal of each other, and she knew that he loved her. Then suddenly they had parted, the words left unsaid.

"There were other conditions of my inheritance," he said in a low voice. "I will tell you them when I can. There is the gong for the family tea. Mrs. Wedderburn's education has not advanced to the niceties of tea in the drawing-room yet."

Ida laughed.

"This promises to be an amusing experience," she said, but her companion's face was grave.

"I don't know about that," he said.

Ida found her hands full with her riotous charges and the drilling of the mournful Mrs. Wedderburn in the conventions of her new station. In a few days Mr. Wedderburn appeared, and with his approval Ida remodelled the household. At her initiative the tutor and his charges were assigned a separate apartment; a decorous late dinner was substituted for the noisy evening meal at which all the family were in the habit of meeting; an "At Home" day for Mrs. Wedderburn was instituted, and Ida was always at her side when she paid or received visits.

Mr. Wedderburn's stay at home was

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of the shortest and Ida found that his wife had just cause for her complaints, for though he paid frequent visits to his country house he seldom remained long. He was fond of taking his family by surprise, turning up in his motor at the most unexpected times, sometimes arriving in the middle of the night, sometimes in the 'early hours of the morning. In spite of his robust looks he seemed to be a rather delicate man, or at any rate to live at too great a stress, for he was subject to attacks of his heart which necessitated his sending for a doctor at the most inconvenient times.

One day Mr. Wedderburn returned on his wife's "At Home" afternoon. His appearance in the drawing-room, where half-a-dozen dowagers and matrons were patronising his wife, created quite a sensation. His wife started, and spilt her tea; old Lady Bustard snorted and fumed, and looked as if she thought of ordering the man whose viands she was consuming to leave the room. The Honourable Mrs. Magnus put up her lorgnette and took stock of him. Fluffy little Lady Perkins smiled upon him, coquetting, as she did with every man she met. She commanded him to bring her an ice, and made room for him beside her pug. Her blue eyes danced with delight at his failure to render the smallest service with ease; and she shot her little shafts of hidden railery at him unmercifully.

Mr. Wedderburn declined to sit by the dog, but he drew a chair near to the lady, and gazed with undisguised admiration at her pretty face, her stylish dress, and her glittering jewels.

All at once she made a suggestion.

"Your wife finds it dull. Why don't you give a big house-warming?"

Mr. Wedderburn rose to this at once. "I did think of a ball," he announced, "but we haven't our feet set firm enough in this place yet."

"Oh, I wouldn't have anything as big as a ball. Indeed, unless you brought a lot of friends from town you couldn't get one up, and we mightn't—"

"Like my friends? Likely enough. You old country people—"

Here Lady Bustard sniffed, for Lady Perkins was very new indeed, but the irrepressible little lady went on.

"A house-warming, now, sounds so old-fashioned and cosy. I am sure Miss Montresor would arrange it all, and I'll be delighted to help. I can bring a

number of people. Our house will be full next month."

"Done!" cried Mr. Wedderburn. "Thank you, ma'am, thanks. Will all you ladies come?"

"Not I, thanks," replied Lady Bustard, bridling. "Lord Bustard and I have engagements for every day until we leave for Egypt."

"And you, ma'am?"

Mrs. Magnus couldn't quite say. She must ask the Colonel. It was really a delightful idea. She hoped they could manage it.

"What are you thinking of, Dick?" said Mrs. Wedderburn tearfully, as the last visitor departed. "How can we give a party? Didn't you see how they were all laughing at us?"

"Nonsense, Min, my girl. I'll have the laugh of them. But you'll see they'll come, every one of them. That little rattler is just right for me. She knows how to keep things lively. Ain't one of the old blood herself, you know. Her husband is a City knight. Heaps of money—dotes on her—loads her with diamonds. Curious, now, she should have suggested it. The very idea I was trying to get hold of."

Mr. Wedderburn was in high spirits. He greatly enjoyed his after-dinner cigar with "Mr." Taunton that night. To him he repeated his intention of retiring before long. "One big coup," he said, "I'll finish in style. Then I'll enjoy the fruits of my labours in quiet. That is, if I can. I've got a yacht, a real clipper. But I fancy I may miss the excitement."

"I believe it's hard to give it up," said the young man tentatively.

"To give what up?"

"The Stock Exchange."

Mr. Wedderburn looked at him queerly.

"Oh, yes, certainly," he said.

Preparations for the house-warming began at once. Mr. Wedderburn had down a number of painters and decorators from London and superintended them himself. He had bought a new motor, smaller and lighter than the red one, and was constantly backwards and forwards, paying surprise visits.

Lady Perkins was a frequent visitor. She bicycled over and held long consultations with Mr. Wedderburn, to the evident chagrin of his wife, who was clearly a prey to the green-eyed monster.

One day she came in great excitement.

"Have you heard the news? There was a burglary last night, the third round here lately. Of all people it was at the Bustard's. Can you imagine the old lady waking up in the night to find the electric light full on and a masked man demanding the key of her safe! And she had to give it! For her husband was away. I can't help admiring the cleverness of these thieves, finding out the exact time for their naughty doings!—Where's Mr. Wedderburn?"

"He is ill," said Ida. "He had one of his heart attacks last night. The doctor was called at five this morning—oh, Mr. Wedderburn, ought you to be up?" as the master of the house appeared.

"Oh, yes, I soon pull round. What's this Lady Perkins is saying?"

Lady Perkins repeated her story. "Poor lady!" remarked Mr. Wedderburn. "She wouldn't be one to cave in too easy—I wonder you ladies who have such fine jewels don't keep 'em at a bank," he continued. "I can never understand why you have them in your bedrooms or carry them about in jewel boxes when you travel."

"What would be the good of having them if we don't use them?" cried Lady Perkins. "I keep mine in my wardrobe."

"They seem to have had a big haul at Lord Missenden's last Friday," observed Mr. Wedderburn. "I was in Paris then. The papers were full of it."

"What happened?" asked Ida.

"Oh, there was a dinner and a big dance in honor of his son's coming of age," said Lady Perkins. "Two or three ladies among the guests lost their jewels in a most mysterious way. The funniest was Lady Missenden herself. She is very fat and soon gets tired.



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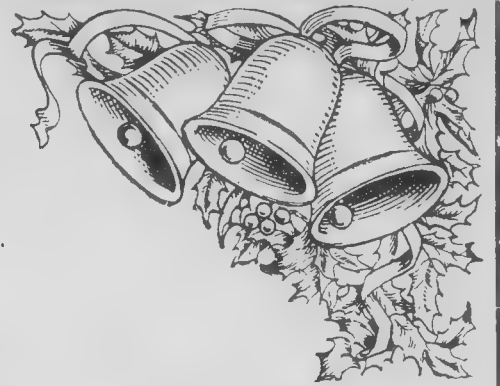
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She sat down to rest in the conservatory and dozed. When she awoke every bit of her jewellery was gone—tiara, necklace, bracelets; it was dreadful of course for her, and there is no clue; but it was really too funny for words!" And Lady Perkins broke into a peal of liquid laughter.

"I sincerely hope you will not wear your diamonds at our little burst," said Mr. Wedderburn.

"What an idea! Of course I shall! And I shall expect you to see they are not stolen, Mr. Wedderburn."

"I shall do my best, but I make no guarantee. I shall have a lot of plain clothes men about, and I shall keep a bright look-out myself. But when Scotland Yard is baffled, where am I? No, I give you fair warning, your ladyship, that I shall not be responsible for your jewels."

"You will owe me something like a hundred thousand pounds if they're stolen," said Lady Perkins, playfully shaking her finger at him as she mounted her bicycle and rode off.

As the time drew near for the housewarming, various changes in the scheme of entertainment were made.

It was arranged that there should be an open-air fête in the afternoon for the young people; illuminations and fireworks were to follow. Dancing was to begin at midnight and be kept up to the early hours of the morning.

Sir Joseph and Lady Perkins with their party were to come to lunch, and a suite of rooms was made ready for their use, as the day guests would need to change into evening dress. A number of people were to sleep, most of them men from London, friends of the host, among whom Ida recognized the man who had met him at Marylebone.

One or two of these gentlemen were of Mr. Wedderburn's style, loud and self-assertive, but most of them were quiet, and some really shy and retiring. Poor little Mrs. Wedderburn seemed more miserable than ever. Not all her

new dresses, not even the set of pearls given her by her husband seemed to cheer her. She gauged but too exactly the attitude of her guests to her, and realised that this party meant only humiliation for herself.

The day was fine, and the afternoon

entertainment proved a great success. The young Wedderburns did credit to their tutor and governess; behaving with discretion and some show of manners. At the pyrotechnic display there was a crowd, for Mr. Wedderburn had made it known in the village that all

and sundry were welcome. Most of the guests who were invited to the dance came over early to enjoy the show of fireworks, the finest ever seen in the neighbourhood; and, wrapped in cloaks and coats, walked about the gardens discussing the peculiarities of their



A Maskinonge Shute East of Winnipeg on the G.T.P. Ry.

host. Mr. Wedderburn's gentlemen friends were very popular, and the ladies of the country side were most affable in their patronage of them. Menfolk were scarce at their assemblies, and the ladies strolled and talked with them in the gathering gloom with a confidence flattering to their host and his friends.

At eleven the show was over. The house party had already retired to make the necessary changes in their dress; the ballroom was filling.

Ida had slipped up to her room to put on a white evening gown, when she was startled by a loud and prolonged shriek sounding along the passage outside her room. She threw open her door. On the landing beyond the passage a group of ladies was assembled, all talking at once. In the foreground was Lady Perkins, arrayed in décolleté gown, her bare arms raised in gestures to accentuate her voluble tale.

Her husband, a short, rubicund man, stood beside her in his shirt sleeves.

He was uttering at intervals loud cries of "Wedderburn! Wedderburn!"

"What is the matter?" cried Ida.

"The matter! My wife's diamonds have been stolen! Burglars were at work when we were in the garden, clearly. There's a ladder outside the window. Where are the policemen? Where is Mr. Wedderburn?"

"I will find him. Oh! Mr. Taunton—will you call Mr. Wedderburn? It seems thieves have been here—"

But Mr. Wedderburn himself had now appeared. He seemed in a furious rage. To think that a man couldn't have an evening with his friends without this

happening! "Where were the police?" Sir Joseph might well ask! Drunk, every one of them. He had packed them off. Disgraceful! He would let the chief constable know. Had he sent for more? Of course he had. The minute word was brought him. Mrs. Wedderburn had been robbed, too, but of course her trinkets weren't worth a thought beside Lady Perkins' diamonds. He only hoped none of the other ladies had suffered?

But Mr. Wedderburn's hopes were vain. Every lady had been robbed; and the gentlemen had suffered also. Their dressing cases had been despoiled; whatever money they had left in their rooms was gone.

Lady Perkins was in hysterics now. Mrs. Wedderburn was in a pitiable condition, weeping and wringing her hands. Her husband told one of the maids to take her out into the garden that the fresh air might restore her.

In the midst of the commotion Ida saw Sir Joseph Perkins draw the tutor aside. The young man nodded and ran downstairs. Mr. Wedderburn, too, noticed the consultation, and followed Mr. Taunton.

"Where are you going?" he asked as the young man sought coat and cap.

"Sir Joseph wishes word sent to Scotland Yard at once."

"Of course. I am seeing to that myself. It's my place."

"Certainly. Can I be of use?"

"Yes; keep 'em all quiet. I'm going myself. The motor's ready. Just keep all those people in hand. Give 'em champagne and whisky. Miss Montresor will help you. My new machine

beats the record for pace. I'll be back in no time."

Mr. Wedderburn disappeared, and Lord Taunton, going to the ballroom, found a scene very similar to that he had left upstairs. The ladies who had been in the grounds during the firework display declared that pickpockets had been about. One had lost a jewelled fan; another, a bracelet or necklace, and all who had worn jewels in their hair had suffered. There was a general demand for the master of the house. Taunton quieted them as best he could. It seemed, he said, that a gang of thieves had been at work. Mr. Wedderburn was losing no time in getting police help.

In the midst of the clamour a clatter of horses' hoofs was heard. In another moment a dozen police inspectors and constables poured into the house through the open hall door.

"He has been smart," whispered Taunton to Ida, who, pale and distraught, stood near him.

"Oh," she whispered, "something so strange has happened. Mrs. Wedderburn, it seems, went away with her husband, and all the children are gone. They left more than an hour ago in the red car. What can it mean?"

"I think I understand," he answered. "It has been dawning upon me this last hour what Mr. Wedderburn's occupation is."

"What can you mean?"

"A professional burglar," he whispered; "and these are the County Police, come to find their bird flown."

He was right. Scotland Yard had wired to the Chief Constable, warning

him, but unaccountable delays in the transmission of the message had enabled this prince of burglars to finish a victorious career, as he himself said, in style. A man of numerous aliases and versatile accomplishments, he had made his final coup as housebreaker, pickpocket, train-robber and "cracksman" by gathering together under his own roof the victims of his latest enterprise. The audacious idea of posing as a self-made man of the people who had only to present an appearance of boundless wealth in order to win an entrée into the sanctum sanctorum of county society, had fascinated him. He promised himself and his chosen band of four associates known as "Lively Dick's Quartette" one grand splash before retiring with his ill-gotten gains to the Far West, there to find "fresh fields and pastures new." To enable him to present an unquestionable alibi he pretended to be a man of delicate health, and whenever he had executed a particularly daring feat, he hastened home to bed and summoned his physician. On the evening of the robbery at Lady Bustard's he had such an unusually severe attack of his heart that the doctor had to be called up in the night, little dreaming that in his patient's room were concealed the jewels of the lady he was to attend next morning, suffering from nervous collapse. Mr. Wedderburn's visit to Paris on the occasion of the burglary at Lady Menden's was paid on the morning following that catastrophe, he having been present as a member of the string band and walking out of the house with the lady's jewels in his pockets. And now, with his high-speed motor cars and his yacht, "Lively Dick" and his friends had succeeded in making their escape after this last and grandest score.

Lady Perkins, in spite of her distress, showed herself a kind-hearted little woman. She offered Ida a home until she could find another, and was in raptures when in a few days her guest was able to tell her of a happy solution of her difficulties.

Lord Taunton, by his uncle's will, had not only been forced to become self-supporting for a twelvemonth, but had also been restricted from forming any matrimonial engagement. This restriction he had learned of on the eve of proposing to Ida a year before; but the time had expired on the day following "Mr. Wedderburn's Entertainment." Gerald Taunton had attained his twenty-fifth year, and the words which had trembled on his lips during the two months of their life as tutor and governess were at length spoken.

Ida's lover had inherited great wealth. The debts her father had left were but a trifle in the sum of his riches. To satisfy her scruples, he deducted them from the amount of the handsome marriage settlement he made upon his bride and the short but eventful time spent under the roof of their strange employer was one of the episodes which they still amuse themselves with recalling from time to time.

Relished the Punishment

An old Scotsman, Andrew Leslie by name, always rode on a donkey to his work, and tethered him while he labored on the road or wherever he might be. It was suggested to him by a neighboring landowner that he was suspected of putting the animal to feed in the fields at other people's expense.

"Eh, laird, I could never be tempted to do that, for my cuddy winna eat nothing but nettles and thistles."

On a subsequent occasion, however, the laird, while riding along the road, saw Andrew at work, his faithful beast up to the knees in one of the laird's clover fields feeding luxuriously.

"Hello, Andrew!" exclaimed the laird, "I thought your cuddy would eat nothing but nettles and thistles."

"Aye, aye," was the response, "but the brute misbehaved the day. He nearly kicked me over his head; so I put him in there just to punish him."

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Greetings to Our Readers

A SLAINTE FROM NEIL MUNRO

The distinguished Scottish Novelist

'A MESSAGE to the Christmas readers of The Western Home Monthly!' That is to say, I take it, a message to all Western Canada. You must not wonder, Mr. Editor, if I have baulked at so flattering an invitation, for it carries the implication of exceptional wisdom and authority in the sender of the Message, and of a certain amount of meek expectancy on the part of the recipients. Now, "I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Mes-sina, and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every-thing handsome about him," as Dog-berry says, but you can search me (in the ribald phrase), for any Message with a capital initial letter to it. Imagine a stately and portentous communiqué, a solemn evangel, from this modest shack on the banks of the Firth of Clyde, from this humble stringer of phrases and spinner of dreams, to a race of giants felling the forests, breaking the virgin glebe, and building up the cities of a new world! No, no, sir; let us have some regard for the fitness of things!

A cheerful hail across the water to old friends and countrymen—now that were a reasonable proposition! A glass uplifted, and a fraternal slainte leibh or salute, as best becomes wayfarers in this wilderness of the world, met together for an hour in the Christmas Inn—yes, I can do that with some sense of gravity. And I can do it with the more fervor, and with less fear of being misunderstood, and looked upon as an impertinent intruder since so many thousand readers of these pages must be Scots. They, at least, will not misunderstand the salutation of a brother Scot, who, sitting this tempestuous November day, in sight of the Highland hills, and hearing of the native lochs, remembers the sea-disparted wanderers and exiles, and, remembering, finds in himself affection for them all. One of the most poignant of Gaelic proverbs—"Men may meet, but never the mountains," has a spiritual sense profounder than its usual application: the mountains may eternally stand apart, indifferent and cold to one another, but in the hills of Home, though far from us they may be, at least our hearts can always meet. It is because I know that while "mountains divide us and the waste of seas," our hearts at this season meet in love and memory of the land of our youth or our heredity, I accede to your request, and send—no, not a Message—a salutation to our own folk.

To Exiles

Wild cries the Winter, and we walk
song-haunted
Over the hills and by the thundering
falls,
Or where the dirge of a brave past is
chaunted
In dolorous dusks by immemorial
walls.
Though hails may beat us and the great
mists blind us,
And lightning rend the pine-tree on
the hill,
Yet are we strong, yet shall the morn-
ing find us
Children of tempest all unshaken still.

We wander where the little grey towns
cluster
Deep in the hills or selvedging the sea,
By farm-lands lone, by woods where
wild-fowl muster
To shelter from the days inclemency;
And night will come, and then far
through the darkling
A light will shine out in the sound-
ing glen,
And it will mind us of some fond eye's
sparkling.
And we'll be happy then.

Let torrents pour, then let the great
winds rally,
Snow silence fall or lightning blast
the pine,
That light of Home shines warmly in
the valley,
And, exiled son of Scotland, it is
thine.
Far have you wandered over seas of
longing,
And now you drowse, and now you
well may weep,
When all the recollections come a
thronging,
Of this rude country where your
fathers sleep.

They sleep, but still the hearth is
warmly glowing
While the wild Winter blusters round
their land;
That light of Home, the wind so bitter
blowing—
Look, look and listen, do you under-
stand?
Love strength and tempest—oh, come
back and share them!
Here is the cottage, here the open
door:
Fond are our hearts although we do
not bare them—
They're yours, and you are ours for
evermore.

Neil Munro

A Xmas Wish from W. A. Buchanan
M.P., Medicine Hat

To the great West come annually
multitudes from over the seas, from
south of the border line, and from the
eastern portion of our Dominion. They
are entering to take possession of the
rich and fertile acres which extend
throughout the length and breadth of
our territory, to make use of the op-
portunities and to follow the noblest
industry in which men expend time and
labor, that of home building.

This is an industry which we in the
West value highly, and in all our striv-
ing the sentiment of home, though a
new home, is always amongst us. This
is the inspiration which causes us to
take pride in the West, and which makes
it so endearing to us.

We welcome those who enter with
this spirit. It is one which, if imbued,
will help to make the sojourn here a
delightful one.

The Christmas season is particularly
associated with home. To the readers
of The Western Home Monthly I offer
my greetings. In the case of those who
are keeping the festival for the first
time amid new surroundings I trust
that the same sentiment which they held
under other skies will abide with them
here.

From Principal MacKay, Westminster
Hall, Vancouver, B.C.

Christmas is a yearly recurring
challenge to every form of strife. It
commemorates the birth of the Prince
of Peace and its spirit is the precursor
of this world wide reign. We, in Canada,
stand at a focal point of the world that
is to be. We are drawing to our peerless
heritage the sons of every nation in
Europe and if we build a great and pros-
perous nation here, founded on brother-
hood and righteousness, we can do much
to bring about a United Europe and
world peace. Neither rampant jingoism,
nor selfish indifference, but the Christ-
mas spirit issuing in clean lives, high
ideals and Christian institutions is
worthy of our high destiny.

May Christmas 1912 be merry because
it brings these things nearer to us all.

A crackerjack of a Christmas present Big Ben

REMEMBER when you
were a kid?—the pres-
ents that were all shiny
and bright and that worked?
—weren't they the ones that
you were proudest of?

Something for your room—
something you could use all
year—something like big peo-
ple had in their rooms. Didn't
sensible presents appeal to
you best when you were a kid?
Think back a bit and see.

Then think of Big Ben for
those boys and girls.—Toys,
of course, should never be
displaced. It wouldn't be
Christmas without them, but
mix in useful things—things
that develop pride and make
little people feel responsible.
Give them presents to live up
to and to live up with. Don't
make the mistake of thinking
they don't feel the compli-
ment.—Let one of the first
things that greets your little
boy and girl Christmas morn-
ing be that triple nickle-plated,
handsome, pleasant-looking,
serviceable and inspiring
clock-alarm—BIG BEN.

Just watch if they don't
say, "Isn't that a crackerjack!
Why! is that for me to use
myself?"—Then see how
proudly they carry Big Ben
upstairs "to see how he looks
in my room." Just put your-
self in that boy's or girl's
place.

Big Ben is a crackerjack-of-a
Christmas-present to give to any-
one. The fact is, he is two presents
in one, a dandy alarm to wake up
with, a dandy clock to tell time all
day by. And he's as good to look
at as he's pleasing to hear.

He stands seven inches tall, slen-
der, handsome, massive, with a big,
frank, honest face and big, strong,
clean-cut hands you can see at a
glance in the dim morning light with-
out even having to get out of bed.

He's got an inner vest of steel that
insures him for life; large comfy keys
that almost wind themselves, and a
deep, jolly ring that calls just when
you want and either way you want,
five straight minutes or every other
half minute for ten minutes, unless
you flag him off.

Big Ben is sold by 18,000 watch-
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PRESS FROM HERE

The First "Bench" of the Mountain

By J. D. A. Evans.

AN idea is prevalent amongst many Manitobans by whom the paths of provincial travel are comparatively unknown, that Manitoba represents but a flat stretch of prairie land, patches of scrub and bush, occasional lake or marsh; otherwise, a country within whose boundaries beauty of scene performs no part, a landscape devoid of the picturesque. This idea is erroneous.

The topographical features of Manitoba are not of the characteristic uninteresting, to the contrary. Additional to vast grain acreage, woodlands, waterways, she is in possession of magnificent stretches of beatific landscape, and the traveller upon various of the Manitoban network of railways is cognizant of such. There are scenes upon her broad lands which constitute a delight to the

Carman stand forth in bold relief, huge receptacles towering skyward; those of Homewood and Sperling are distinctly noticeable, and should the atmospheric conditions be favorable, the village of Brunkild is plain to the naked eye.

But it is the easterly aspect that rewards the observer, the vision gazes over a landscape which will create sensation of amazement.

Rolling land, cerealic acreage, grass meadow, sylvian scene, through which the steel of the Canadian Northern winds along; for many miles the course of this highway can be traced. Rosebank, nine miles; Roland, eight miles eastward of this point, the numerous elevators of which town appear as the silent sentinels perched upon a veritable agricultural domain. Eastward again, the buildings of Myrtle are discernible.

FAIR CANADA!

By The Rev. Walter Mathams, Mallaig, Scotland.

Fair Canada! Fair Canada!
God prosper thee, fair Canada!
Though grand thy mountains, lakes and streams,
Be grander yet thy deeds and dreams;
Amongst the nations be thy place,
The forefront of our future race.
Onward, still onward, is God's fate for thee;
Onward, still onward, let thy watchword be.

God prosper thee in sea and soil,
God prosper thee in thought and toil,
Thine are the riches of the earth,
Be thine the higher wealth and worth;
Pure as the snow be thy renown,
A silver crest, an ermine crown.
Onward, still onward, is God's fate for thee;
Onward, still onward, let thy watchword be.

Where waves the maple and the pine,
Where breathes a single soul of thine,
This song for thee shall ring and rise,
This prayer for thee shall reach the skies—
Fair Canada! Fair Canada!
God prosper thee, fair Canada!
Onward, still onward, is God's Fate for thee;
Onward, still onward, let thy watchword be.

artistic eye; verily Utopian for the lover of nature.

Possibly it would be fraught with difficulty to locate within the arena of provincial landscape an equivalent to the stretch of country observant from what is, in local parlance, known as the Mountain, a slope of woodland situated three miles in a westerly direction from the town of Miami, southern Manitoba. Through the defiles of this highland, the train upon the Morris and Somerset branch of the Canadian Northern Railway winds its course, the Mountain is located between Deerwood and the town before mentioned, Miami.

At the crossing of the railroad three miles from Miami, the ascent of the mountain may be said to begin. A gentle slope where after a quarter of a mile has been traversed, the first "bench" is arrived at; a large farm-house erected with blocks from the "once" famous cement works at Arnold, a few miles distant, will be noticed at the right hand side of the highway.

And this is situate upon the first "bench," it is from this point that the eye glances over a view-panoramic. Up the mountain side the road winds through the poplar growth, eastward is a scene which the observer will long cherish in the archives of memory; its beauty is unique. Northeastward over ocean of grain fields intersected with patches of woodland, the elevators of

At a distance of eleven miles from this point the village of Lowe Farm situate amidst immense meadowland can be seen, whilst the writer is enabled from a personal visit to the "bench" to remark that upon any day of ordinary Manitoba weather condition, the smoke of trains moving to and from Morris, forty-three miles distant, is distinctly discernible; it is also possible to observe the wooded outline of the Red River's banks in the vicinity of Union Point.

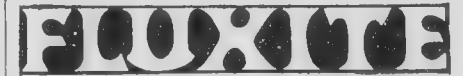
In alluding to the panoramic view obtainable from the first "bench," a Winnipeg citizen the name of whom is a household word, and whose knowledge of Western Canada's topography is not a matter to be conjured with, remarked to the writer that he has yet to locate any place within the provincial boundaries from which so beatific a landscape dotted with so great a variety of scene is obtainable. For miles the farmsteads of a prosperous people are noticeable, busy towns, villages, and nature undisturbed.

Stand upon the first "bench" of the mountain and glance forth. The eye of the observer will realize that it means something to reside in Manitoba, and a fortunate human being is the man who possesses a portion of that glorious heritage over which the vision travels from the mountain's first "bench."



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In Lighter Vein

The Piece that Robert Spoke

ONCE there was a little boy, whose name was Robert Reece; And every Friday afternoon he had to speak a piece. So many poems thus he learned, that soon he had a store Of recitations in his head, and still kept learning more.

And now this is what happened: He was called upon, one week. And totally forgot the piece he was about to speak! His brain he cudgled. Not a word remained within his head! And so he spoke at random, and this is what he said:

"My Beautiful, my Beautiful, who standest proudly by, It was the schooner 'Hesperus' — the breaking waves dashed high! Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome? Under a spreading chestnut tree there is no place like home!

"When Freedom from her mountain height cried, 'Twinkle, little star.' Shoot if you must this old gray head, King Henry of Navarre! Roll on, thou deep and dark blue castled crag of Drachenfels, My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills, ring out, wild bells!

"If you're waking, call me early, to be or not to be, The curfew must not ring tonight! Oh, woodman, spare that tree! Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! And let who will be clever! The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on forever!" —Carolyn Wells, in "Saint Nicholas."

Cured Without Medicine

The young husband who had been an only son at home, petted and indulged beyond every point of reason, began to show signs of petty loyalty soon after his marriage. Most of his friends were men of great wealth who lived extremely well, and association with them made him somewhat hard to please in the matter of cooking. Scarcely a meal at his home table passed without criticism from him.

"What is this meant for?" he would ask after tasting an entrée that his bride had racked her brain to prepare. "What on earth is this?" he would say, when dessert came on.

"Is this supposed to be salad?" he would inquire sarcastically when the lettuce was served.

The merry-hearted little wife stood it as long as she could, and finally decided to retaliate. The next evening she wore her very prettiest gown, and fairly bubbled over with wit. They went in to dinner.

The soup tureen was brought in. Tied to one handle was a decorated card, and on that card was written in big round hand:

"This is soup."
Roast beef followed with a placard announcing:

"This is roast beef."
The potatoes were labeled. The gravy dish was placarded. The olives bore a card marked "Olives," the salad bowl carried a tag marked "Salad," and when the ice pudding came in a card announced "This is really ice pudding."

The wife talked of a thousand different things all through the meal, never once referring by word or look to the labeled dishes. Neither then nor thereafter did she say a word about them, and never since that evening has the captious husband ventured to inquire the name of anything set before him.

The Flame of Destiny

During the course of conversation between two ladies in a hotel parlor one said to the other: "Are you married?"

"No, I am not," replied the other. "Are you?"

"No," was the reply, "I, too, am on the single list," adding: "Strange that two such estimable women as ourselves should have been overlooked in the great matrimonial market! Now that lady," pointing to another who was passing, "has been widowed four times, two of her husbands having been cremated. That woman," she continued, "is plain and uninteresting, and yet she has them to burn."

Hope Deferred

They sat each at an extreme end of the horse-hair sofa. They had been courting now for something like two years, but the wide gap between had always been respectfully preserved.

"A penny for your thoughts, Sandy," murmured Maggie, after a silence of an hour and a half.

"Weel," replied Sandy slowly, with surprising boldness, "tae tell ye the truth, I was jist thinkin' how fine it wad be if ye were tae gie me a wee bit kissie."

"I've nae objection," simpered Maggie, slithering over, and kissed him plumply on the tip of his left ear.

Sandy relapsed into a brown study once more, and the clock ticked twenty-seven minutes.

"An' what are ye thinkin' about noo—another, eh?"

"Nae, nae, lassie; it's mair serious the noo."

"Is it, laddie?" asked Maggie softly. Her heart was going pit-a-pat with expectation. "An' what might it be?"

"I was jist thinkin'," answered Sandy, "that it was about time ye were paying me that penny!"

He Could Not Resist

A young Japanese, with the natural love of cleanliness, came to London to study. As he was a stranger in the city he had to select his own lodgings.

His first choice was not happy; the hall especially was very dirty. This the newcomer did not like, but decided to say nothing then.

One rainy day the maidservant put up this notice:

"Please wipe your feet"

Seizing his opportunity the Japanese student wrote underneath:

"On going out"

Inventions Which Hinged Upon Seeming Trifles

Incidents of a trifling character have influenced the career of more than one successful inventor. E. J. Manville was a hard-working machinist, living in Waterbury, Connecticut, when, one day, he heard a woman complaining because she had pricked her finger with a pin. A pin that would not prick fingers, he thought, would have a ready sale. A week later he had worked out the safety pin, and within five years his invention had made him rich. Carlos French, another Connecticut mechanic, in the course of a railway journey, noticed the jarring and jolting of the car, and fell to thinking how they could be overcome. The problem kept him awake nights for some two years, but in the end he solved it so successfully that his car spring is now used on all the railroads of the land. George Westinghouse was led, in a somewhat similar manner, to invent the air brake. He was the son of a manufacturer, and possessed a marked mechanical bent. Once he was in a railroad collision, the result of a brake's failure to do its work. He immediately started to devise a brake that would operate more quickly, and with greater certainty, than the ones then in use, and, like Carlos French, he was completely successful in his efforts. His air brake brought him great wealth, and for thirty years he has constantly added to his fortune by inventing new devices of his own, and buying those of other inventors. The result, in life saving, has been simply enormous.

Some years ago, a young Russian student, Leo Wiener by name, was com-

pelled to flee from the czar's empire in order to escape banishment to Siberia. He tramped through Germany and France, to Spain, where he took a ship for Cuba, sailing thence to New Orleans. The end of a series of hardships found him a penniless wanderer in the streets of Kansas City. There, with the aid of men of his own race, he supplied himself with a modest stock of fruit, which he sold to passers-by.

My Financial Career

When I go into a bank I get rattled. The clerks rattle me; the wickets rattle me; the sight of the money rattles me; everything rattles me.

"I knew this, but my salary had been raised to fifty dollars a month, and I felt that the bank was the only place for it.

So I shambled in and looked timidly



Just the Gift He Wanted!

Most Christmas boxes which men receive are valued rather for the giver than for themselves. Not so when the gift is a Gillette Safety Razor.

That is something which adds to the sum total of a man's comfort and happiness. Every day he enjoys its time-saving efficiency, and learns

to value the giver more highly because of the gift.

Can you think of any other article which is at once so handsome and so useful? Then make his gift this year a Gillette Safety Razor. Even if he has a Standard Set, he would appreciate a Combination Set or a Pocket Edition for travelling.

Standard Sets cost \$5.00—Pocket Editions \$5.00 to \$6.00—Combination Sets \$6.50 up. See them at your Jeweler's, Druggist's or Hardware Dealer's.

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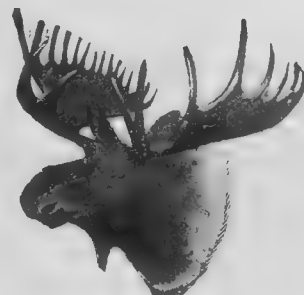
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For the benefit of our subscribers and readers who wish to sell, buy, or exchange, we publish this column and hope it will prove of service. The rates are 3c per word per insertion, cash to accompany all orders. Minimum charge 50c.

Address: **THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY,** Winnipeg,
Man.

Some Seasonable Suggestions

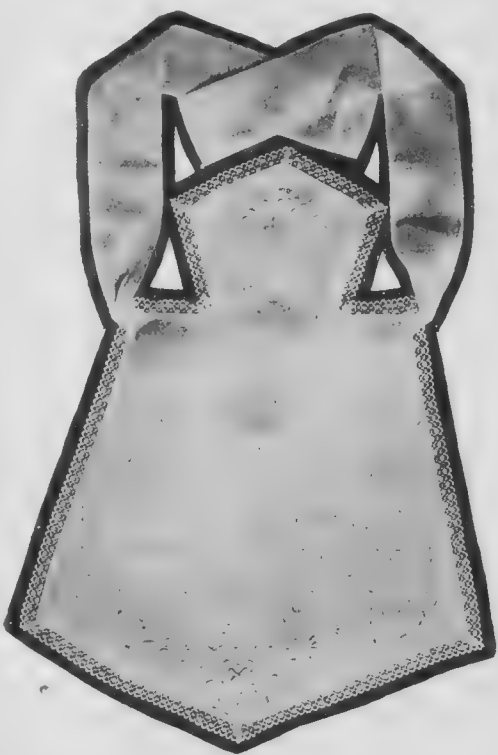


No. 5187. Cushion, tinted top, back and artificial eyes, 75 cents; royal floss to embroider, 55 cents; ribbon ruffle, \$1.35.

stitch using brown royal floss, the smoke and the remainder of the design only requires to be outlined. A novel idea, which adds much to the attractiveness of the cushion, are the artificial eyes, which complete the owls. These eyes are fastened to a wire which is slipped through to the back of the material, bent down, and a few firm stitches hold these into place. A handsome shaded ribbon ruffle in beautiful shades of brown complete this effective cushion.

Pretty aprons are always an acceptable gift, and the one illustrated comes already made up, and trimmed with lace, but not embroidered. It is stamped with a graceful pattern, which may be worked in either solid or eyelet embroidery, and the design requires but little time to complete, a point which surely would be appreciated by the busy housekeeper.

There are always a number of one's friends to whom embroidered articles suitable for the table appeal more strongly than any other form of needlework, and to those the matched set illustrated will especially appeal. The popular idea is to have one's dining room linens match throughout in design, and



No. 1418. Apron, made up, 35 cents; cotton to embroider, 15 cents.

we have selected one such set showing a very graceful arrangement of wheat and ribbon, which may be embroidered in a combination of either eyelet and solid, or all padded embroidery. The method of doing this has been so often described in these columns that we will not further mention it here, but if any of our readers are not familiar with this, a stamped envelope addressed to our Art Embroidery Department will bring full particulars.

This set consists of centre piece, doilies, tray cloth, sideboard or buffet scarf, and a tea cosy. The latter is of the lacing variety which is so easily laundered, and the set is stamped on the best grade of embroidery linen of a medium weight. Lustered cotton size "D" is used for the solid work, "E" for eyeletting, and "C" for borders, and Padding Cotton is also necessary to complete the embroidery.

So many of our readers have requested us to quote

the prices for materials to finish the pieces illustrated in these columns, that we have decided to give this information. Readers entrusting their orders to us will have them promptly and carefully filled. Allow at least ten days from the time the orders are received, for filling, and give the design number as well as the article desired, thus avoiding any possibility of mistake.

Readers will please understand that the prices quoted are for the articles stamped or tinted only. We do not quote on articles already embroidered



o. 6021. Centre Piece, 20 inch, 30 cents; cotton to embroider, 20 cents; doily to match, 9 inch, 15 cents; cotton to embroider, 10 cents.



No. 8055. Tray Cloth, 18 x 24, 50 cents; cotton to embroider, 25 cents; sideboard scarf, 18 x 54, \$1.00; cotton to embroider, 50 cents.

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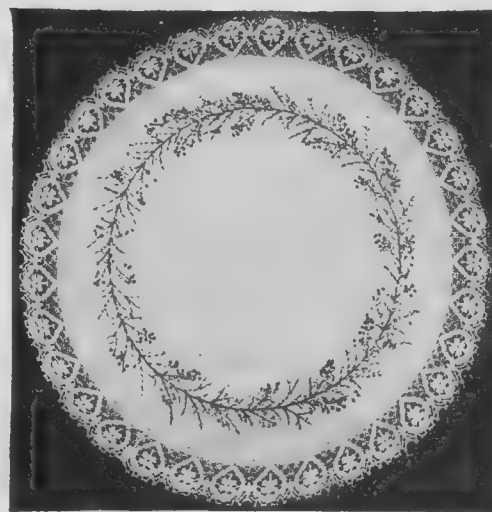
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Canada's Naval Policy?

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE now being discussed in the Dominion House of Commons indicates that the Naval Policy of the Government will be laid before the House within the next few days. The debate which will settle this question, is sure to be full of interest and will certainly assume a definite historical value.

OTHER MATTERS OF GREAT MOMENT to Western Canada will come up for discussion during the present session of parliament.

THE FREE PRESS will publish full and accurate reports of the parliamentary proceedings from its own correspondents at Ottawa and will give special attention to the important developments that may be expected there.

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ADDRESS

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I Will Give the Benefit of My Experience to Anyone Free of Charge

Ever since I was a little girl, I was cursed with a growth of Superfluous Hair. I didn't mind it so much then, but when I grew to young-womanhood, the humiliation grew upon me until it became almost a nightmare. It finally got to the point where I was ashamed to go out of the house, and at the coming of a stranger, I wanted to run and hide my face. The thing preyed on my mind until there were times when my spirits were at their lowest ebb, and I often thought life a burden.



I tried every sort of powder, paste, cream, lotion and remedy that I could lay hold of—even the painful electric needle—but to no avail. The hair not only would not leave, but it grew worse.

What I suffered under the needle, I can't describe. One day a friend who had travelled much, recommended a simple little remedy learned from the Japanese. It removed the hair at once and without pain, and in a few days I was the happiest girl in America. The hair had disappeared. It left no scar, and it didn't hurt at all. Today my face is still free from any trace of it.

I am so happy at my own success that I want every other woman to have the chance to remove the ugly disfiguring hair from her face, neck and arms so that they can go into society or to business, free from embarrassment, able to wear short sleeves, and go without a veil. All who want to destroy their growth as I did may secure full particulars to enable them to do likewise, free of charge, by just sending me a two-cent stamp—that's all I ask—just to pay actual postage for reply in plain sealed envelope. Please state whether Mrs. or Miss and address, Mrs. Caroline Osgood, Suite 1992 BL-118 East 28th St., New York City, N. Y.

SPECIAL ENDORSEMENT: As the method above referred to has been endorsed by doctors, true specialists and many other publishers, we advise all readers thus afflicted to take advantage of Mrs. Osgood's offer and write her at once at above address.

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Sunday Reading

My Neighbour, the Wealthy Man

By the Rev Dr. Washington Gladden

I MUST not envy him. Love envieth not. I must not hate him simply because he is more successful or more fortunate than I am, because he has what I have not. If I catch myself feeling unkindly toward a man because he is prosperous and I am not, let me smite myself in the forehead for a contemptible caitiff and never do it again. I must be careful how I judge him as to the way in which he spends his money. That is his business, not mine. I must remember that he has a very difficult task and a heavy responsibility

loss of a beloved daughter, says: "He told me that the incident which had comforted him most among all the telegrams and letters, and flowers, and visits which he had received from his many acquaintances and friends, was the visit of an Irish laundress, who, with tears streaming down her cheeks, said: 'The last time I saw your little angel was when my boy was ill, and I could not leave him to go to work, and I was afraid the children were going to be hungry. My heart was almost breaking, when that blessed child came tramping ankle-deep through the snow-storm, with a basket full of provisions for me and the children. I have loved



Welcoming Daddy

upon his hands, and I must give him my sympathy, rather than my criticism and censure. I must treat him as if he were a man, my brother. I must not cringe before him nor fawn upon him. He is just a man, as I am; God is the Maker of us all. I must not steel my heart against him and build a barrier of cold reserve between him and me because of his possessions. He may be a rich man, but "a man's a man for a' that," and has a right to be treated like a man. I must not assume that because I am poor he does not respect me; I may do him great injustice by such an assumption. I must stand in his presence neither scorning nor suspecting, neither flattering nor fearing, judging him fairly and generously, as I myself wish to be judged, dealing with him frankly and brotherly, as I wish to be dealt with, wishing him wisdom and good will for the difficult duties to which God has appointed him.

A Cheering Memory

Comfort in bereavement very often comes from unexpected sources. A clergyman who called on a member of his flock who was grieving over the

her and prayed for her every day since then. Sure, it's in Heaven she is. "My friend brushed the glad tears from his eyes as he told me, and said 'That has comforted me more than anything else.'" "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, and their works do follow them."

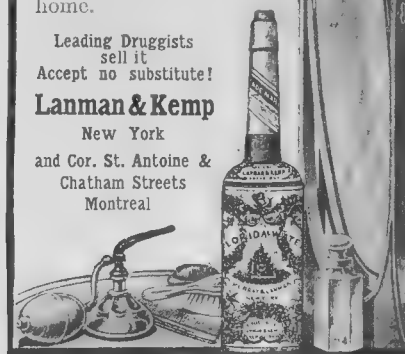
We Shall Live Also

Can you affirm the fact of Christ? If so, you have everything. It is unreasonable to suppose that Christ is not king of immortality. He is not less in heaven than He was on earth; it is not rational to suppose that the fact of Christ means less in heaven than it means on earth, and means now; indeed, its power on earth is only the effect and result of its power in heaven. Do you not think that the name of Jesus would have been dead and buried long ago but for one thing—He is not dead? The fact of Christ and its importance in the testimonies and the experience of men today, spiritual and unspiritual alike, is the reflex and the expression of the undoubted truth that the Christ behind it is living still.

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Yes, we want to send you this beautiful, golden-haired doll. Nearly 2½ feet tall, and she will make you love her as soon as you see her. Let us tell you more about this charming little lady; she can not be broken, has cheeks like two pink roses and with her big brown eyes, and lips that look as if they wanted to be kissed, she is just the sweetest doll that you ever saw. She is so big and fat that you will have to put her to bed in your own crib and dress her in your own out-grown clothes or some of the baby's. With a real child's dress on, and a red bow that can't get lost or come untied in her bright curls, you will have a baby that all your little friends will admire, and you will love her better than all your other dolls because she is a kind that won't break, lose her eyes or snarl her hair. This doll is stamped in beautiful colors, on strong cloth and mamma can sew her up on the machine in ten minutes. The printed directions will tell her how to make Miss Doll; and she can be made so that you can bend her arms and legs and allow you to place her in all kinds of positions. She has on bright red stockings and black laced shoes that will not wear out. She is the kind of a doll that your grandma used to play with, only the doll of her day had no pretty face like a little live girl. In addition to this great big doll, we have a present that we want to send you free. We have a lot of beautiful rings, some are signets and some are rings set with imitation diamonds, rubies, etc., and we are going to give one to you. Send us 25 cents for the big doll, and enclose a strip of paper the size of your finger and we will send you the doll and pick out one of the prettiest rings we can find and send them both to you, postage prepaid, the same day that we get your order. The price of the doll is 25c and we give you the ring.

The G. H. Ranslow Co., Dept. I
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quickly stops coughs, cures colds, and heals
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A kindly word is always a safe word. On looking back we often regret our harsh, hasty words, but very rarely the cheering ones. Even if those to whom they are addressed do not appreciate them, the speaker benefits — for every encouraging word we utter helps us, every friendly word cheers us, every loving word ennobles us, every brave, honest word strengthens us. Speak kindly to all; you will never regret it!

Ring Out, Ye Merry Bells!

Ring out, ye merry bells! Welcome, bright icicles!
Welcome, old holly-crowned Christmas again!
Blithe as a child at play, keeping his holiday,
Welcome him back from the snow peak and plain.

Up with the holly bough, green from the winter's brow.

Lock up your ledgers and cares for a day:

Out to the forest go, gather the mistle-toe,

Old and young, rich and poor, up and away!

Up with the holly bough, ay, and the laurel now:

In with the yale log, and brighten the hearth:

Quick! here he is again, come with his joyous train,

Laughter and music, and friendship and mirth.

Up with the holly boughs, high in each manor house,

Garnish the antlers that hang in the hall:

Yes, and the "neck" of corn with a gay wreath adorn.

Rich as the bloom on the cottager's wall.

Wealth has its duties now. Christmas, you will allow;

Think, then, ye rich, whilst your tables are spread,

Think of those wretched ones, Poverty's stricken sons,

Weeping whilst children are asking for bread.

Ring out, ye merry bells! ring till your music swells

Out o'er the mountain, and far on the main:

Ring till those cheerless ones catch up your merry tones,

Singing, "Come Christmas, again and again."

Never Too Late

The other day I read an account in the newspaper of an old negro lady, an ex-slave, who has learned to read at eighty years of age. Her name is Mrs. Evans, and her education has been sadly neglected. At eighty, having done her life work, she decided to go to school, and although she has only been there five months she has got so that she can read most of the Bible, save for a few words she cannot pronounce. When she was asked how she learned to read so well and in such a short time, she explained it by saying:

"When I do a thing, I do it. I ain't looking here and dere, and everwhicheaway. I'se looking right where de book is."

That struck me as a good motto for those who are beginning to learn at the other end of the scale of life. The aged negress has found the secret of success, and it is a secret that boys and girls need to learn as well. The secret is to look "right where de book is." If a lad at school is interested in everything that goes on round about him except that bit of work which in his own, and which is straight before him, he will turn out to be a bad scholar. "Looking here and dere and everwhicheaway" explains many of the failures of the world.

The same thing is true in the larger lessons of life. There are so many people who scatter their energies, and mind other people's businesses, and look everywhere except where "de book is."

As a rule, the people who mind other people's affairs never mind their own, and, after all, it is our own tasks that we are responsible for.

The Apostle Paul taught just the same lesson as the negress when he said, "One thing I do." The success in life comes to those who do one thing, and do it well. "All things come to him who waits," says the old proverb. I would rather read it. "All things come to him who sticks" — that is, if he sticks long enough. There is no royal road to getting a thing done, but the common road of doing it.

"When I do a thing, I do it. I ain't looking here and dere and everwhicheaway. I'se looking right where de book is."

"World-Loneliness"

Work with the hands which leaves the mind free is partly accountable for the overwhelming loneliness that oppresses many women. Not only are they conscious of the isolation of the farm or the kitchen, but they suffer from that vague "world-loneliness" which is not the less torturing because it is so inexpressible and so insuperable.

Maeterlinck describes one aspect of it—the isolation of mankind among the other animals of the earth. "We are alone," he says, "absolutely alone on this chance planet, and amid all the forms of life that surround us, not one excepting the dog has made an alliance with us. A few creatures fear us, most are unaware of us, and not one loves us."

It is not only that we are unable to establish communication with the bird or the deer, and that we find the wind and the flower and the wave and the mountain dumb to our speech, but that our friends do not respond to our mute entreaty for companionship.

The woman who comes nearest to finding society even in the midst of world-solitude is doubtless the mother whose children's arms are round her neck and their voices sounding in her ears. But even for her, and for all other women who struggle under the burden of their own isolation in a world crowded with other isolated lives, the only motto is Sir Philip Sidney's inspiring word, "They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."

FAITH

He was the strongest man I knew,
Serene and self-secure;
Fashioned to mock at time and chance,
To suffer and endure.

I saw him poor, unknown, despised,
Hew out his gradual way;
I saw him battle mighty wrongs
As if the war were play.

I saw him lift men up, and best,
When life went like a song
Of pleasant things, I saw him still
Simple and pure and strong.

And, learning of his faith, I asked
How such a thing need be
In one so strong, and whence it came?
And thus he answered me:

"God lives, God reigns, God loves the world:

This much at least I know
With all my heart and soul, because
Because I need Him so!"

Poor Richard's Junior's Philosophy

The man with no calling is seldom heard from.
Be natural and you will never be ridiculous.

You won't improve your chances by taking too many.

The bleached blonde will never say die—she calls it "tinting."

There are exhorters who exhort, and exhorters who exhaust.

Every woman has three inalienable rights: Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of a Husband.

Sand without sense is not so effective as sand and sense together, but it will beat sense without sand any day.

HOW NATURE CURES CONSTIPATION

**And Why Drugs Are Being Used Less
and Less for That Purpose**

The custom of Internal Bathing for keeping the intestines pure, clean, and free from poisonous matter — curing constipation, biliousness, and the more serious diseases which they bring on — has become so popular and so scientifically correct in its application as to merit the most serious consideration.

Drugs for this purpose have proven that their doses must be constantly increased to be effective, that they force Nature instead of assisting her, and, once taken, must be continued.

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Its action is so simple and natural as to immediately appeal to your common sense. That is the reason for its great and deserved popularity.

Send now for booklet, "Why Man of Today is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient" to Harry Mitchell, 446 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, or write Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 771-2, 280 College Street, Toronto.



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Shiloh 25c
"The Family Friend for 40 years." A never failing relief for Croup and Whooping Cough.

Uncle Ephraim's Notions

De rooster's crow don't sound so big when de hen starts ter cacklin' ober a new aig.

It ain't charity ter find fault wid de looks ob a scarecrow aifah er hard wintah.

When luck knocks at de doah, hit don't hang erroun ter listen to de man who gits mad fer bein' waked up.

I notice one thing: de braddas like bumblebees—biggest when dey first gits out, but spryer aifah deh knocks agin' de world a bit.

REST

The sun glows red in the burning west,
And the swallows hie to their nest;
The robin swells his beautiful breast,
And sings his mate to rest.

Nature is lulled in a sweet repose,
And her hush is gentle as dew;
Dull care is banished and all our woes
Sink, as the sun, from view.

A hope in one divine Saviour, an anticipation of one eternal Home, a love and faith, that take God's goodness for granted, and never entertain a doubt, build a foundation for real friendship.

Sowing the Bible

In Armenia the distribution of the Bible by missionaries is especially difficult. Yet the book is eagerly read by the natives when it falls into their hands, as may be gathered from this story, told by one of the Bible men. A copy of the Bible was given to a patient in the hospital, and by him carried to his home in a village. Here an Armenian priest took it from the man, and having torn it to pieces, threw it into the street.

A grocer picked it up and took it to his shop, where he began to use it as wrapping-paper. So for a time olives, cheese, candles and other things sent forth from that store were wrapped in pages upon which were printed the "Words of Life."



Johnnie Cannuck in Winter Garb

Spirit of Rest! Brood o'er us tonight!
Enfold us with sheltering wings
Till shadows are lost in rosy light,
And Heaven's life-bell rings.

Essentials of Friendship

Essential to the highest friendship are a common education, a common ideal, and a common hope. Friends may meet on the lower planes and yet be of varying degrees of culture; but for the highest expansions of regard, it is needful that there be comprehension of one another.

Two who speak the same language will get on better than if one speak a foreign tongue that his friend cannot understand, or if one expresses himself only in dumb show. The man or woman with low ideals as to honor, as to courtesy, as to self-denial, as to aspiration after righteousness, cannot find a union of spirit in a friend who is striving after perfection, in these qualities and endeavors.

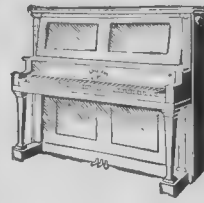
In this way one Bible was scattered about through that village, and was read by many whose interest was so far aroused that they began asking for more of the same book. The result was that when the colporteur next came round, over one hundred Bibles or portions of the Bible were sold in that village.

Suffering Loss for Christ

"When I was at home a year ago last summer," says Dr. Torrey, "I found that during my absence from my church a bright young Jewess had, amongst others, been converted. She was an out-and-out Christian, the only one in her home, but as she supported the home, they couldn't very well turn her out of it.

"She was working for one of the best-known firms in Chicago, and, after her conversion, she at once went to work to lead others to Christ.

"One day the manager called her up



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WEBBER	150	GOURLAY (reg. \$550)	340
MENDELSSOHN ...	165	GOURLAY (regular \$550)	345
DOMINION	165	A SHERLOCK-PLAYER - PIANO and ROLLS was \$750	485
STERLING	195	An ANGELUS-PLAYER - PIANO was \$850	525
DOMINION (regular \$400)	235		
STERLING	235		
SHERLOCK (regular \$400 Mission)	275		
MASON & RISCH (regular \$400)	\$295		

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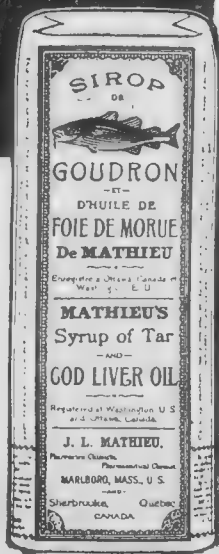
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and said, 'Miss So-and-So, I hear you are talking Christ to all the other employees.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'I am.' 'Well,' he said, 'you mustn't do it. We will not interfere with your religion; we don't object to it; Christianity's a good thing, but you must not talk it around the office.' 'Very well,' said she, 'if I cannot take Christ with me to the office I'll leave it, for I cannot work where I have to be disloyal to Jesus Christ.'

"She went on with her work, and went on with her testimony for Jesus Christ, expecting every day to get her dismissal."

"At the end of the week a letter came from the manager. 'Here is my dismissal,' she thought as she tore open the envelope. She read, 'Dear Miss : We have a position that has just become vacant; a position of great trust and responsibility, with a better salary than you are now receiving. We think you are just the person to fill it, and I am authorized to offer it to you.'

"Business men," continued Dr. Torrey, "want men and women they can trust. They knew they could trust her. But suppose she had lost her position? (At this point Mr. Alexander spoke up, saying, "A girl in the choir has lost her position for the same reason.") "Well," continued Dr. Torrey, "it is a privilege to suffer loss for Jesus Christ, and it cannot harm you. It will bring you a hundredfold blessing in the life that now is, and in the life to come life ever lasting."

Back to Christ

Back to Christ! is the cry today.
Back to the sweet simplicity
Of Him who is the Life, the Way,
Whose truth alone can make us free.

Back to the one unerring Guide
Through life's perplexing maze-like
way,
Without Him we are mystified,
But with Him all is clear as day.

Back to the joys of brotherhood,
To freedom, though unselfishness,
To simple ways of doing good—
The ways of Him Who came to bless.

Oh, once again to that straight road
Which our forefathers bravely trod.
Back to the Christ! He takes our load.
Guides our poor wandering feet to
God.

E. Murray-Halford.

Waiting for an Earthquake

The church has in it many men of business, men capable of attending to large business enterprises, says a worthy pastor. With their very best talent, and with great energy, they will push their business to the front. Yet when it comes to church work, many are like the old man whom a traveller found sitting under a tree, the picture of ease and contentment. He saluted him and asked: "How are the times?" "Well," said the old man, "times is pretty tolerable, pretty tolerable. I had some trees to cut down, but a storm came along and felled them, and saved me the work." "Good," said the traveller. "Then the lightning struck the brush piles and burned them up and saved me the trouble." "Fine," said the traveller, "and what are you doing now?" "O," said the stranger, "I'm just waitin' for an earthquake to come along and shake the 'taters out of the ground."

Isn't that the picture of many? Instead of using our talent and energy to "do with our might what our hands find to do," we are waiting for an earthquake or something else to do the work for us.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is the result of expert chemical experiments, undertaken to discover a preventive of inflammation of the lungs and consumption, by destroying the germs that develop these diseases, and fill the world with pitiable subjects hopelessly stricken. The use of this Syrup will prevent the dire consequences of neglected Colds. A trial, which costs only 25 cents, will convince you that this is correct.



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Don't forget we (through this monthly journal) like to remind you to send your combings to us. We make them up in any and every style. We do the largest combing orders in Western Canada. We make a specialty of matching hair if you want a new switch for Xmas.

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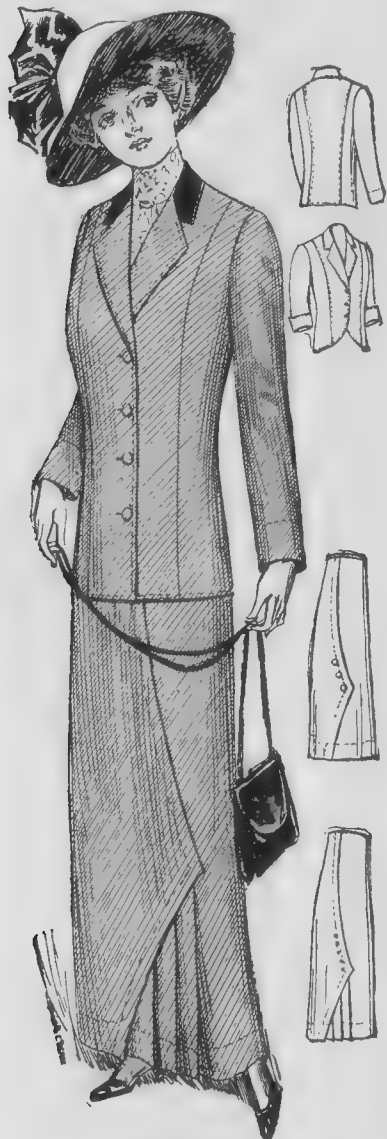
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Fashions and Patterns

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c.
Order by number stating size wanted.
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The Fashionable Serge

THERE are many rough finished suitings worn this season which are very smart, but serge retains all its popularity, nevertheless, and for the useful suit, nothing is better. This one is quite new in style and includes the new envelope skirt that can be made with the plaited panels or plain. In this instance, the coat is



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7442 Single Breasted Coat,
34 to 44 bust.

7477 Four-Piece Envelope Skirt,
22 to 30 waist.

made with straight fronts and plain, long sleeves and that treatment is best for the generally useful costume, but the coat can be given quite a different effect by using the cutaway fronts and either the three-quarter or long sleeves. Treated in such a way, it becomes adapted to velvet, silks, wool velours and various other materials of afternoon occasions and can be combined either with this skirt or with any other that may be liked. If serge is not liked for the suit, cheviot, corduroy or homespun could be substituted or the wool ratine that is being so much worn. The coat is a very easy one to fit for the seams all extend to the shoulder and the skirt is made in just four pieces to be finished with a belt or just above the waist line.

For the medium size, the coat will require $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 52 inches wide with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard for the collar. For the skirt will be needed $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 52 inches wide for serge or other material without up and down, but if the material has figure or nap, 5 yards will be needed in either 27 or 44 inches wide. For the plaited portion will be required 1 yard 27 or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 or 52 inches wide.

The May Manton pattern of the coat 7442 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7477, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

A Pretty Negligee and Cap

Every woman likes a variety of pretty and becoming negligees and here is one that is as simple as it is charming. It means almost no labor for the making. It is thoroughly comfortable to wear and attractive to look upon. In the picture, it is made of one of the cotton crepes showing Japanese designs and is trimmed with bands of Indian silk, while with it is worn a little boudoir cap of white muslin and pretty ribbons. The sleeves are plain ones of the "set-in" sort and the back can be made with a seam that shapes it slightly or left plain as each woman may choose. Also a kimono can be cut off to sacque length so that it really means two models instead of one. For the afternoon rest, nothing prettier than just the combination illustrated could be asked, but there are lovely



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7239 Boudoir or Breakfast Cap,
One Size.

7614 Kimono with Set-In Sleeves,
Small 34 or 36, Medium 38 or 40,
Large 42 or 44 bust.

kimono silks; challis is made in special designs for the purpose and plain colored cashmere is purpose and plain colored cashmere is charming with flowered ribbon. In the small view, the sacque kimono is shown of plain colored silk with trimming of striped and silk is always delightful to

Now then
take care
how you
make that
soup.



A jolly good soup is Edwards' Soup—but, as you know, even the best of soups can easily be spoilt if you don't make them in the proper way.

This is how to make Edwards' Soup (Brown or Tomato variety):—

Put a pint of cold water in a saucepan, add one packet of Edwards' Desiccated Soup (Brown or Tomato variety), boil for thirty minutes, stir frequently, salt and pepper to taste and—there you are!

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There's no bother of peeling vegetables and cutting up meat. Buy a few packets of Edwards' Soup to-day and—take care how you make that soup!

5c. per packet.

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wear. If preferred, the sleeves can be cut long and gathered into bands.

For the long kimono will be required $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27 or 36 inches wide, $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 44 when made without seam at the back, $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 or 36 with seam at center back and for bands, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide; for the sacque kimono $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 or 36 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide. For the boudoir cap will be required $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 36 inches wide with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding and 3 yards of ribbon for the rosettes.

The May Manton pattern of the kimono 7614 is cut in three, small 34 or

Good Models for Various Occasions

- 7604—Girl's Double-Breasted Coat.
7597—Three-Quarter Coat for Misses and Small Women.
7610—Four-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women.
7616—Semi-Princesse Gown.

Separate coats are to be much worn this season and, consequently, entire gowns will be in great demand. For the coats are used in an almost numberless variety of fabrics and they are shown in many styles and

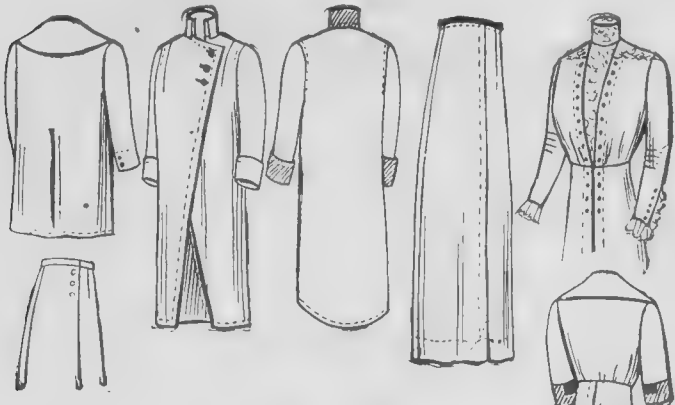
find the slightly open necks becoming give them the preference although it is quite correct to cut the neck high and finish it with a stock collar.

The little girl's coat illustrated is a charming one that is perfectly simple. There are only the shoulders and under-arm seams, and the sleeves are the regulation sort with upper and under portions but without fullness at the shoulders. In the illustration, dark blue chinchilla cloth is trimmed with moire velours in a deep ivory shade.

For the 6-year size, the coat will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36, 2 yards 44, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 52 inches wide

but the cloaking materials of the season are many, and lighter weight cloth can be lined throughout to give a somewhat more dressy effect. The fronts can be made straight or curved and the patch pockets can be used or omitted as liked. The skirt beneath is a plain one cut in four gores with the edges at the left of the front and at the right of the back over-lapped. These edges can be made with either straight or rounded corners.

For the 16-year size, the cost will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27, 3 yards 44, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54 inches wide; the skirt $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 27, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 44 or 52 inches



7604



7597—7610

36, medium 38 or 40, large 42 or 44 inches bust measure; of the cap 7239 in one size. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper upon receipt of ten cents for each.

in various lengths but the three-quarter coat is a favorite and the one illustrated is among the best. For little girls, nothing is better than the long coat that completely covers the dress and this season fancy collars are in vogue and they give a certain touch of distinction. For the gowns that are worn both within doors and upon the street beneath the long coats, silk and wool materials have equal vogue. Lace is much liked as trimming and women who

with 1 yard 21 or $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 44 or 52 inches wide for the trimming.

The May Manton pattern of the coat 7604 is cut in sizes for girls from 4 to 8 years of age.

The coat shown on the second figure is a most satisfactory one adapted to both small women and young girls. It can be rolled back to form revers or buttoned up closely about the throat as occasion demands. In the illustration, it is made of double-faced cloth

7616

wide. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

The May Manton pattern of the coat 7597 and of the skirt 7610 are both cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years.

The semi-princesse gown is an exceptionally graceful one and, in the illustration, it is made of charmeuse satin, that material being a pronounced favorite of the season. The sleeves are long, cut in one piece each, but with tucks at the inner arm that provide fullness for the elbow. If shorter sleeves are liked they can be cut off below the elbow and finished with cuffs. The skirt can be cut in either two or four pieces as best adapted to the material; for the four-piece skirt means simply joining the edges at the front and back and, as the skirt is laid in tucks that are lapped to give the effect of inverted plaits, such joining is invisible.

For the medium size, the gown will require 8 yards of material 27, 5 yards 36 or 44 inches wide with $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 18 inches wide for the collar and vest.

The May Manton pattern of the gown 7616 is cut in sizes from 34 to 46 inches bust measure.

The Fashionable Trimming of Plaid

Plaid is being extensively used as trimming for plain material and the contrast is always a pretty one. This gown is especially well adapted to two materials for there are panels in the skirt and a



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7354. Blouse with Vestee,
34 to 42 bust.

7553. Two-Piece Skirt,
22 to 30 waist.

little vest in the waist. It allows effective use of buttons, too, and the lines are all graceful and becoming. The plaid with the plain material makes an attractive contrast but there are so many fabrics of different sorts that it is possible to vary the idea indefinitely. Silk makes ideal trimming and it contrasts well with the plain silk or with wool

fabrics. Entire silk gowns are being much worn and plain silk could be combined with striped or figured, or a very pretty effect could be obtained by using striped material for the entire gown and cutting the trimming portions on the bias. Of whatever material the gown is made, the lines remain the same and they are essentially smart, giving a notably slender effect at the same time that the skirt is of moderate width. The waist portions are over-lapped at the front but the closing is made at the back.

For the medium size, the waist will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 21 for the vestee, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 18 for the yoke and collar, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 21 inches for the vest and cuffs. The skirt will require $3\frac{3}{4}$

yards of material 27; $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36 or 44 with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards any width for the panels. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

The May Manton pattern of the waist 7354 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7553 in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

Lord Morley: The nations are slowly, but surely, discovering that war is no longer a necessity. It is, indeed, the business of savages. Civilized nations engaged in industrial pursuits have neither the time nor the inclination for mutual destruction. With the growth of

the spirit of democracy and the assertion of political rights by the toiling masses of mankind, it grows harder and harder to get men to volunteer as soldiers. And the terrible cost of the military establishments in all civilized countries weighs like a nightmare on the lives of the great majority of the citizens.

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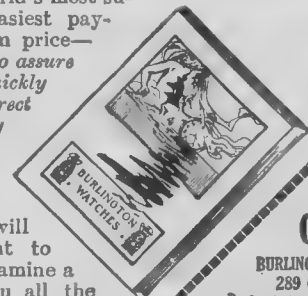
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Woman and the Home

The World

THE world is such a pleasant place
For any child to be,
With pleasant things to sing about

And pleasant things to see,
And other little children near
And pleasant roads to go;
And many things a-happening
Which only children know.

The world is full of apple trees
And stony wall to climb,
And buttercups and meadow-sweet
And all the summer time,
And singing brooks where cowslips grow
And children wade and fish,
And blackberries as large and sweet
As any child may wish.

The world is full of lullabies
And loves for little heads,
And mother-dears to sit beside
The sleepy trundle beds,
And pretty dreams to run among
As far as you can see—
The world is such a happy place
For any child to be.

—Carolyn S. Bailey.

prefer a minister who speaks his own thoughts, however mediocre they may be.

The following story is told illustrating the aversion of congregations to sermon reading.

A sermon-reading clergyman called one day on a humble parishioner, a cobbler. He sat mending a pair of boots and reading his Bible at the same time.

"What are you doing, Giles?" asked our friend, with a benevolent smile.

"Propheysin'," Giles answered.

"Propheysin'? Nonsense!"

"Well," said the cobbler, curtly, "if readin' a sermon is preachin', isn't readin' a prophecy propheysin'?"

Only a Flower

Only a flower, yet whisp'ring fond
The tiding glad from realms above,
Bidding our hearts with joy respond
To God the Father's boundless love—
Guiding our souls, when tempest-driven,
Across Life's dark and angry main,
To where the beacon-lights of Heaven
Bring rest from earthly care and pain.



A Pleasing Reflection

The Mother's Influence

Mothers still make garments for their children—not on the loom or with their busy needles merely, but by their holy and ennobling characters displayed from day to day before young and quickly observant eyes, by their words and conversation, and by the habits of their daily devotion.

What the children see they imitate, and unconsciously array themselves in the gentleness or rudeness, the reverence for religion, or indifference, the refinement or coarseness of manner which is daily presented to their gaze.

As fish take on the mottled color of the ground on which they lie, and as the plovers change their plumage to match the winter or the spring, so children wear the robes which their mother's character and behavior, temper and tones, weave for them.—F. B. Meyer.

Second-Hand Wisdom

Sir Roger de Coverley obliged his chaplain to deliver sermons written by famous old divines instead of original preachments, and Addison assures us that many clergymen would do well to adopt the plan. But most congregations

Only a flower, yet it may teach,
In all its simple loveliness,
Mightier truths than sages preach,
How faith sublime the world may bless,
Forming the bright and welcome token—
E'en as the stars at night that shine,
Gemming the azure arch unbroken—
Of wondrous love and pow'r divine.

Only a flower, yet He Whose hand
Hath bade each bud with beauty bloom,
O'er earth and sea hath stern command,
O'er summer's joy and winter's gloom;
But in His mercy stoops to listen
To Sorrow's wail, to Suffring's prayer,
And bids the tear no longer glisten,
The heart no more of rest despair.
—John Plummer.

The Stay-at-Home Sister

A correspondent writes feelingly about the daughter whose duty it is to stay at home and help with the housework. Her sisters go out daily to work, and each earns a salary; besides having regular hours for rest, their Sundays and their evenings are at their own disposal. The home-keeping sister is busy all day, and is washing dishes all the evening. In the intervals of work and of standing on



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her feet, she has mending and making to do for the others. On Sunday she has to help with the dinner, and it is late before she gets through. She has never any remuneration that is at all regular, and, in fact, the home people fancy that she is very well paid because she has her board and clothes. But is she?

I read between the lines that the writer of this letter feels herself unfairly treated, as indeed she is, since she is doing her full share to save expenses in the family, and since her efforts leave her sisters free for self support, it would be a good plan for them or her parents to give her a regular weekly sum to be entirely her own. One of the sisters in turn should relieve her on Sundays, so that she might be free to attend church. If all took turns in getting the Sunday dinner, none would have a reason to complain of hardship. The sister who works in the household is entitled to every privilege that the others enjoy.

The Sweetest Gift of Love

By Frank L. Stanton

What shall I give her — my little girl
With the soft dark eyes and the
silken net

Of tresses, with many a sun-bright curl?
What shall I give her—my love, my
pet?

What shall I give her of beauty and
bliss

To match the bright curls that she
gives me to kiss?

My love! I have given her that! 'tis
old—

Old as her life, though her face is
young;

I have given my darling my heart to
hold,

With the sweetest songs that my
heart has sung!

There is nothing to give her save only
—this—

The kiss on the curls that she gives me
to kiss!

She is climbing up to my arms—I see
The light of Heaven in her lovely
eyes!

Over the face and the life of me
Curl on curl in its splendor lies!

Nothing to give her save only this—
The kiss on the curls that she gives me
to kiss!

—“A World Without a Child”

(Selection from Mr. Coulson Kernahan's
New Book)

To all men, even to the impure, God grants the gift of memory. But the memory of the impure is like an opaque-backed mirror hung on a wall. It shows only what lies behind. But sometimes, to those who are crystal-pure of heart, God gives, in place of memory's mirror, a magic glass, as crystal pure even as their hearts—a glass in which may be seen, not only the mirrored picture of what lies behind, but also of what lies before. . . . These are the pure in heart, and thou art not as they. Therefore, to look into the future is denied thee.

* * *

Very lovely is the confidence of childhood. We do well to speak of “King Baby,” for the right, by which a little child shall rule, is a diviner, sweeter right and sanctity than ever was accorded to Kings. It is the inalienable right, the royal prerogative of every child to come into this world assured that its coming will set joy-bells of the heart a-ringing.

* * *

Creed is more often the outcome of conduct than conduct is of creed. To decide to disobey God, to persist in that disobedience, means that you have decided to do without God in your life. And when you have decided to put God out of your life, you are already an atheist by choice, and must not complain if you end in becoming one by conviction.

* * *

Every woman, most of all every mother, is, by her very nature, a Chris-

tian. . . . The words “atheist” and “woman” seem to be the very antithesis of each other.

Winning

It takes a little courage

And a little self-control,
And some grim determination

If you want to reach a goal.

It takes a deal of striving,

And a firm and stern set chin,

No matter what the battle,
If you're really out to win.

There's no easy path to glory,

There's no rosy road to fame,

Life, however we may view it,

Is no simple parlor game;

But its prizes call for fighting,

For endurance and for grit,

For a rugged disposition,

And a “don't-know-when-to-quit.”

You must take a blow or give one,

You must risk and you must lose,

And expect that in the struggle

You will suffer from a bruise.

But you musn't wince or falter

If a fight you once begin,

Be a man and face the battle

That's the only way to win.

Ten Not Enough

It was an examination on the Bible, and the first question the teacher asked was, “How many commandments are there?”

The little boy thought a while, and then he answered,

“A hundred.”

“A hundred! No, of course not,” said the examiner. “That will do for you.”

And the little boy went out sadly.

He had failed.

But he hung about the building, and in a half-hour another boy appeared.

He was on the way to the examination, too. He asked the boy who had failed what questions had been put to him, and the unhappy failure answered:

“The teacher wanted to know how many commandments there were. What will you say when he asks you that?”

“I'll say ten,” was the reply.

The boy who had failed laughed loud and long.

“Ten!” he cried. Well, just try him with your ten. I tried him with one hundred, and he wasn't satisfied.”

Biased Judgment

“Daily bread” means “daily bread” to the East End child of London. It is no euphemistic expression for chicken and lemonade. When it is lacking in any home, as it often is, the children of the neighborhood all know it, and sympathize with a feeling born of common suffering.

In an East End mission was held one night, a week a “Happy Hour for Children,” says the Rev. Richard Free, in “Seven Years' Hard,” in the course of which friendly competitions were held in singing and games. Small money prizes and ribbons were given the “champions.”

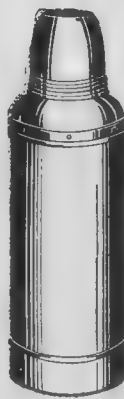
One evening it happened that two girls, Connie and Hilda, were opposed in the singing contest. Connie's father was out of work, and there was great distress at her home. The little ones were crying for food, and their parents were half-crazy with worry and hunger. The “Happy Hour” children knew this, but the curate did not. They manifested the most interest, buzzing like so many flies when the two girls stepped upon the platform.

There was not the slightest doubt of the superiority of Hilda's voice. She sang in a clear, correct soprano. Connie, on the other hand, whose voice would have been inferior at any time, was further hindered by a severe cold, so

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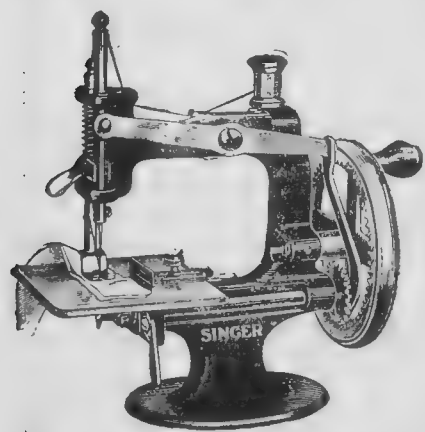
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that she broke down twice and was croaky and throaty. Yet, when the children were asked to vote, with one accord they shouted, "Connie!"

"You should vote for the girl who sang best, not the one you like best," said the curate. "Now, then, for Hilda?"

Not a hand went up.

"For Connie?"

A shoal of hands appeared.

"What! Do you mean to say that Connie sang better than Hilda?" expostulated the curate.

"Yes!" they shrieked.

"But, my dear children, Connie broke down twice."

That made no difference. They shouted, "Connie!" and only "Connie!" and would not have Hilda at any price. Her father was earning thirty-eight shillings a week.

In the end the curate yielded, and with a roar of delight the little East-Enders applauded while he gave Connie the money prize.

"Lov-ely!" exclaimed a little girl in a front seat. "Now they'll have something to eat at her house!"

Links our life and death together?—

Perfect Love has banished fear;

Love is heaven, and Love is here!

—F. W. H. Myers, in "Fragments of Prose and Poetry."

A Neighborly Duty

Now that all households have settled down again after the holiday season, it would be well for some of us to resolve to mark the coming winter by special kindness and courtesy to the elderly people of our neighborhood.

At the other extreme of life, their needs are as distinctive as those of the children, and they are in far more danger of being overlooked. Of newcomers, especially, this is true. The loneliness of an aged man or woman removing from the home of years to spend the remainder of life in the household of a son or daughter, however loving, is often most pitiful.

With the delicate adjustments which the relations to grandchildren and chil-



Ready for the Camera

Then the curate understood and appreciated the biased judgment of his flock — a judgment in which the defeated Hilda entirely concurred.

Perfect Love

Love, they said, is faint and dying;
Love, they said, is worn and old,
Chained with customs, bought with gold;

Hark! I heard his voice replying,
"Though ye flout him, what are ye?
Love is master: Love is free!"

Love, they said, not long will linger,—
Slights his choosen, leaves his own;
Woe's the heart whence Love has flown.

Touched in spring with autumn's finger!
Nay, your doubts have done him wrong,
Love is deathless, Love is strong!

Love can bind with lightest tether
Heart to heart and soul to soul:—
Nay, what law but Love's control

dren-at-law require, outsiders may not meddle, but from a friendly and considerate circle outside may come many little alleviations and distractions. To ask to see the grandmother when one is paying a call is a simple enough courtesy, but it is often neglected.

Often, too, the grandfathers and grandmothers are not nearly old enough to be counted on the retired list when religious or philanthropic activities are in question. It is sometimes at just this point that the change from the earlier life, so full of usefulness and importance, is most poignantly felt. The working force of some churches might be perceptibly increased by calling out afresh the energies of this older generation.

A Floor-Worshipper

It sometimes takes a stranger's description of our familiar habits to present them to us in a new light.

A lady recently said that she knew a wife who turned the cat outdoors and

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scrubbed the kitchen floor every night just before she went to bed. One night she forgot that her husband was at work in the barn, and just as she got the floor "clean enough to eat off" she heard his steps at the door. Rather than let him soil the floor she made him spend the night on the haymow.

Are there any floor-worshippers in—well, let us say the room where you are reading this paragraph?

Mother Stories

By L. C. from "Under Mother's Wing."

The Donkey

There was once a poor little Donkey on wheels. It had never wagged its tail, or tossed its head, or said "Hee-haw!" or tasted a tender thistle. It always went about anywhere that one pulled it on four wooden wheels, carrying a foolish Knight who wore a large round hat and a long cloak, because he had no legs. Now a man who has no legs and rides a Donkey on wheels has little cause for pride; but the Knight

American Indian Folk Tales

The Raccoon and the Bee Tree

The Raccoon had been asleep all day in the snug hollow of a tree. The dusk was coming on when he awoke, stretched himself once or twice, and jumping down from the top of the tall, dead stump in which he made his home, set out to look for his supper.

In the midst of the woods there was a lake, and all along the lake shore there rang out the alarm cries of the water people as the Raccoon came nearer and nearer.

First the Swan gave a scream of warning. The Crane repeated the cry, and from the very middle of the lake the Loon, swimming low, took it up and echoed it back over the still water.

The Raccoon sped merrily on, and finding no unwary bird that he could seize he picked up a few mussel-shells from the beach, cracked them neatly, and ate the sweet meat.

A little farther on, as he was leaping hither and thither through the long, tangled meadow grass, he landed with all four feet on a family of



A Fishing Pool on the G.T.P. East of Winnipeg

was haughty and seldom remembered his circumstances. So the Donkey suffered sorely, and in many ways.

One day the Donkey and the Knight were on the table in front of the child to whom they both belonged. She was cutting out a little doll's frock with a large pair of scissors.

"Mistress," said the Knight, "this Donkey tries my temper. Will you give me some spurs?"

"Oh, no, Sir Knight," the child answered. "You would hurt the poor Donkey; besides, you have no heels to put them on."

"Cruel Knight!" exclaimed the Donkey. "Make him get off; dear mistress; I will carry him no longer."

"Let him stay," said the child gently; "he has no legs and cannot walk."

"Then why did he want spurs?"

"Just the way of the world, dear Donkey; just the way of the world."

"Ah!" sighed the Donkey, "some ways are very trying, especially the world's." And then it said no more, but thought of the fields it would never see and the thistles it would never taste.

Skunks — father, mother and twelve little ones, who were curled up sound asleep in a soft bed of broken dry grass.

"Huh!" exclaimed the father Skunk. "What do you mean by this, eh?" And he stood looking at him defiantly.

"Oh, excuse me, excuse me," begged the Raccoon. "I am very sorry. I did not meant to do it! I was just running along and I did not see you at all."

"Better be careful where you step next time," grumbled the Skunk, and the Raccoon was glad to hurry on.

Running up a tall tree he came upon two red Squirrels in one nest, but before he could get his paws upon one of them they were scolding angrily from the topmost bough.

"Come down, friends!" called the Raccoon. "What are you doing up there? Why, I wouldn't harm you for anything!"

"Ugh, you can't fool us," chattered the Squirrels, and the Raccoon went on.

Deep in the woods, at last he found a great hollow tree which attracted him by a peculiar sweet smell. He sniffed and sniffed, and went round and round till he saw something trickling down a



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The Bon-Ton specialize in women's, girls' and children's clothing exclusively and handle nothing outside of these. They are, therefore, in a better position to cater to the needs of women, girls and children both as to styles, and materials, and give better values than houses which carry all lines and purchase everything on the same basis.

It is safe to say that the two following values taken at random from the new Bon-Ton 1912-13 Autumn and Winter Catalogue cannot be duplicated, quality for quality, and price for price, anywhere in Canada. So confident are we of this, that if, on receipt, the articles are not entirely satisfactory return them and get your money back and we will pay shipping charges.



862—This is a good quality, warm, Nap cloth Coat with a reversible back. It is 52 inches long and can be worn open or closed at neck. The colours are Navy blue, with lighter reverse also bronze with brown reverse. The same coat may be had in reversible cloth, oxford with light grey back, green with fawn or brown with drab. Price prepaid **\$13.95** to your address

8136—Here is a good quality reversible girl's coat with lining of self material. May be had in oxford grey with light grey, green with drab and brown with drab. It can also be had in Chinchillia Cloth or ratine of the navy blue shade with light blue reversible or in bronze with brown. Sizes 6 to 8 years **\$7.99** **\$7.49**. 10-12 years Price prepaid to your address.

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D-12

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\$50 CASH PRIZE

ALSO A PRIZE OF \$10 for NEATEST SOLUTION. Somebody who sends for particulars of this Puzzle Contest telling us **WHAT TWO CITIES ARE REPRESENTED BY the above Two Sketches**, will receive a **\$50 GOLD WATCH** or ... **\$50 IN GOLD MONEY!** Try it at once. It may be you. Write the names of the Cities in a letter or postcard, giving your Name and Address plainly.

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1912

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5th to 9th Prizes, each \$10.00 In Cash.

Herewith will be found the picture of a Chinaman washing clothes. Hidden about his figure and tub are seven faces. Can you find them. It is not easy, but can be accomplished. Try—you may win a cash prize by doing so. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses published below. If you find the faces mark each one you find with an X cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found all the faces and marked them."



Write these nine words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness will be considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time, but as there is TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash and One Hundred premiums given away, it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter.

Remember, all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found all the faces and marked them."

We do not ask You to Spend One Cent of Your Money in order to enter this Contest.

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over One Thousand Five Hundred dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.)

Winners of cash prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest.

This competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, namely,

the advertising Managers of the Montreal Daily Herald and Montreal Daily La Presse, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

Below will be found a partial list of the names and addresses of a few persons who have won some of our larger prizes in recent contests. Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of anyone else, as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarred from entering this contest.

Names and Addresses of a few Prize-Winners in recent Contests

Mrs. W. A. C. Orr, 208 Gurnell St., Winnipeg	\$50.00	Mr. K. A. Rodger, 4 Manhattan Apts., Church St. Toronto	\$35.00
Miss E. Brodeur, 6 Gillespie St., Sherbrooke	50.00	Mrs. J. B. Girouard, 656 Maconnave St., Montreal	35.00
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Mr. J. A. St. Pierre, Arthabaska, Que.	50.00	Miss Mary Cokhrane, 114 Preston St., Ottawa	35.00
Mrs. E. McMillan, 335 Medland St., West Toronto	50.00	Mrs. G. H. Benson, 323 Hargrave St., Winnipeg	35.00
Mr. H. Lloyd, Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Ont.	50.00	Mrs. W. D. Little, Powassan, Ont.	30.00
Mr. Jos. E. Champagne, 212 Bolton, Ottawa, Ont.	50.00	Mr. Thos. Blakey, 88 Huntley St., Toronto	25.00
Miss Daisy Raby, 182 University Ave., Toronto	40.00	Miss Mary Lamb, 22 Spencer St., St. John's, Nfld.	25.00
Mr. Jno. W. London, 486 Ross Ave., Winnipeg, Man.	40.00	Miss E. A. Kennedy, 16 Railway St., Hamilton	25.00
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Mrs. Andrew Johnson, Box 103, Roblin, Man.	40.00	Mrs. E. H. Dunnett, 200 Hughson St., Hamilton	25.00
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Mr. F. A. Ferguson, 221 James Ave., Winnipeg	40.00	Mr. M. J. Brouse, 53 St. George St., Toronto	25.00
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narrow crevice. He tasted it and it was deliciously sweet.

He ran up the tree and down again, and at last found an opening into which he could thrust his paw. He brought it out covered with honey!

Now the Raccoon was happy. He ate and scooped, and scooped and ate the golden, trickling honey with both forepaws till his pretty, pointed face was daubed all over.

Suddenly he tried to get a paw into his ear. Something hurt him terribly just there, and the next minute his sensitive nose was frightfully stung. He rubbed his face with both sticky paws. The sharp stings came thicker and faster, and he wildly clawed the air. At last he forgot to hold on to the branch any longer, and with a screech he tumbled to the ground.

There he rolled and rolled on the dead leaves till he was covered with leaves from head to foot, for they stuck fast to his fine, sticky fur, and most of all they covered his eyes and his striped face. Mad with fright and pain he dashed through the forest calling to some one of his own kind to come to his aid.

The moon was now bright, and many of the woods people were abroad. A second Raccoon heard the call and went to meet it. But when he saw a frightful object plastered with dry leaves racing madly toward him he turned and ran for his life, for he did not know what this might be.

The Raccoon who had been stealing the honey ran after him as fast as he could hoping to overtake and beg the other to help him get rid of his leaves.

So they ran and they ran out of the woods on to the shining white beach around the lake. Here a Fox met them, but after one look at the queer object which was chasing the frightened Raccoon he, too, turned and ran at his best speed.

Presently a young Bear came loping out of the wood and sat up on his haunches to see them go by. But when he got a good look at the Raccoon, who was plastered with dead leaves, he scrambled up a tree to be out of the way.

By this time the poor Raccoon was so frantic that he scarcely knew what he was doing. He ran up the tree after the Bear and got hold of his tail.

"Woo, woo!" snarled the Bear, and the Raccoon let go. He was tired out and dreadfully ashamed. He did not know what he ought to have done at the very first—he jumped into the lake and washed off most of the leaves. Then he got back to his hollow tree and curled himself up and licked and licked his soft fur till he had licked himself clean, and then went to sleep.

The midnight hunter steals at his own risk.

—Elaine Goodale Eastman.

Little Brown Thrush

Little Brown Thrush was very sad indeed. He sat on the topmost branch of a low maple tree and peeped in the saddest tone possible—for he was so tired of the brown coat and vest that he always wore, and his eyes were full of envy as he gazed at an Oriole on the nearest tree. The Oriole was singing a merry little tune and did not even stop as the sad little bird hopped up to him and said: "What makes your coat such a beautiful color?"

"Because I am so happy," trilled the Oriole, who having ended his tune, flew away to another tree, where Brown Thrush heard him beginning another joyous song.

"There, I can never have anything but my ugly brown coat," said the sad little bird to himself, "for I am so unhappy that I can do nothing but weep," and away he hopped into the darkest shadow of an old pine tree. And the wind, whistling through the tree, made a noise which sounded to little Brown Thrush like "U-g-l-y! ugly-u-g-l-y!"

"Why so sad?" peeped a cheerful little voice, and Brown Thrush, looking out into the sunshine, saw a happy little figure all dressed in bright blue. It was his friend Blue Jay, and never had his blue suit looked so beautiful as it did this day to the forlorn bird.

"Blue Jay," he peeped, and his voice and his voice sounded like a sob, "why are you so merry, and what makes your coat so blue?" The Blue Jay's trill seemed like a peal of laughter.

"What a funny bird you are, Brown Thrush! Your question is so easy: because the sky and water are so blue," and away he flew.

For several minutes Brown Thrush pondered over Blue Jay's answer, then a happy thought struck him. As swiftly as possible he flew to the river and, yes, it was as Blue Jay had told him. The sky was a bright blue and seemed to make the water just its color. He would dip down into it and perhaps his old brown coat would turn blue.

In went one little foot. My! But it was cold! But what did it matter? He was brave and he wanted a bright coat so much. In went his whole body, even his head, and his eyes were so filled with water that it was some time before he was able to see whether or not his coat had turned blue. But his cold plunge was in vain. The water had made his coat even darker, and as he flew away to find a place to warm himself he heard a Frog croak: "It's brown; still brown; it's brown."

Brown Thrush's disappointment was so great that he did not even notice that he had perched on a high post near a Robin, and it was only when he heard a cheerful "What's the trouble, Brown Thrush?" that he turned his head.

"Where did you get your bright red vest?" he sobbed out, and the Robin, hopping about from one twig to another, said: "Cheer up; just see how red the sun is!" Brown Thrush looked at the sun preparing to sink in the west, and it looked like a great ball of fire. For a moment he felt almost happy, for he thought that at last he would get his wish.

He would fly as near the sun as possible and surely its bright hue would color his vest red; and without stopping to say good-bye he started for his journey to the sun. He flew, and flew, and flew, and seemed to get no nearer. In fact, the sun seemed to be getting farther away, for it had grown more dim and was now only a delicate pink. But still he flew on. It seemed so hard for him to breathe, and he closed his eyes for a little while just to rest them. When he opened them and looked around the sun had almost disappeared and little clouds were trying to cover it up entirely. He was so tired that he was scarcely able to move his wings. All he could do was to spread them out and sink to the earth. And what a long journey it had been! And how happy he thought he would be when his feet touched the brown earth! "Why, I will always love my brown after this!" he said.

Down, down, down he went until at last his feet touched the soft grass. Feebly he hopped to the river and dipped his beak into the cool water. How good it tasted! And before he knew it he was singing a little song of thankfulness.

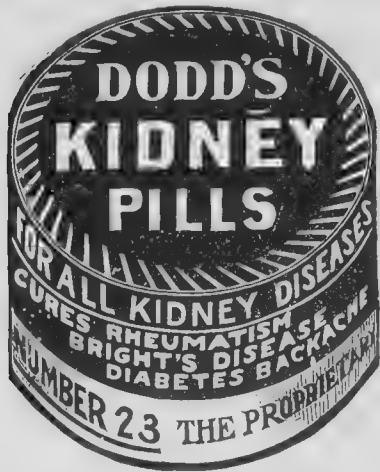
"How beautifully you sing!" croaked the Frog, and Brown Thrush, just to show how much better he could do, warbled on still more sweetly. Then away he flew to the old pine tree. "Who, who, who!" called an Owl from the branch of a tree. "Who?" echoed the bird; "why I'm little Brown Thrush, and I'm tired, and sleepy, but oh! so happy to be at home once more." "Welcome, welcome!" whistled the Wind, and the Evening Star seemed to look down and smile as Brown Thrush sat contentedly on the branch, singing loud and clear his happy good-night.

Sophy C. Smith.

Taddy Frog

"Ah, but this is a nice log!"

Taddy Frog sat beside his mother on a beautiful log that lay across one end of the pond which was his home. The sun shone warm on the log, and Taddy liked it even better than in the cool water where he spent his time pushing his idle way about the weeds and roots along the edges and in chasing the little fishes which could always outswim him.



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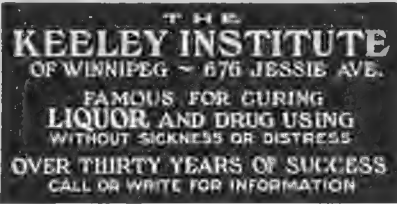
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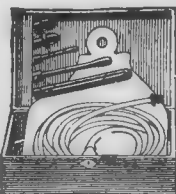
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Sold by the Ultra Druggists, Winnipeg.

The sun's rays felt delightful on his back, and he could fairly feel himself grow.

He looked up at his big, lovely mother, and hoped he would soon grow to be big and beautiful like her; and he nearly fell asleep with the pure bliss of living when something happened, and Taddy and his mother found themselves in the water making frantic efforts to hide under the roots of the weeds. A vicious stone had hit the log just between them.

"That stone was thrown at us by a very bad boy," said Mother Frog.

"Why? Did he want to hurt us?" said Taddy trembling with fright.

"Yes, my child; he would like to kill us."

"I don't see why," said Teddy; "we don't want to hurt him!" And the little Frog lay a long time quietly among the weeds thinking about the many queer things in this strange world into which he had come!

Emma E. Lente.

A Farewell

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;

No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;

Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you

For every day:

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;

Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;

And so make life, death, and that vast forever

One grand, sweet song.

—Charles Kingsley.

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Horrockses' longcloths sheetings and flannelettes are known the world over for their excellence. Every one appreciates the quality of old country fabrics and Horrockses are the very best in all respects. The name is to be found stamped on the selvage and no difficulty will be experienced in obtaining supplies as all the leading stores keep stock of Horrockses' specialties. Don't forget when you need Longcloths, sheetings and flannelettes to ask for Horrockses.

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The Great-West Life Assurance Company of Winnipeg report an exceptionally large business to the end of November.

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Conditions generally promise a continuation of this good business.

Operative

Dr. Cyrus L. Cutler, the well-known Springfield surgeon, is a member of the Colonial Club, an institution that fines its members for talking shop.

Doctor Cutler, getting out of his motor-car, entered the Colonial Club the other day for luncheon, and advancing into the restaurant, said to a lawyer, as he took off his goggles:

"Well old man, how are you?"

The lawyer got Doctor Cutler fined then and there for talking shop.

The next day, when he arrived at the club again for luncheon, the surgeon, angered at what had happened, cut the lawyer. The latter then had him fined once more.

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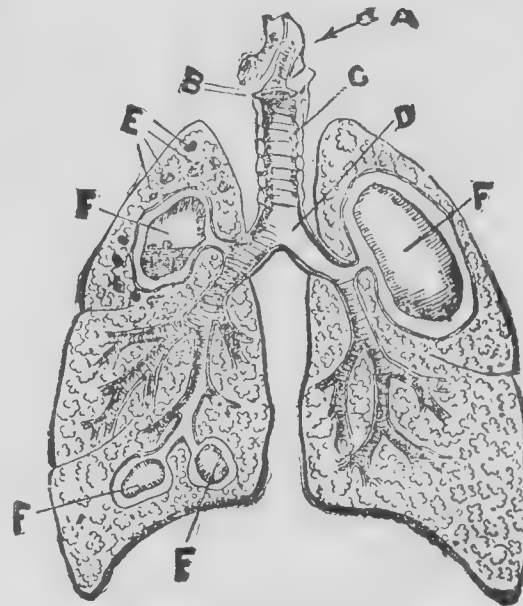
COUGHS THAT KILL

Bronchial Trouble Brings Consumption

If you have a bronchial cough, start to cure it NOW. Don't neglect it any longer. Be warned in time. Bronchial trouble is almost Consumption. Unless you check it, it's more than likely to become Consumption. It's a terribly deceptive—terribly dangerous ailment, for all it seems nothing but an irritating cough. That tickling in your throat; that persistent, annoying hacking; that frequent raising of phlegm—may mean serious inflammation in your bronchial tubes. They lead directly to the lungs. If your bronchial trouble goes on, the germs may enter the lungs. After that—it's too late.

Don't be deceived by the idea 'twill "wear off." Don't be deluded by patent medicine advertisements. Don't be discouraged by people who tell you a bronchial cough is incurable. A trouble so deep-seated—so little understood, can be cured best by a specialist—by one who has the thorough knowledge—the tremendous experience, gained in treating thousands of such cases.

Let me cure your bronchial cough. I have cured countless cases—serious ones where all other treatments had failed. Reader, are you sceptical? Write at once and learn what I can do for you. I am a graduate in Medicine and Surgery of Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service, and for twenty-five years I've been studying, doctoring, and CURING bronchial trouble. My method is different from all others. It's founded on my own scientific discoveries. I've spent a lifetime in perfecting it. 'Twill cost you nothing to find out about it. I will gladly give you



The Bronchial Tubes and the Lungs

This shows how Bronchial Trouble brings Consumption.

A, epiglottis. B, vocal cords. C, windpipe. D, bronchial tubes, inflammation in which is a terribly dangerous thing. E, ulcers in lungs. F, cavities formed by ulcers eating into lung tissues,—the result of unchecked bronchial trouble.

Following are some of the Common Symptoms of Bronchial Trouble.

Do you raise phlegm?
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Do you cough at night?
Do you take cold easily?
Do you get all stuffed up?
Do you have a hacking cough?
Do you have pain in the chest?
Is it hard to breathe sometimes?
Is it hard to get your throat clear?
Do you sometimes cough until you gag.
Do you spit up phlegm in the morning?
DOES your cough seem to wear you out?
Are you worse in spells of damp weather?
Is there a rasped feeling in the throat?
Do you cough at times till you almost choke?
Is there a tickling deep down in your throat?

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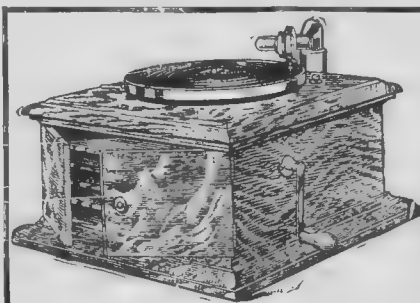
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See Specifications

Bridles.— $\frac{3}{4}$ inch square harness leather Winker, or open if desired, short cheeks over hame.

Lines.—1 inch 20 feet, with snaps. **Hames.**—Varnished wood bolt hame, $\frac{7}{8}$ in. hamestraps, chain spreaders. If desired with steel hames add \$1 per set to harness.

Traces.—2 inch double leather, and stitched with 3 rows of stitching full length. Steel chain with dee and five link chains.

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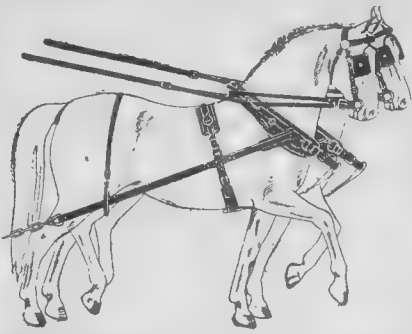
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To still its cries forlorn.

be sacked and held until needed for use.

The process is so simple and so easily applied that every bushel of small grain, whether it be oats, spring wheat, barley, etc., should be treated even though the farmer is pretty well convinced that smut spores are not present in his own seed. It does not require much smutted seed to result in a loss of 5 to 10 per cent of the crop. Anyone can figure for himself what this really means.

Be sure that the formalin is up to full strength. Formalin is 40 per cent solution of formaldehyde, which rapidly loses its strength if it is not kept in tightly corked bottles. Dishonest dealers also dilute with water so that the effectiveness of the formalin treatment is often seriously impaired. Secure your formalin from a source which, to your mind, is a guarantee of its full strength,

More About

The Loading Platform

The present generation of Western farmers will never know the difficulties and vexations experienced by their predecessors in the earlier years, when no one could get a carload of grain shipped in bulk except by loading it through an elevator. The system forced the majority of farmers to sell their grain to the elevator owners at arbitrary prices, and oftentimes to submit to heavy dockage and other annoyances, causing continual dissatisfaction. Now, however, the distribution of cars as fixed by the Grain Act, and the use of the loading platform, provide facilities which enable the farmer to secure satisfactory treatment in the disposal of his grain, and the highest market prices at time of sale. Every farmer, therefore, should more and more endeavor to use the loading platform in shipping his grain to the terminal elevators. It is the safeguard of the farmers' freedom in disposing of his grain to the best advantage for himself. If farmers refrain from using the loading platform freely, it might result in its being done away with, because railway companies and elevator owners are strongly opposed to it. It is easy to understand why elevator people desire the loading platform abolished. The railway people on their part say it delays the loading of cars and helps to cause car shortage; this we know to be nonsense, because frequently after cars are loaded, whether with grain, coal, lumber or other merchandise, they are sidetracked for days and even weeks instead of being promptly moved forward to their destination. It is engine shortage and shortage of competent train men which mostly cause grain blockades on the railways, and not lack of cars. Let every farmer, therefore, do all he can to use the loading platform and become an independent shipper. In subsequent advertisements we will state in detail the savings and other advantages of direct loading into cars as compared with loading through elevators.

We handle the farmers' grain strictly on commission; make liberal advances on car bills of lading; supervise the grading at time cars are inspected; secure the highest prices at time of sale, and make prompt returns when sold. Write us for shipping instructions and market information.

THOMPSON, SONS & CO.

Grain Commission Merchants

701-703D. Grain Exchange: Winnipeg, Canada



A Sign of the Times

Thus ran the busy hours away,
By many a labor blest,
And yet, when fell the twilight gray,
The Tractor had no rest.

For while the farmer, peaceful eyed,
Read by the tungsten's glow,
The patient Tractor stood outside
And ran the dynamo.

[George Fitch in Preoria (Ill). Herald-Transcript.]

Treat Seed Oats for Smut

During the last three or four years nothing new has been developed in the way of improving upon the formalin method of treating seed oats for smut. This is undoubtedly the easiest and simplest. Secure one pound of commercial formalin at any drug store and dissolve in 50 gallons of water. Spread the seed out on the barn floor. With a sprinkling can, distribute this solution, using about one gallon for every bushel of grain. Shovel the oats over until thoroughly wet and leave the grain in a pile for two or three hours, then spread out thin so it will dry. After the moisture has evaporated, the grain can

then it will be possible to absolutely prevent the presence of smutted grain at harvest time.

Dipping the grain in hot water at a temperature of 132 to 133 degrees will usually prevent smut. The seed is placed in coarsely woven baskets covered with wire netting, or in a coarse gunny sack. The water must not be allowed to go higher than 145 degrees, and the treatment at this higher temperature must not extend beyond five minutes. The hot water treatment, while effective, is more difficult to apply. It requires much more labor and some appliances, so that anyone will not be disappointed if he sticks to the formalin treatment.

Will Poultry Improvement pay?

M. G. Kains

Many farmers hesitate to improve the character of their poultry because they fear improvement will not aid them. If they look upon improvement solely from the standpoint of others, they are doubtless correct, even though many farmers make money out of pure-bred poultry raised to sell for breeding purposes. The point under consideration here is not

WE handle Wheat, Oats, Flax and Barley on commission, obtaining best possible grades and prices. Our work is prompt, accurate and reliable. Let us handle YOUR shipments this season. Daily or weekly market letter on application.

REFERENCES:

Bank of Toronto,
Northern Crown Bank
and
Commercial Agencies

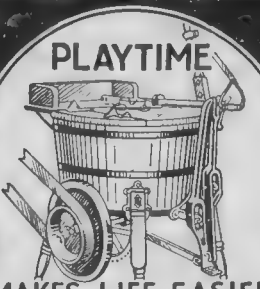
Donald Morrison
& Co.

Established

1904

Grain Commission

711^w Grain Exchange,
WINNIPEG



PLAYTIME

MAKES LIFE EASIER

To lessen household drudgery and make life easier for housewives is the basis on which our establishment is founded, and the growth of our business is due entirely to the fact that we have accomplished that object.

The patented and exclusive features that make the "Playtime" superior didn't "just happen." They are the results of years of experience and study. In OUR opinion it is the best washing machine ever made for farm use. We would like YOUR opinion after a careful examination of its merits. See it at your dealer's or send to us for full information.

Cummer-Dowswell Limited,
Hamilton - Ontario. 107

poultry raising for feathers but for market. Perhaps the best refutation to their argument may be found in the experience of Canadian poultry raisers. It may be epitomized as follows:

About 10 years ago the Canadian government sought to develop an export trade in poultry, the market being England. The business developed rapidly in both live and dressed fowls and in eggs. During the year 1902 the value of the exports amounted to more than \$2,000,000, but by 1905 there had been a decrease to about \$750,000, and by 1910 the exports had disappeared entirely. Last year there was no export either.

The reason for this is not that the quality had been deficient, because under the careful teachings of the government's experts, the quality had not only been raised to meet the British standard, but had continually improved during the decade. The real reason for the falling off is that the improved quality created a demand in the home markets of Canada, which even now are not, as a rule, over supplied. When there are good prices, there is no reason for developing a foreign market.

Here is a clear case of success which

The Child and the Hen

By A. G. Philips

In order to show what a club can do in a small school, a particular case in a very small Western country school will be cited. A poultry enthusiast who lived close to a small school, which was taught by a city girl, was much interested in its success. He believed that agriculture in some branch should be placed on a respectable footing in every school.

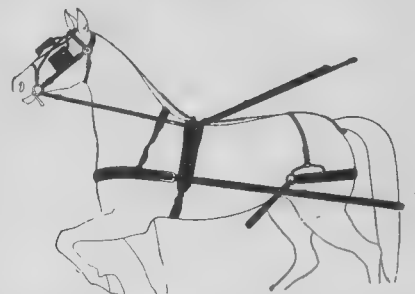
One evening six of the oldest children were invited to his home, accompanied by the teacher. They all had a jolly time and ended the fun by agreeing to build a poultry house in the schoolyard, provided the farmer would furnish the lumber and superintend the work. Since three of this small crowd were girls, the boys did all the work, and placed the house in the front schoolyard, not far from the schoolroom door.

When the house was built each child brought a hen from home and placed it in the house. Each took turns feeding and keeping records for a week. At the end of six weeks the children became jealous of each other's ability to feed

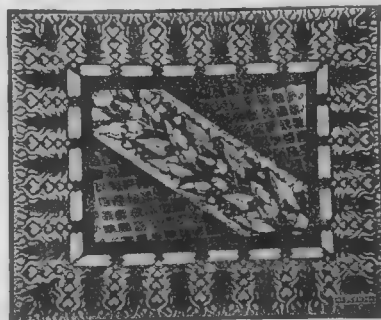
Xmas Special in Harness

Set Fine Single Driving Harness, Handsome Seal Rug, String of Body Bells and Rawhide Whip. See descriptions below. All for

\$21.00



- Bridle**— $\frac{3}{4}$ inch with box lopp cheeks, patent leather blinds, overdraw check and fancy front and rosettes.
 - Lines**— $\frac{7}{8}$ inch fronts with 1 in. russet handparts.
 - Traces**— $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch raised, doubled and stitched to buckle to breast collar.
 - Breast Collar**—Folded with layer and box loop leadups.
 - Saddle**—3 inch flexible, full padded.
 - Bellybands**— $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch with slide and wrap straps.
 - Breeching**—Folded with layer, 3 ring braces and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch side straps.
 - Trimming**—Either Nickel or Hard Rubber as desired.
- Regular Cash Price.....\$16.50



Seal Rug—Very heavy and warm, handsome pattern, with both sides fancy or with one side black and one fancy as desired.

Regular Cash Price.....\$4.35



- String of genuine cast body bells** mounted on heavy strap to go round body. Nickel or brass.
- Regular Cash Price.....\$2.50
- Buggy Whip**—Heavy solid rawhide, warranted, 6 ft.
- Regular Cash Price.....\$1.00
- Mitts**—Pair men's heavy lined Klondyke driving mitts.
- Regular Cash Price.....\$2.00

This splendid driving outfit, the regular price of which is \$26.35, I am offering as a XMAS SPECIAL at

\$21.00

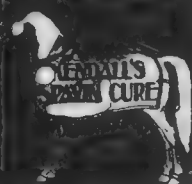
for the complete outfit. You cannot afford to miss this as such an offer positively will not be made again and, in order to take advantage of it, orders must reach me not later than December 31, 1912. This SPECIAL OFFER IS MADE TO DEMONSTRATE THE QUALITY OF MY HARNESS GOODS AS SHOWN IN MY NEW HARNESS CATALOGUE. SEND FOR A COPY

Thos. McKnight
166 Princess St.
WINNIPEG MAN.



Ducks Are a Paying Proposition in Alberta

One Half Bottle Earned Him \$50



Kendall's Spavin Cure

and be ready to cure cases of Curb, Spavin, Splint, Ringbone, Bony Growths or lameness from bruises or other causes? Thousands of other Farmers are doing it—have been doing it for over 35 years. It's the old, safe, remedy you can depend on. Get a bottle at once and see how much it will save or make for you. At drug-gists \$1 a bottle; 6 for \$5. Ask your druggist for book, "Treatise on the Horse," or write to

DR. J. KENDALL
CUMBERLAND Falls, Vermont.

74

Port Wood, Nova Scotia, Jan. 1, 1911. I bought a mare that I got cheap on account of a lump on the hock joint. I tried your Spavin Cure and a half bottle removed it. That half bottle earned me \$50.00. Very truly yours, Lauchy McLean.

points to probable success for American farmers who will adopt similar methods. There is good reason to believe that many of our cities will gladly take much larger quantities of poultry than they now consume, provided that poultry is of better quality than what consumers are now forced to take if they would have poultry at all. Even casual visits to the markets will show great quantities of inferior poultry which sells at low prices. Much of this poultry could be improved by proper methods of feeding and dressing, but large numbers of fowls are not worth this attention. They should be replaced by superior fowls.

There are plenty of breeds to choose from, but doubtless the ones most likely to prove satisfactory on farms are the various varieties of Plymouth Rock, Wyandotte, Rhode Island Red and Orpington. These are all large-sized fowls, good foragers, good mothers, and good layers. They are just the kind that every farmer should keep in preference to the scrub fowls still to be seen on many farms throughout the country.

Not only is the corn crop of the U.S. considerably greater than usual this season, but its quality is also above the average.

hens and so they suggested holding an egg-laying contest at their several homes. This seemed agreeable and a club was formed. Each member was to select six hens from the home flock and feed them for one month as he or she desired, making reports of all income and expense.

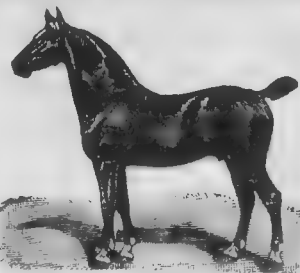
Rivalry was keen and the people in the community became interested. The township trustee and the county superintendent looked in that direction and wondered what was going on. All the children came to school every day, for they dared not miss anything during such exciting times. Prizes had been offered to the winners, and reports of the work had to be written and handed in to the teacher.

The final day was a great one, and that night all the neighborhood was to come out. The schoolhouse had no lights, so the farmers brought lamps and lanterns and lit up the room in great shape. The reports of the club members were made and speeches were given by an agricultural instructor and by local men. The township trustee and the county superintendent both visited the school on that day. How proud the children were of their school!

The club members had learned reading when they studied methods of feed-

Warranted to Give Satisfaction.

Gombault's Caustic Balsam



Has Imitators But No Competitors.

A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for
Curb, Splint, Sweeney, Capped Hock,
Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind
Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin,
Ringbone and other bony tumors.
Cures all skin diseases or Parasites,
Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all
Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

As a Human Remedy for Rheumatism,
Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable.
Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is
warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50
per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by ex-
press, charges paid, with full directions for
its use. Send for descriptive circulars,
testimonials, etc. Address

The Lawrence-Williams Co., Cleveland, O.

METALLIC CEILINGS

Are Artistic,
DURABLE, SANITARY,
and FIREPROOF
Easily applied, Cannot
Crack nor Fall Off

Send us a sketch showing shape
and exact measurements of your
ceilings or walls, and we will
submit designs, estimates and
illustrated booklet free.

WRITE US NOW

Metallic Roofing Co.,

Manufacturers
TORONTO & WINNIPEG

(46)



Are you one of those to whom
every meal is another source of
suffering?

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets
will help your disordered stomach to
digest any reasonable meals, and will
soon restore it to such perfect con-
dition that you'll never feel that you
have a stomach. Take one after
each meal. 50c. a Box at your
Druggist's. Made by the National
Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada,
Limited.

150

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.,

are completely cured by inexpensive home treat-
ment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling,
iredness and disease. Full particulars on
receipt of stamps. W.F. Young, P.D.F., 138
Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.

ing hens, they learned mathematics when
they figured profit or loss, and composi-
tion and writing were both necessary
in the preparation of the reports. Thus
the contest fulfilled some of the require-
ments of the school curriculum.

What is the object of education? Cer-
tainly it must be to teach the child how
to be a valuable man or woman. These
children learned what dry studies never
teach, and the respect for education that
they acquired caused them to look for-
ward to college careers with the hope of
developing into successful farmers. The
teacher was taken at the end of the
term at almost twice the salary, because
she had become a better instructor. American
schools need more of this kind
of education; it brings results. Children
should be educated with interesting and
concrete things, and be shown how
practical and valuable school work can
be made.

Controlling Potato Pests

G. R. Bliss, Iowa

Rotation, the use of healthy seed and
spraying will control all potato pests.
After they have once started the only
remedy seems to be spraying. This
should be done very thoroughly, seeing
that every leaf and stem is covered, and
the mixture should be properly pre-
pared. In order to prevent injury to the
leaves, fresh stone lime should be
used. Spraying with lead arsenic or
Paris green will control the Colorado

boys beating the bushes. After several
drives they usually disappear. It is a
good plan to drive them into a windrow
of hay, straw or other combustible ma-
terial and set fire to it. However, it is
by far the most satisfactory and easiest
method to spray. This is comparatively
simple, and it pays to take the trouble,
but constant attention is necessary.

There are several other injurious in-
sects which attain considerable impor-
tance at times. Among them are the
potato flea beetle, the potato stalk borer,
the stalk weevil, the white grub, the
potato tuber worm, the scab gnat, plant
lice, wireworms, cutworms, leafhoppers,
and grasshoppers. Most of them may
be destroyed by spraying. Rotation is
the only practical means of handling
the stalk borer, the stalk weevil and
the tuber worm. Grubs are troublesome
only on very rich or heavily manured
soils.

Fowls lay in six months

Robert Wallace

In order to lay the foundation of a
laying flock I think it important to
start with only one pair of fowls. These
birds should be the best possible to ob-
tain. They should be of good size and
shape for the breed and always in good
condition prior to the breeding season;
that is, they should never have been
sick. It is all well enough to have good
looking fowls as well as fowls that lay
and pay well but from a utilitarian



I should have a yield of 30 bushels to the acre, 5 miles from Mirror, Alberta, on the G.T.P. Railway

beetle. This should be first applied when
the old beetles first appear. If properly
done this will destroy the slugs as soon
as they are hatched. Usually three or
four applications are sufficient. A great
many farmers pick off the old beetles
by hand and kill them immediately by
dropping them into kerosene. The eggs
should also be destroyed in this way.

Thorough Cultivation Helps

The long bodied blister beetles are
often known as the old-fashioned potato
bugs. They appear in great numbers,
and if not instantly checked will com-
pletely defoliate the potato vines in
two or three days. There are several
species, but only two are troublesome to
potato growers. These are the striped
and ash gray blister beetle. These
insects lay their eggs in the ground.
In a short time the active larva appears
and feeds upon the eggs of grasshoppers
and solitary bees. It molts several times
and finally forms a pupa in the ground,
appearing as an adult late the following
spring. The adults only are injurious
to potatoes.

In the first place, cultivation may
prevent them from getting a start, and
may compel them to leave after once
started. But if they are present in
large numbers, more drastic measures
are necessary. A spray of lead arsenate
or Paris green should be applied to the
vines upon the first appearance of the
insects. This should be continued fre-
quently, for although this means instant
death to the insects they are quickly
replaced, and constant attention is
necessary. They may be driven out of
the potato patch by a line of men and

standpoint the looks of the birds may
be very considerably overemphasized.

Most of my breeding birds have free
range. Others have at an eighth of
an acre run with their colony houses.
As I keep only one breed, Rhode Island
Red, this plan works very well. I use
both hens and incubators for hatching,
but prefer the incubators because they
save time, are cleaner, are always ready
for use and are more economical. In
order to have a flock in laying condition
for early winter, I like to have all the
hatching occur between April 10th and
May 10th. In six months, Rhode Island
Red pullets, if properly managed, can
be brought to laying development. I
think it not wise to force development
of this breed so as to bring the hens
into laying condition earlier. If this
is done, the chances are the pullets will
be more or less weak and not likely to
stand the strain of egg laying.

During the first two weeks I feed noth-
ing but chick feed, water and charcoal.
The floors of the brooders are covered
with coarse sand. No feed at all is
given until the chicks are 24 hours old.
After the first week or two I make a
mash of about equal parts of meal, bran
and middlings, and add one part to six
of meat meal. This is fed three times
daily and followed with a little hard
grain, mostly cracked corn. When about
two months old, the mash feed is given
twice a day and followed with a feed
of grain.

My chicks always have large grass
runs and open, airy coops. They are
kept in small colonies of 20 to 25. I
like flocks of this size better than larger
ones because the chicks are less likely to

SEEDS DROP A POST CARD

for
MCKENZIE'S
1913
SEED
CATALOG
A.E. MCKENZIE Co. Ltd.
BRANDON, MAN.
CALGARY, ALTA.

WESTERN CANADA'S GREATEST SEED-HOUSE.

Use KEROSENE Engine Free!

Amazing "DETROIT" Kerosene Engine
shipped on 15 days' FREE Trial, proves
kerosene cheapest, safest, most power-
ful fuel. If satisfied, pay lowest price
ever given on reliable farm engine; if
not, pay nothing. No waste, no evapora-
tion, no explosion from coal oil.
Gasoline Going Up!
Gasoline is 9c to 15c higher than
coal oil. Still going up. Two
pints of coal oil do work of three
pints gasoline.
Amazing "DETROIT"
—only engine running on coal
oil successfully; uses alcohol, gaso-
line and benzine, too. Starts with-
out cranking. Only three moving
parts—no cams—no sprockets—no
gears—no valves—the utmost in simplicity, power and strength.
Mounted on skids. All sizes, 2 to 20 h. p., in stock ready to
ship. Engine tested before crating. Comes all ready to run.
Pumps, saws, threshes, churns, separates milk, grinds feed,
shells corn, runs home electric lighting plant.
Sent any place on 15 days' Free Trial. Don't
buy an engine till you investigate money-saving, power-saving
"DETROIT." Thousands in use. Cash only postal to find out.
If you are first in your neighborhood to write, you get Special
Extra-Low Introductory price. Write at
Detroit Engine Works, 347 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

NO DUTY FREIGHT TO PAY

WHEN YOU BUY Rawleigh's Medicines

Extracts, Spices, Toilet Articles,
Stock Remedies, Poultry Supplies, Etc.
direct from our big new factory in Winnipeg.
We are the only large concern of its kind in
Canada. We sell direct at wholesale prices and
save you all middlemen's profits. We positively
guarantee everything we make to be the high-
est quality and to give satisfaction or no sale.
We now want one man in each unoccupied
locality to sell our goods, devoting all or only
spare time to the work. Wide awake indus-
trious men make not less than

\$100 PER MONTH CLEAR PROFIT

Write giving age, occupation and time you
can devote to the work.

The W.T. Rawleigh Medical Company

IMPORTERS - CHEMISTS - MANUFACTURERS
53 GUNNELL ST., WINNIPEG,
MANITOBA



USE ABSORBINE, JR., LINTMENT

Swollen Varicose Veins Painful,
Tortuous, Ulcerated, Ruptured,
Bad Legs, Milk Leg, Thrombo-
sils, Elephantiasis. It takes out the
inflammation, soreness and discolora-
tion; relieves the pain and tiredness;
reduces the swelling, gradually restor-
ing part to normal strength and ap-
pearance. ABSORBINE, JR., is a
mild, safe, pleasant antiseptic lin-
iment, healing and soothing. Severe cases where
veins have ulcerated and broken have been com-
pletely and permanently cured. First few appli-
cations of ABSORBINE, JR., will give relief
and prove its merit. \$1.00 and \$2.00 per bottle at
druggists or delivered. Detailed directions, reports
on recent cases and Book 6 G free on request.

It is spelled A-B-S-O-R-B-I-N-E and Manu-
factured only by W. F. Young, P.D.F.,
138 Lyman's Building, Montreal, P.Q.
Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg
and Henderson Bros. Co., Ltd., Vancouver.

crowd and injure one another. The weakest always suffer most, but by having hardy birds as parents, the number of weaklings is considerably reduced. By selecting the most vigorous and alert birds, especially those that are good layers, I have been able in the last 10 years to increase the average egg yield of my flock from 120 to nearly 190 eggs a year.

How We May Endear the Home to the Child

The other day a little boy said to me: "Well, I must be going home."

"Where is your home?" I inquired of him.

"Oh, it's the place where I hang my hat," he said.

To hear that small boy of ten say that home was nothing more or less than a hook on the wall upon which he hung his hat was enough to arouse consternation. That remark stayed in my mind and possibly made me more observant of my little daughter's and her playmates' remarks when playing their favorite game, "house." They imitated their mothers to perfection—dressed up in our clothes, served and talked just as we did. I soon noticed that after a play meal it was my daughter who always washed the dishes. So on day I casually said to one of my daughter's little playmates: "Esther, don't you like to wash play dishes?"

"No, ma'am, I hate dishes," she replied truthfully. "That's why I like to stay here so much. When I go home there are always dishes to wash."

So to one boy home meant only a place to hang his hat, to a girl it meant dish-washing. Home ought to mean more to our little ones; but we mothers have so much to do and our days are so full and busy that perhaps we have neglected to do some of the vital things that will endear the home to our children. The woman is the only one who can make a real home and this big responsibility rests upon her. Perhaps if every woman would stop long enough to take an inventory of herself, she might find why her house isn't as well managed as her neighbor's, or why she never seems to get to the end of her work and has little time to be with the children.

If you are tired all the time there is something wrong somewhere. A woman who is constantly fatigued is not able to meet the emergencies that are always happening in the home. Have you ever stopped to think why you do not feel like yourself when you are all tired out? When you are tired your circulation is poor; your nerves are unsteady; your digestion is out of order and you are more liable to disease. You are cross and little things annoy you. We cannot always avoid fatigue, but every woman ought to know how to deal quickly and effectively with so destructive an enemy.

Have you ever tried having a nap every day? If not, try it immediately. It will do wonders for you. After a woman has been on her feet all morning, baking, sweeping, dusting, canning fruit or doing any of those thousand and one things she is always doing, she is physically tired and deserves a long nap of an hour or two. You may say you haven't time, but you must take the time. Better to let the house go undusted or the fruit uncanned than that you should so tire yourself that you are in no condition to enjoy the evening hours when your family are about you.

Responsibility and Thoughtfulness

I know that every woman, no matter how busy she may be, can have her nap every day if she so wills. My mother was the mother of five vigorous children. She did all her own work with what assistance small children could give her. Every afternoon after the dinner dishes were washed and left in the drainer, my mother, usually taking the youngest child with her, went upstairs for an hour's nap. I can remember as a small youngster that nothing on the face of the earth was to disturb her during that time. We became quieter in our play, answered all telephone calls and kept friend and foe away from her room. If we were asked to go to a neighbor's house to play we would say: "We can't go now, mother's asleep; but when she awakens we'll ask her if we

can go over." If the King of England had called upon mother during her napping time we should politely have informed him that she was asleep and must not be disturbed, and he would have had to wait or go away leaving his card.

When mother awakened from her hour's sleep she was greatly refreshed and turned to darning and sewing or some of the lighter household duties. She always made it a rule never to work in the kitchen in the afternoon until time to get supper, and when we went to school it seemed so pleasant to return home and find mother up from her nap, neatly dressed and waiting for us in the living-room.

Frequently I was permitted to go home after school with playmates and I can remember how queer it seemed to find their mothers coming in the afternoon, or baking bread or mopping the floor, and some little girls would have to wash the dinner dishes, which were left in dirty piles awaiting their return from school. That was something mother never left for us and I have always been grateful to her for that. We children always did the breakfast dishes before we went to school, and we did the supper dishes and never minded it; but if we had returned from school in the afternoon to find huge piles awaiting us I feel sure our hearts would have rebelled inwardly, though they might not outwardly.

Mother always declared it was a waste



Never an y failure
or disappointment when
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
is used
COSTS NO MORE THAN THE
ORDINARY KINDS
MADE IN CANADA
E.W. GILLETTE CO. LTD.
TORONTO, ONT.

FREE! FREE!! FREE!!!

Our new catalog full of home and farm bargains. Send for it today and save from 30% to 50% on your purchases.

THE FARMERS SUPPLY CO. LTD.

181-9 BANNATYNE AVENUE, WINNIPEG

"FROM FACTORY TO CONSUMER"

Eastern Excursions

26TH ANNUAL SERIES

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

RETURN LIMIT THREE MONTHS

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TO	Toronto Hamilton Sarnia Windsor	Montreal Ottawa Belleville Kingston	St. John, N.B. St. Stephen St. Andrews Moncton	HALIFAX
FROM				
Brandon.....	42.70	47.70	62.20	66.15
Calgary.....	59.90	64.90	79.40	83.35
Edmonton.....	59.90	64.90	79.40	83.35
Fort William.....	40.00	45.00	59.50	63.45
Lethbridge.....	59.35	64.35	78.85	82.80
Medicine Hat.....	56.25	61.25	75.75	79.70
Moose Jaw.....	48.45	53.45	67.95	71.90
Port Arthur.....	40.00	45.00	59.50	63.45
Regina.....	47.15	52.15	66.65	70.60
Saskatoon.....	49.60	54.60	69.10	73.05
Swift Current.....	51.75	56.75	71.25	75.20
Weyburn.....	46.40	51.40	65.90	69.85
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Through standard and tourist sleeping cars and dining cars to Toronto and Montreal.

3

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3

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The "Eastern Express" to Montreal

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GETTING THE PROFIT ONLY SHARPLES Tubular Cream Separators Can Pay

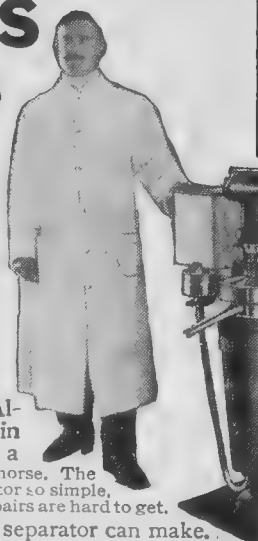
Mr. John B. Cosing, whose prosperous farm home at Snelgrove, Ont., is shown above, recently discarded his disk-filled cream separator and bought the simple Sharples Dairy Tubular. He prefers a separator with double skimming force and without inside contrivances.

Mr. Smale, expert buttermaker on the great Canadian Pacific Railway Demonstration Farm, covering thousands of acres at Strathmore, Alberta, is the gentleman in the lower picture. The complicated cream separator formerly used on this great farm has been discarded for the remarkably simple, marvelously durable Sharples Dairy Tubular.

The Holy Angels Convent, at Athabasca Landing, Alberta, recently purchased a Sharples Dairy Tubular, in Edmonton. The Convent is one hundred miles from a railroad and the Tubular was carried to the Convent on a pack-horse. The Tubular was chosen by the Convent because it is the only separator so simple, durable and perfect that it can be relied upon in places where repairs are hard to get.

Those Using Tubulars get an extra profit no other separator can make. No wonder Tubulars are replacing others everywhere. Write directly to us, being sure to ask for Catalog 248. You will receive prompt and courteous attention.

THE SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO.
Toronto, Ont. Winnipeg, Man.



of time to wipe dishes. Every dish was rinsed in hot water after being washed and then allowed to dry in the drainer. The dishes were cleaner and glossier looking than if we children had flipped dish towels over them, and after an hour or so they had all drained off and were perfectly dry and ready to be put away.

Labor Savers and the Man

You may say my mother was an exceptional woman. She was, but she was exceptional because she used system in her home, taught us children how to perform the lighter tasks and kept wide awake at her post, and took in all the ideas by which she would be able to become more efficient in her work. Every woman could be exceptional if she would only try. It is as necessary to have system in the home as it is to have it in factories and offices. Without system there can be no leisure for the women. It takes a little time and thought at the beginning to install a system, but it will pay you a hundred-fold and will make the work considerably easier for everyone concerned.

pancakes and waffles, turn the crank of the bread-mixer, work the washing-machine and turn the ice cream freezer. They have made better husbands because they realize what housework is and can always lend an experienced hand.

Why shouldn't a husband open olive bottles, crack the ice, fill the water glasses or take care of the baby while the wife is doing other things? But if a man marries and has had no experience in household duties he is more of a nuisance than a help about the kitchen. I think every young wife ought to train her husband from the day they are married to do little things for her, such as placing the chairs at the table and lighting the lamp, and after the babies come there will be many opportunities for him to help the busy mother.

My father always put us children to bed, leaving mother free to make preparations for breakfast or to read or chat with a friend. Our going-to-bed time is one of the happy recollections of my childhood. After we were undressed prayers were said and we were all tucked in bed.



Where the Silver Beeches Grow—Summer Resort East of Winnipeg on the G.T.P.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD Makes Cows Give More Rich Milk.

International Stock Food conquered England, just as it conquered Canada and the United States, by proving to the Dairy Experts that it is the greatest milk producer and health restorer in the world.

The test was made on three cows from the dairy herd of S. W. Hackney, Esq., Leeds, England, Chairman of the Yorkshire Federation of Dairy Farmers.

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INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD showed an increase in milk of 14.2 pints daily, and 1.21 pounds of butter daily.

This proves that International Stock Food, added to the regular feed will increase the quantity and improve the quality of milk from every cow.

It shows that International Stock Food aids digestion and keeps cows in better condition. It proves that International Stock Food is a money-maker for the farmer—that every farmer who owns one, or a hundred, cows should feed International Stock Food every day.

Make the test yourself—weigh the milk you are getting now—then feed International for a few weeks, and weigh again. Then you'll see how International Stock Food will make money for you.

International Stock Food Co., Limited
Toronto, Ont.

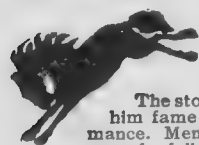


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If you love horses and are ambitious to make more money, you should write at once for this remarkable book written by Prof. Jesse Beery, King of Horse Tamers and Trainers, who has retired from the arena and is now teaching Professional Horse-Training by mail.



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Learn Horse-Training and Colt-Breaking by Mail

Prof. Beery guarantees to teach you at home, during your spare time, the secrets of his marvelous mastery over horses. Don't be a plodder—get into the horse-training profession. Reap the rewards of success. Write for the grand free "Horse-Trainer's Prospectus" today. Tell me all about your horse.

PROF. JESSE BEERY, Box 26 Pleasant Hill, Ohio



My mother had conveniences in her kitchen. There was a hook here and a hook there; scissors were kept convenient for cutting bacon, fruit, and so forth, and a spatula saved many minutes in removing cakes and pies from pans. All the convenient articles were inexpensive but wonderfully useful. In cherry time she invested in a cherry pitter, which cost 50 cents and lasted for years. We children delighted to work the pitter and it was a great saving of time and strength for mother who had enough to do with the actual canning.

The other day I took a pitter to a friend who lives on a large farm and has thirty-five cherry trees. She has a large family of her own and in addition wards several hired men, so naturally she can make quarts of cherries every year. She has always pitted them by hand and so was delighted with my inexpensive gift. I was pleased to see when I left that her two little boys, nine and six years of age, were vigorously pitting cherries at a great rate and having lots of fun out of the new toy.

Let the boys help in the housework as well as the girls. My brothers were taught to wash dishes, make beds, cook

Father took his easy-chair in the main hallway and there, raising his voice loud enough so that the child in the farthest room could hear, he opened a large Bible-story book and read us to sleep with Bible stories. If I close my eyes I can hear father's voice reading about Moses in the bulrushes or about the little boy Jesus.

Mother refused to get down on her hands and knees to scrub. She had a mop and she always made the floor look white and clean. How much better to save her strength for her children and grandchildren than to expend useless energy on her hands and knees! In some shops men are forbidden to stoop. To stoop means to lower the upper half of the body, which weighs 100 pounds or more, and then to lift that weight again. To do so is to waste human life and energy.

A fireless cooker will save a great amount of strength and many hours of time. It is a household implement that all housewives ought to have, just as much as the farmer husband ought to have time and strength-saving machinery. On the farm all the large cuts of meat can easily be prepared in the

fireless cooker. The cereals are better if cooked this way and stewed fruit is delicious. Every housewife will be surprised to see how much she can use her fireless cooker.

By having such things as these in her home a woman can save herself and give something of herself to her children to carry through their later years. I do not remember whether our house was always dusted or whether the kitchen floor was always spotlessly clean but I do remember that I had an efficient mother who, to the best of her ability, equipped us to meet life's work.

Another thing that endears home to the children is to know that they are free to bring playmates home with them any time; or on Friday or Saturday evening to be able to invite in a few young friends. We could always have as much company as we wished just so long as we straightened the rooms after the guests' departure and washed any dishes that may have been used. We never expected mother to do this. If we served refreshments we prepared them. When we were very young, of course mother assisted us, but as we grew older she threw the entire responsibility upon us. I have frequently been in a home where the young daughter had an unusual amount of company, but she never offered to help her mother. This was the mother's fault. The girl little realized how many extra steps the mother had to take while she was entertaining her guests in the parlor.

"Turn About is Fair Play"

We have a rule in our house to the effect that whoever had a guest was excused from dish-washing, although we always helped get the meal ready. If mother was entertaining a friend at supper it was her privilege to go from the table directly to the living-room and we children cleared up and washed the dishes. If I had a guest I was excused and the boys helped mother; and in turn I did the same for them. More often our guests begged to help and we would give them aprons and in a few minutes the stacks of dirty dishes would be all washed, for you know "many hands make light work."

In the summertime Sunday evening's supper was looked forward to by all of us children with the greatest anticipation. It had been mother's idea that we should drive to some hill from which we could see the sunset and have a picnic supper there, returning after dark. The scheme was successful in every way, and our friends whom we often included in the weekly excursions were always eager to go with us.

We found a beautiful spot on the top of one of the highest hills in the vicinity which was only three miles' drive from home. We were all allowed to help mother get the things ready before starting and when we reached the hill each one was responsible for a certain part to the preparation. A small fire was built, over which the coffee for the "grown-ups" was boiled and the eggs were cooked; we usually had them fried or scrambled. These, with sandwiches and lemonade and some fruit to finish with, made a delicious supper. After we had eaten, the wooden plates and papers were added to the old fire in order to start a big bonfire. Then we sat round this and sang hymns and old-time songs until it was time to go home. These Sunday evening excursions were kept up regularly in the summer for years and we never tired of them.

Early Care Makes Good Calves

C. L. Burlingham, Finn County, Ia.

Last year I was more successful with young dairy stock than ever before. By starting early and giving them persistent care I had, when pasture time came, 19 strong, vigorous calves from 19 cows, which freshened in November and December; made start toward getting fine healthy young animals before they were born. First, put the mothers in proper condition for freshening. From the time of service to the time of calving we kept them in such condition that they were gaining rather than losing flesh. Care was taken, however, that the cows did not become too fat, for past experience

had shown this to be conducive to weak calves and weakness in calves at birth is a great handicap in producing strong animals at maturity.

A few days before freshening time we put the cows in dry, well-lighted box stalls which had been thoroughly cleaned and heavily bedded. The dates of breeding had stretched over a period of several weeks so that at freshening time we never found need for more than three box stalls at one time.

We left the calves with their dams for about 48 hours. In previous years we had sometimes left them as long as six or seven days, but that only seemed to make the cows more restless when the calves were finally taken away, and it also made it more difficult to teach the calves to drink. When we took the calves away at the end of the two days we had little difficulty in teaching them to drink, especially when they were not fed for several hours.

The amount of the first feed was varied with the size and vigor of the calves, from a mixture of two pounds of whole milk, testing 4.5 p.c. to 5 p.c. and 1½ pounds of separated milk to nearly twice this amount. The whole milk ration of each calf was supplied from the milk of its mother for at least ten days as the new milk kept the digestive tract in good working order. We were always careful not to feed too much and paid as much attention to regularity, punctuality and cleanliness of feeding as to the amount of feed. The value of paying careful attention to the milk ration of the calf is shown by the fact that no time were any of the calves off feed and none were attacked by scours, a disease which caused the death in our neighborhood of many calves which were less carefully fed.

When the calves were six to eight weeks old, varying with their condition and growth, the milk ration was very gradually changed so that separated milk replaced whole milk. At the same time the total amount of milk fed was slowly increased.

A Grain Ration Helps

As soon as the calves could be taught to eat, a grain ration was supplied. We fed only whole oats, giving as much as they would clean up in about 20 minutes. This plan of feeding gave good results as the oats furnished a nutriment, yet did not tend to fatten. Feeding it without grinding forced the calves to chew their food and not bolt it.

For roughage they were early given good, clean, clover hay. They were fed all they would eat, but the racks were cleaned out once a day and left empty for a few hours.

We kept the calves in well-lighted pens and supplied plenty of pure water. On warm days we turned them into a dry, sunny lot, taking care to drive them



Bread at a dollar a loaf is not more ridiculously extravagant than big-car travel at twenty cents a mile. One hundred and nine miles at a total cost of eighty-one cents is a recent but not unusual accomplishment of the Ford.

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Here is an article that will enable you to face even an arctic temperature in a blizzard.

The Dysthe Face Protector

Keeps the face and ears snug, protects the eyes, and enables you to see clearly in any storm. Made of flannel with double pyralin goggles that never freeze; fits any face.

Thousands in use by Doctors, Ministers, Liverymen

railway employees, farmers, and others called upon to travel in all weather. Dr. F. Moore, of Clarksburg, Ont., says, "It would have been practically impossible for me to have kept up my work this winter without the protection afforded by your device. Several times it was worth more than the cost for a single trip."

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HIGH SPEED CHAMPION JEWEL FOOD CUTTER FAVORITE CHURN

Easiest running and most satisfactory washing machine made in Canada. Can be worked with side crank as well as top lever. Red Cypress Tub and the whole top opens up. Wash day is the easiest day of the week when you wash with the Maxwell "High Speed" Champion.

is just what you need for your kitchen. So much easier, quicker and more convenient than cutting up meat, etc., with a knife.

"Jewel" is superior in every way to imported food choppers, and being made in Canada, costs less.

makes the most delicious butter you ever tasted. It's real "quality" butter—that is a pleasure to eat.

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This illustration shows the inside working of the 2 in 1 Automatic Awl. This is absolutely the only tool in the world that will sew with either a waxed thread or steel wire. The 2 in 1 is a combination of the two best dollar tools in the world, and should sell for \$2.00, but to introduce it we will send it all charges paid to any address for \$1.00. The 2 in 1 will sew harness, boots, bags, tents, pulley-belts, etc., making a perfect lock-stitch and yet it is so compact that it can be carried in the pocket like a knife.



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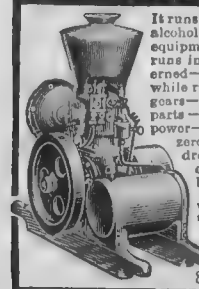
a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitis, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone. I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label 40c and \$1.00 per box. Prepared by ALBERT & CO., Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England (copyright).
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ABSORBINE, JR., Liniment for mankind. Removes Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Gout, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins, Varicocides, Old Sores. Always Pain.
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It is spelled A-B-S-O-R-B-I-N-E and Manu factured only by W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Building, Montreal, P.Q.
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Send a postal today for free catalog, which shows how Sandow will be useful to you. Our special advertising proposition saves you one half cost of first engine sold to your country (107)
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into the pens before they became chilled. This made them hardy and fitted them for going on to spring pasture.

About the middle of April we began turning the calves on pasture, at first only a few hours a day, but by May 5 they were left out from morning till night. From May 15 on they were given no shelter excepting a shed which opened to the south. They were not fat at any time, but were always in good growing flesh. They made rapid gain throughout the summer and paid us in full for the care taken to start them right.

Make Churning Easy

G. A. Gilbert, Colorado Agricultural College

Practically all cases of difficult churning can be readily overcome by methods of handling. Ripening the cream to a higher degree of acidity and churning at a little higher temperature will overcome most of these cases. Cream at this time of the year is often allowed to sour at too low a temperature and is kept too long before churning. It should be ripened at a temperature of about 70 degrees, and when it has developed a clean, sharp acid taste it should be churned. A thermometer is almost a necessity in getting cream ready for churning. The temperature at which to churn cream will vary with conditions, but for this time of the year it should probably not be below 60 degrees.

When thick cream is put into a churn at a low temperature the agitation may cause it to incorporate bubbles of air which make the cream swell and froth and behave as though it were beaten. It cannot be churned in this condition, but must be warmed gradually several degrees and then the churning started again. This can be accomplished by a little lukewarm water added directly to the cream or by warming the cream from the outside. Too much water should not be added or difficulty in churning will result from the thinness of the cream.

Sometimes, when the churning temperature is low, no frothing will result, but the formation of butter seems to stop just short of the breaking point. The difficulty is overcome by slightly warming the cream or by adding a little dry salt. The salt affects the viscosity so as to facilitate the union of the fat globules.

How Much Seed Oats?

H. W. Snyder, Onondaga County, N. Y.
In the recent article in your paper by C. D. Smith, one is led to believe that the more oats one sows to the acre, the less oats he will harvest, provided the phosphorus content of the soil remains the same. Theoretically then, if one bushel of seed oats is sowed to the acre and the soil contains enough phosphorus to grow a 40-bushel crop, if two bushels of seed are sowed we will get a yield of 22 bushels to the acre. Supposing now that a man has a nice lot of seed oats and sows three bushels to the acre, what will be the result? If we follow Mr Smith's theory this man will harvest three or four bushels to the acre.

It has always been my experience that the more seed one sows the more plants will come up. I don't mean to say that there will be a greater crop of straw at harvest, for everyone knows that the oats plant stools out when it gets above the ground if it has plenty of room. If a man sows one bushel of oats to the acre there is not much crowding of plants when they first appear. They have plenty of room to stool and one stalk will be far ahead of three or four others that might be called suckers. Suckers in a hill of corn are pretty sure to be the bearers of the nibblins. Certainly the short, backward stalks that are the result of stooling will not be in shape to get the benefit of the sun and air received by the parent stalk.

If we sow two bushels of oats to the acre, the plants all come up at the same time and each has an equal chance to hustle. There is not the room to stool out, thus making a lot of small, unthrifty stalks. Every stalk grows to about the same height, and all the

grain is matured at the same time. One year I sowed a half-bushel of seed oats to the acre, and though seemingly harvesting as much straw as when I sowed two bushels, the grain yield was only 35 bushels. Last year I sowed 2½ bushels to the acre of seed oats and without any more straw secured a yield of 71 bushels. I fully appreciate that phosphorus as well as potash and nitrogen is necessary to the oats crop and use fertilizer mixed on the farm, but I think that more seed sowed to the acre on well-fitted land will stool less and bring about a better and a more even harvest.

Remarkable Demand for Warm Winter Footwear

To all who have lived in this country during the winter, and whose work keeps them outside on the farm or otherwise, in the cold weather, the problem of keeping the feet warm has been a big one. Many of our readers will be glad to know that they can now buy footwear, which carries with it a guarantee of warm feet at fifty below zero. This footwear is the famous Lumbersole Boot, manufactured by and imported direct from Scotland, by the Scottish Wholesale Specialty Co., Winnipeg, Man. The company daily receives letters from thousands of customers throughout the West, saying what great satisfaction they have derived from these boots. The fact that the soles are made of wood, which acts as a non-conductor of cold or heat, and the boots themselves are lined with thick cozy felt, seems on the face of it, to be a guarantee of foot comfort. The company reports an exceptional demand already for this winter's supply.

The Christmas Song

(Continued from Page 3)

loved and to know by outward sign of some sort the feeling of the heart towards him? Is it anything to be wondered at that, after repeated attempts to break through these barriers to his happiness in the home, he should turn to his pet driving horse, his best milk cow, his sheep dog, or even a Plymouth Rock rooster? With them he would find appreciation of kindnesses shown. Not at all surprising that when Brown calls, he is shown the latest housing for the live stock, about which the farmer has been compelled to centre his interests. Call him rotten with pride, if you will—he is but human. In the woman of his choice he has not found the loving and helpful companion he sought and thought he had found; she has condemned him for his faults, nor aimed to help him overcome them, but been grossly at fault herself, yet he continues to idolize her, and refuses to believe her at fault—but he must have love, and finds some little consolation in associating with the lower animal creation.

Long ago the "little shack" might have given place to a pretentious dwelling, had the wife but recognized at least some slight semblance to the Divine in her husband, and tried sympathetically to bring out the best that was in him. The farm could not be made to produce as it should, or its products be properly cared for without implements and hired help, and the hired help and the machinery notes must be paid if the farmer goes bankrupt. The wife's hands may be ever so honest and her heart faithful, but she cares not a rap for the appreciation of others, and, if in trouble, for the sympathy even of her husband who, after all, being born of woman, has inherited more of such tendencies. There was a time when he was susceptible to loving influences, which had they been brought to bear on him properly, might have at least changed the whole aspect of life for himself and wife, if for no others, but now he has developed a chronic moroseness that would require an earthquake to break up.

If this picture is also one-sided, it now remains for another to give us a word picture of a model home, where there is naught but love and harmony, and they "live happy ever after."

Tillicum.

Don't wear a Truss!

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No Obnoxious Springs or Pads
Sent on Trial



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Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that cures rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No ties. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, '01. Sent on trial to prove it. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Write me to-day.

C. E. Brooks, 94C State Street, Marshall, Mich. U.S.A.

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The 'Quality' Boot

Built expressly for Canadian Farmers and Country Wearers by a practical shoemaker who knows how.

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The "Fife" is honestly built from finest Waterproof Horsehair Linings, and can be had with or without hobnails as desired.

Send size (or draw outline of foot) and Money Order payable at Strathmiglo P. O., Scotland.

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Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. A friend of the magazine, offering a kindly criticism, writes that the correspondence column has at times an air of monotony, as one writer after another follows the same phraseology. We wish to warn our correspondents against this common error. A little independent thought will help mental development, and readers of The Monthly will find valuable aid in the study of the many instructive articles by eminent men that appear from month to month.

A New Topic

Ontario, October, 1912.

Dear Editor: As I have not seen any letters from this part of our country in print, I thought I would write and let you know, and the readers know, that we receive your valuable and ever-improving paper in Essex County, the most southerly county of our Dominion. I read with interest the letter from "Critic" in the October issue regarding Mr. Wheeler, the winner of the one-thousand-dollar prize for wheat—the best in the world. We, as Canadians, ought to be proud of this man and the province which has won such fame for us. Although we cannot boast of our grain growing, unless it be corn, yet we can grow a greater variety of crops in this county than in any other part of Canada. Now, I hope you will not think I cannot write about anything but farming. As nearly everybody has something to say about card playing and dancing, I will refrain from giving my opinion. But, let me say, that I think a good discussion of such topics is one of the best things for these columns. Thanks to Josephus starting this one regarding dancing. Those who have learned by experience, and those who have as yet only hopes and fears might give us their opinion on this subject: Shall marriage wait for prosperity, or shall love laugh at poverty, and the young couple make the struggle together? As I am not married and have never been in love, I cannot see that I should have anything to say. Cheer up, girls, I have only had one vote! There's time yet. I will answer all letters. Wishing The Western Home Monthly and readers success. I am a

S.X. Lad.

What is the Attraction of the West?

Ontario, September 7, 1912.

Dear Editor: As I have never written to The Western Home Monthly before, I must write a few lines now. The Western Home Monthly has just been brought in and I have been reading the correspondence. I think it a splendid magazine. There are so many useful and helpful topics discussed. I greatly admired the letter written by "Constance." I, too, think the girls should tell more of their good qualities and not so much about all the games and sports they can take part in. I see the majority of correspondents are discussing dancing and card playing. Well, I don't do either, but I think something more useful might be found just as enjoyable and not so tiring. There is quite a difference between skating and dancing. Skating is out in the open where you are inhaling the pure, fresh air that will strengthen you. Dancing is generally in a room where it is quite warm with so many people, and, of course, they are nearly all perspiring. This is all in regard to dancing. Now for card playing. I know people who sit up till morning trying to win a game of cards. It seems to be a game that takes a person's attention too much. Of course, there is a right and wrong side to everything. I am only expressing my own opinion. "Sport No. 9" must have been clever to resist all the temptations of liquor and

tobacco. It must mean a lot of courage to have to say "No" so often. Yes, I think it is only a coward who will attempt to ruin a young man's life with liquor or tobacco. Well, I live on the farm and don't think I would like to live anywhere else. I am always busy with something. I like Nature, watching the beautiful outside world. I like outside work better than inside. As I live in the East, I don't know what the West is like, but I do know nearly every young man around here is gone to the West. It leaves hired help pretty scarce. It must have something in it which Ontario has not to be drawing so many people there. Well, editor, if you have other letters more helpful just drop this in the w.p.b. as I like to see something worth while in your fine magazine. I only wish I could write something uplifting.

Canadian Kid.

From Old Ontario

Nassagaweya, April 9, 1912.

Dear Editor: I have been a constant reader of The Western Home Monthly for two years, and I certainly do appreciate it, especially the beautiful stories and the Correspondence page. I think it is the best magazine published. I live in old Ontario, and think it is not a bad place at all. My father keeps a general store, and the post office. I am sixteen years of age, and am five feet five inches in height. I have dark hair and dark brown eyes. I take music lessons on the piano, and like it very well. I can play cards, dance a little bit, and skate. I think skating is one of the best sports going. We have nice country around here, especially in the summer. I like fishing very much, but I guess it is an uncommon thing for girls to fish, so I don't do much at it. Well as this is the first letter I have written to the W.H.M. I think it is long enough. I hope my letter will not be put in the w.p.b., as I would like any of the members to correspond with me. I wish the paper much success, and will leave my address with the Editor. Yours Sincerely,

The Ontario Girl.

Two Jolly School Girls

Morris, Manitoba, September 13, 1912.

Dear Editor: Please allow a little space in your valuable magazine for two jolly school kids. Altho' both subscribers we live just five miles apart, but being always of the same mind and opinion we planned to write as one. We shall not give a description of ourselves as there is nothing extraordinary about either of us, only Number One is a little stouter than Number Two and has blue eyes, while Number Two has the loveliest brown eyes. Our ages are both between 15 and 20, and we might add we both passed our Entrance this summer and are going back to take up our Third Class this term. Although we go to school we both help with the work on the farm and enjoy it to a great extent. From all crops are going to be splendid this year. The wheat is "filled to the tip" and it is with pleasure we help to do the stooking and other work as well. The gardens, too, are like a blessing this summer. The water melons will soon be smiling towards us now and anyone wanting a piece just come along. Well, wishing your Club all the success it deserves we will close and anybody wishing to write to us will find our names with the Editor. We shall answer all letters and cards received. Number One and Number Two.

The First Snowfall

Ogema, Oct. 9, 1912.

Dear Editor: This being a dull day and the first snowstorm of the year that has kept us pretty much in the house, I thought I would make a beginning and write to The Western Home Monthly. I am a bachelor formerly of Michigan. I am 23 years old, height 5 feet 6 in., brown curly hair, and I like lots of fun. I do not use strong drink of any kind, or tobacco in any form. I like to dance, play cards, base-

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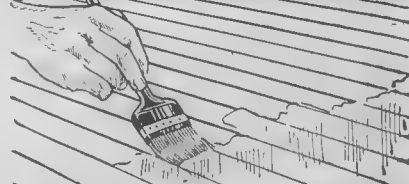
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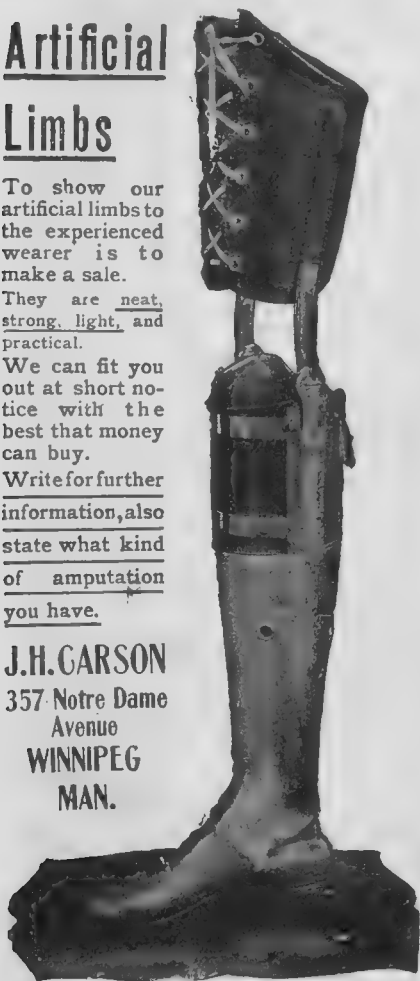
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ball, foot ball, and skate, and sometimes I play a little on the violin. I have a man and wife working for me this summer, but expect to be alone all winter. I have five horses, four work horses and one driver. I have 100 acres of flax but I am not sure if I will get it threshed as it is hard to get a machine this fall. The crops are pretty good here. Wheat goes from 25 to 30 bushels per acre; oats 40 to 75; flax 10 to 15. I live eleven miles from town. I expect they will have a new skating rink in town this year. I guess I will close signing myself.

A Former Michigan Boy.

The Tobacco Question

Saskatchewan, October 26, 1912.

Dear Editor and Readers of The Western Home Monthly: We have taken The Western Home Monthly for several years and enjoy reading it very much. The Correspondence column, especially, I think has greatly improved within the last six months. It used to be treated as a joke around here, but now I find many interesting as well as educative things in it. Imagine anyone getting married through correspondence! None of that for mine. I would rather be acquainted first. No wonder there are so many unhappy marriages if they are going to treat it as such a frivolous matter. I like the way the readers are expressing their opinions on different subjects. Josephus, I respect you for the way you have spoken up on dancing. I only wish we had more young men like you. Some people make the excuse that there is no place to go but to the dances. Why not organize a literary society? That will keep you busy a good part of your time—preparing debates, recitations and songs—if you are at all interested in it. I once heard a young fellow—talking of an old religious man who did not believe in dancing—say he believed religion was all right, but he did not see any use in anyone going "batty" over it. Well, now, I think religion is about as good a thing to go "batty" about as dancing, and that is certainly what some of the young people are doing. They can't think of anything else. This may be hard on some of the young people, but I offer no apology for what I believe to be true. There is another subject that I think would be good to take up, and that is the tobacco question. As for myself, I think it is the most filthy habit anyone can indulge in, and I would like to shake the girls who say they see no harm in it and don't mind if a young man does use it. Boys, you do not have much respect for a girl that would use the filthy weed, do you? And, girls, if you only knew how much influence we could have by taking the right stand I believe you would think differently. I have lived in the West now five years and have seen tobacco used more extensively in these years than I ever did before in my life. I wonder why this is? I have in mind a certain town in the East where the girls all went together and resolved to have nothing to do with any boy who used tobacco in any way. They not only won the respect of the community, but they received much more respectable company. I wish more girls would take that stand. I think much good could be done. I know some of you will say I am old and cranky. No, I am not old—only nineteen—and I don't think I'm cranky; but, of course, none of us think that. I'm sorry I can't give such a brilliant description of myself as some of the writers can, and rather than do otherwise, I will omit that part. Hoping to see this in print, I will close with every good wish for The Western Home Monthly.

Helen.

Is a Subscriber Now

Carbon, Alta., Oct., 1912.

Dear Editor: Have you room in your paper for a letter from a Lonely Cowboy who comes from the beautiful Province of Quebec. This is my second letter to your paper, but my first was not in print. Well I do not blame the Editor as I was not a subscriber then, but have subscribed lately and would not be without the W.H.M. for a for-

tune. I think it is the best paper in Canada. I came from a small town in the province of Quebec some years ago, and I like the West very much. I am a dancer and a sport for a cowboy. I would like to hear from some of the young people in the W.H.M., and will answer every letter. I will correspond in either English or French, and would like to hear from any girl or boy. I will leave my address with the Editor.

A Lonely Cowboy.

Only a Visitor

Esterhazy, Sask., Oct. 21, 1912.

Dear Editor: Will you admit an Ontario girl to your circle. I am already fascinated although I have only been reading your paper for a few months as I am visiting at a home just now, where The Western Home Monthly is one of the most popular magazines subscribed for. I like this Western country where the very air you breathe seems to inspire you with life and fills you with a desire to press onward. Everyone is ambitious and I am too. I want your readers to understand that I am enjoying single bliss and enjoy every enjoyable thing that life brings. I am fond of amusements of all kinds and reading and answering letters is one of my special delights, so I would like to hear from correspondents of either sex but would especially like to hear from "Black Beauty" in July issue also "Montana Bill from Porcupine" in the October issue, as they appear to me to be interesting correspondents and I want to keep in touch with the Western young people after I have returned to my Eastern home. As I am only a visitor and this is my first attempt I must withdraw and sign,

O, You Brown Eyes.

Opinions Differ

Carnduff, Sask., Oct 14, 1912.

Dear Editor: We have taken your valuable magazine for over two years and think it is fine, I enjoy reading the correspondence column every month. I live in the country and enjoy myself all the year around. I do not see any harm in having a few friends in for the evening to play cards or dance as the winters are pretty long around here and everyone enjoys it. I am fond of all healthy sports, but like riding horseback the best. I do not agree with "The Laughing Chicken" in the October number where he says that there is no harm in smoking and drinking. If anyone of either sex will write I will answer all letters. My address is with Editor. Wishing your paper every success. I remain,

A Western Lass.

Circumstances Alter Cases

Wiffington, Oct. 19, 1912.

Dear Editor: This letter is going to be short but sweet as I am rather shy, but as I was fortunate enough to evade the w.p.b. before, have courage to try once more even if only to tell you again how much I enjoy reading your paper. I wait very patiently (or rather impatiently) for the W.H.M. every month and when I do receive it, I seek the Correspondence column first of all. I am very fond of dancing, and am never happier than when at a good dance, but you know "Circumstances alter cases" and I believe those who oppose this enjoyment do not have the right sort of partners. I also like a good game of euchre although I must confess I have won the "Booby" prize more than once. Well, Mr. Editor, I don't want my short (?) note to fall in the waste basket. Will some of the readers get busy and write to me, and if they do I will get busy and answer at once.

Mathiasville Clip.

A Few Facts re Country Life

Viscount, Sask., Oct. 19, 1912.

Dear Editor: I have been a subscriber to your magazine for some time and in my opinion the W.H.M. is the best in the west. I enjoy the correspondence circle very much and a letter I saw in the October issue made me feel like saying a few words in regard to country life versus city life. I say the city by all means. Why should one leave the comforts of the modern city

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for the discomforts of the farm? The business man in the city works for a few hours a day and makes as much as the farmers can in a month of hard work. The city man has his auto, his club and the theatre, while the farmer has hard work and dirt. For my part, I can see no reason why the city man would leave the city for the country. The farmer works the hardest and is the poorest paid of any man on earth. He has nothing to say about the price of what he buys or sells, and is the prey of the middleman on every hand. He has to pay unreasonable prices for hired help and receives the poorest prices for his produce. He has to work long hours, wear old clothes, and sell his grain for what he can get after the frost, hail, dry and wet weather get through with it. In most cases he makes a bare living and that's all. Take the present price of flax, for instance. Flax is \$1.07 at the elevator. It costs 23c to get it threshed besides the board of the crew and hired help. With a crop of 15 bus., which is a good average, how much has he left after taking a year's expenses out of the crop? Not much, I am sure. But did the price of linseed oil go down with the price of flax? No chance. Who gets the rake off? I leave it with you. After paying three dollars a day for hired help and the fancy prices we have to pay for machinery, there is nothing left. I am a farmer and have been farming in Saskatchewan for six years and think I know something about it. I am on a farm at the present time and, like a good many others I know, will have to stay until I can make enough to get away, so will probably be here for some time to come. Wishing the W.H.M. every success I sign myself,
Farmer.

Many Thanks

Manitoba, September, 1912.

Dear Editor: Kindly let me, through the aid of your valuable paper, thank the many correspondents who wrote to me in reply to my letter which appeared in your July number. I received such a number that I find it impossible to answer all, but I'll do the best I can. Harvest will soon be over in this part and threshing will be general. I shall now close. Wishing both Editor and homesteaders every success, especially those who wrote to me, I remain,
"The Old Home's Joy."

The Best in Canada

Mission City, B.C., Oct 9, 1912.

Dear Editor,—Some time ago I wrote a letter to The Western Home Monthly Correspondence column, but it must have found its way into the w.p.b., so I will try again and hope that it will be printed and escape the fate of the last one. We take The Western Home Monthly and like it very much. It is the best paper in Canada that I know of in every way. I see that a number of your correspondents are discussing dancing. Now, I am a dancer and have been for some years, and, for the life of me, I cannot see what harm there is in it. I live near a town of about a thousand inhabitants, and during the winter there is a great deal of dancing done, and if it was not for these dances I do not know how we would pass away the evenings. Of course, we do not dance every evening, but once or twice a week. Some critics of the dance object to the way a fellow takes hold of a girl in a dance. I admit that some dances don't look nice, such as the Turkey Trot, Grizzly Bear, Bunny Hug, etc., but out in the small towns these dances are very seldom seen. I cannot see any harm in the way a fellow holds his partner in a waltz or two-step, and I think, as "Bonne Soir" in your last issue does, "Charity thinketh no evil." I think I will bring my letter to a close with a little description of myself. I am twenty years of age, five feet eight inches in height, complexion fair, brown hair, weight, 160 lbs. I have never bust a looking glass or camera yet to my knowledge. I smoke, but do not chew or drink. Would like to hear from any of The Western Home Monthly Correspondents (girls preferred).
"Two-Stepper."



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Still Improving

Semans, Sask., Oct. 19, 1912.

Dear Editor: I have been an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly for some time and think it wonderful how it has improved in the last few years. Every time I read the Correspondence column I am tempted to join the jolly lot, but this is the first time I could pick up the courage to write. Now, if any of you nice young girls would like to write I will answer all letters promptly. I sign myself,
Sunny West.

Needs No Reminder

Nanton, Alta., Oct. 14, 1912.

Well Mr. Editor: I was very pleased to receive your valuable paper again this month. I guess my subscription will be pretty near run out. I will get after renewing it, as it is the best paper I take. I would not be without it. I take great interest in the young man's problem and also "The Philosopher." I think that correspondence is a fine thing.
G. W.

Suggestions Invited

Balcarres, Sask., Oct. 23, 1912.

Dear Editor: Here is another Western girl who wishes to join your happy club. We have taken The Western Home Monthly for a number of years and think it is a splendid magazine for old and young. I like reading the Correspondence column, as most of the letters are interesting. I suppose I must express my opinion towards dancing. I cannot see any harm in it. I do not dance myself and I have never been anxious to learn, but I don't see why we should be against those dancing who like it. I think "Onlooker" wrote a very good letter, and I second the motion to give the club a name. I do not think I can suggest a better one than "Onlooker" suggested, "The Westerners' Club." I also propose giving the Editor a post card shower. What do you say, Editor? Are you agreeable? I think I have overstepped my traces for the first time, and hoping this letter will escape that awful w.p.b.. I will sign
Forget-Me-Not.

[Please send name.—Ed.]

All Letters Will be Welcome

Saskatchewan, Aug. 18, 1912.

Dear Editor: I have been a subscriber to your valuable magazine for a considerable length of time and must say I enjoy reading it greatly, as there are so many invaluable articles within it. I am taking at present six papers and three magazines, but I consider The Western Home Monthly the leader. One of the most important pages in my estimation is "The Young Man and His Problem," as it certainly tells the young man what to do. And that page, "The Young Woman and Her Problem," must not be overlooked either, as those are the kind of girls we Western bachelors are awaiting for. But how many of the young folk that read these pages pay any attention to them? Some may, but I think a great many of them are like many who go to church every Sunday. If you were to ask them what the text was, they could not tell you. They go merely for the pleasure of getting out. The ladies go to see what sort of a new hat Mrs. — has and eye some other girl's clothes, but never hear a word of the sermon; and the men go for the purpose of taking this lady to church, and perhaps they might see a man that they haven't seen for a week or two. Now, some of you readers may not agree with me on this subject, but it's right if you only take notice. As so many of the contributors to this page have given the dance problem an overhauling, I will stay quiet, but if they need my vote, I'll vote "for the dance," for I cannot see any harm in it (private dances I mean), and truly believe that if there was no sin committed but what was in dancing, this world would be almost free from iniquity. I am one of those Western bachelors on the sunny side of twenty-five, living alone; so, of course, I'm chief cook, bottle washer and boss of the ranch, but still I'm not altogether contented, as the evenings seem rather long although the days are still long. I would be very pleased to

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correspond with some of the fairer sex who have not passed the number twenty-three mile board, as I am there myself. Now, girls, don't be afraid to write. Would be pleased to hear from "A Girl in Durham County" (Ontario). Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close by saying that I will answer all letters. My address I leave with the Editor. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your valuable space. I am just
Pug-nose Jimmy.

By the Sad Sea Waves

October, 1912.

Dear Editor: Will you kindly make room for another correspondent? Before I say anything else, I must say the editor is to be congratulated on the way he gets up The Western Home Monthly; it is a very interesting magazine. I am very fond of all outdoor sport, and also enjoy a good country dance. I cannot see any harm in dancing any more than having a game of cards or any other sport unless we make harm out of it. How many of us like to travel? I think it is nice to travel, as it broadens one's mind. As for myself, I rather like the seashore as I now live by the sad sea waves. My occupation is a fisherman. I wonder how many like fishing? I guess I will soon have to close. I would like some correspondents, and my address is with The Western Home Monthly.

A Fisherman.

Now Then, Bachelors!

Rabbit Lake, Sask.

Dear Editor: My father has been a subscriber of The Western Home Monthly for nearly two years and I think there is nothing so interesting as the Correspondence column. I would very much like to miss the w.p.b. I'm a Yankee girl and have been living out in the West for quite a few years. I prefer to leave the description of myself out as I am very apt to scare someone. I am very fond of all sports, especially shooting wild animals. I do not think there is any harm in dancing and playing cards as I have done both since I was twelve, and have not seen any harm in it yet, but I think it is a pleasant pastime. I can cook and keep a house clean, and I hope some day to make a Western bachelor happy. I would like to hear from either sex, for I will gladly answer, and I am too shy to write first. Wishing The Western Home Monthly and Editor every success, I sign myself

A Lonely Yankee Maid.

Can Bake Good Bread

Prince Edward Island,

October 28, 1912.

Dear Editor: I have read The Western Home Monthly with great interest although we have only taken it in our home for a short time. I always look forward with pleasure to the arrival of The Western Home Monthly. I am a farmer's daughter and enjoy outdoor life, but take an interest in housework as well. I can bake a good batch of bread, but would like to have a taste of Mountain Bill's flapjacks. I bet they would be good for a hungry bachelor. I don't see any harm in a good game of cards, and as for dancing, there is not any harm in it if in the right company. I suppose you want to know what I look like? Well, I am not like U. S. Maid; I am not a bean pole, but am medium height and fair. I would like to hear from some of the lonely bachelors or others.

A Lonely P.E.I. Lassie.

One of the Ranch Boys

Glenister, Alta., Oct. 21, 1912.

Dear Editor and Readers, — I have been an interested reader of your magazine for almost a year now and often thought I would like to write to the Correspondence column, but I always put it off. Now, after reading so many splendid letters in the October number, I simply cannot keep still any longer. I enjoyed especially the letters by "U. S. Maid" and "Bonne Soir." They sure were fine. The U. S. Maid you say knew a girl who wrote to the page and got fifty letters a day for a week. Well I know of one she well get, or I'm greatly mistaken. Now

all you girls of the club, come along with your cookery recipes. That was a happy thought of Curly Bill's, and I second the motion. (This, of course, does not include the U. S. Maid, as, from what she says herself, some of her recipes must be pretty strong) As everyone has been giving his or her views lately on dancing and card playing, I will fall in line and say that I heartily agree with Bonne Soir when she says that those who think so much evil must be just a "wee bit" inclined that way themselves. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule. "Bumble Bee"—I agree with you that pool rooms do more harm than cards. The game itself may be all right, but it's the company that one meets there. Well, you may say it is not necessary to be friends will all you meet there, but you know the old proverb, "Evil companions corrupt good manners." Now, friends, I am not a preacher; I'm an Imp, green-eyed and yellow-haired, but all the same, I do not drink or frequent pool rooms. Cards and dancing I enjoy very much, and I see no harm in smoking a pipe although I don't indulge myself.

Now, kind Editor (I should have put this in at the first), will you please have on your Sunday smile, be in good humor, and, above all things, keep away from that w.p.b. when you read this letter. If you don't I'll write again sure. I would like to receive letters from persons of either sex and will answer all promptly. Would someone who has been in Florida please write? My address is with the Editor. Thanking you, kind Editor, for your time and space, believe me one of the club boys.
Imp.

Arbitrary English Language

We'll begin with box, and the plural is boxes, But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes. The one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese, Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese. You may find a lone mouse on a whole nest of mice, But the plural of house is houses, not hie. If the plural of man is always called men, Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen? The cow in the plural may be cows or kine, But the bow if repeated is never called bine, And the plural of vow is vows, never vine. If I speak of a foot, and you show me your feet, And I give you a boot, would the pair be called beet? If one is a tooth and the whole set are teeth, Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth? If the singular's this and the plural is these, Should the plural of kiss ever be nick-named keese? Then one may be that and three may be those, Yet hat in the plural would never be hose, And the plural of cat is cats, not cose. We speak of a brother, and also of brethren. But though we may say mother, we never say methren. Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, him, But imagine the feminine she, shis, and shim! So the English, I think, you all will agree, Is the funniest language you ever did see.

Raised in a Day

William had left home at the tender age of thirteen to be a grocer's clerk. This was his first day. Mrs. Blaine came into the store and asked: "How much are these chickens?" "We sell them at twenty-five cents a pound," William replied. "Do you raise them yourselves?" "Certainly, ma'am. They were twenty-two cents yesterday."

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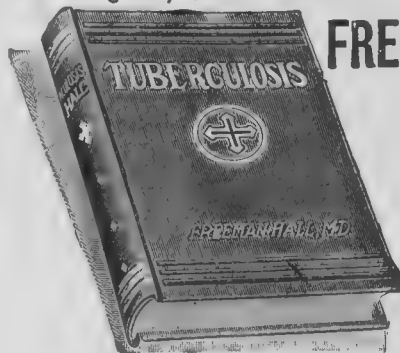
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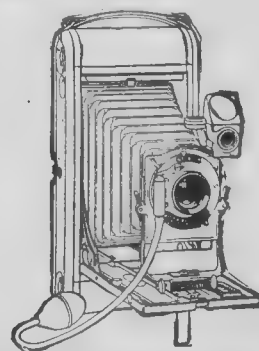


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Children

The Christ Child and the New Year Boy

IT was New Year's day and the bright afternoon sun was shining down into one of the pleasantest nurseries in the world; the room was full of pictures

and books and toys so many of them the very kind that children like best. There was a rocking-horse, there were tin soldiers and guns and trumpets and drums and steam engines and games and paint-boxes and so many kinds of picture-books that one would think the

child who lived in this nursery would be quite as happy as anyone could wish to be.

It seems a pity that I should have to tell it, but at the time I am writing about, the owner of this lovely room, and all the nice things in it, was lying on his back on the couch in the corner, screaming with all his might, so that his face was quite red and ugly and not at all pleasing, as it should have been.

A few moments ago Nurse had brought

the little lord of this pleasant nursery-land into the room, and she had been obliged to carry him by one arm and one leg, because he had refused to come in any other fashion. She had laid him upon the couch because he did not know or care just then where he was, he was so very angry.

Nurse had taken him from the front hall floor, where he had thrown himself in the bitterness of his disappointment when papa and mama had kissed him good-by and gone away to make a visit without him. He had been left at home because he was too young to go so far and stay up so late.

He had been having such a beautiful New Year's day, it was a shame for mama to go and leave him he thought. He had forgotten entirely how long she had been playing with him and reading to him, and he had forgotten too, that dear little New Year Boy, about whom she had been reading the very last thing before she had to stop.

This New Year Boy was said to go about and sit in children's nurseries and write down on his long New Year's scroll all the things they said and did; when the things were good, loving, happy ones they made the page all white and fair and beautiful, and when they were wrong, selfish ones they made the page dark and ugly, and the New Year Boy was said to weep very bitterly as he recorded them.

Little John and mama had had such a good talk together after she had finished this story, and before they were through John had determined not to give the New Year Boy one unpleasant thing to write down on his roll all this year for he was so good and cunning John couldn't bear the thought of making him cry. And then, after all, forgetting everything about him the very first time something not quite pleasant happened—this troublesome temper had had its way again, and he had kicked and screamed in that dreadful manner which he knew hurt mama so much and made her go away with the sad look in her eyes.

When Nurse laid him on the couch, he kicked so hard that one pillow went off on to the floor, and then another, and he screamed till he was tired and his throat hurt; and then he stopped and began to count the little circles and squares in the pattern of the paper on the ceiling. He counted them through his tears, as he lay there on his back, till he began to grow sleepy, and the circles began to change into other things, and the squares looked like something different, and then there began to be pictures on the ceiling, where the little figures had been before.

One picture seemed to be of his own nursery, and there was the little New Year Boy sitting right on the edge of the table writing, and as he wrote, he took out a little pocket-handkerchief from somewhere and began to wipe his eyes, and he wiped the again and again as though they were too full of tears for him to see to write. The angry boy on the couch knew that he must be writing about his anger, and oh, he was so sorry! He turned his head down among the pillows and his face burned!

After a little, the New Year Boy jumped down and walked very slowly and sadly away with the roll under his arm.

John never thought of speaking to him but while he lay there thinking there seemed to come another picture on the ceiling. He knew it very well, from the one mama had given him on Christmas-day, and which papa had hung over his bed right there in the nursery; that was of the Christ-Child in the manger, with the gentle Mother bending over him, and Joseph and the Wise Men and the cow. But this picture was different, because Mary and Joseph and the Wise Men were gone away and the Baby was lying alone in the manger with only the kind-faced cow over there keeping watch.

And while the boy on the couch was looking and wondering where they all had gone, there came walking into the stable the figure of the little New Year Boy. He looked tired and travel-stained as though he had come a very long way and his face was anxious and troubled. The roll was in his hand and he walked to the side of the manger and tried to climb up to where the Christ Child lay.

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It was high up and the New Year Boy must have been tired, for his chubby little foot slipped, and he dropped his roll and had to go back and pick it up.

Then a soft light seemed to shine out of the manger and the Christ Child sat up and smiled and the light of his smile shined down on the head of the New Year Boy as he turned to climb up again over the side of the manger. The Christ Child put out his hand, still smiling, and lifted up the New Year Boy, and they sat down in the hay, the Christ Child and the New Year Boy together. Their little heads bent down over the roll the New Year Boy had brought and they seemed to be reading it.

John grew hot all over for he knew they were reading about his anger. He turned over on his face, and buried his unhappy shameful little face in the pillows again; it seemed as though he could not bear it, and he stretched out his hands pleadingly to the two sad little companions as they sat there, in the hay. He tried to say he was sorry and he would never, never—but he could not speak.

Somehow the Christ Child must have known just how John felt, for he turned toward him and smiled, a beautiful smile that made it light everywhere and shone on the little bowed head of the New Year Boy as he sat there weeping bitterly. Then he patted his little visitor gently on the head and laid his cheek against the tear-stained one for a moment and then he took the wrinkled scroll the New

white; then he bent down and kissed him tenderly and softly on the lips.

John put up his arms to give the kind little friend a good big hug, but as he opened his eyes and looked up, the New Year Boy was gone and his own dear mama was bending over him and waking him with a kiss. John's arms went around her and he said, "Oh mama, I was sorry and the Christ Child gave the New Year Boy a clean new white scroll for me, so we can begin all over, once more, and I am sure he will never, never have to write down any anger for me again."

Staying Out Late

"O mother, let us stay out late!"

Cried little Tom and Fred:

"Always before it's really dark

You make us go to bed.

We're sure that we would like the dark,

We want to see the moon;

They say some owls are in this grove,

Don't make us come so soon!"

Down sank the sun, up rose the moon,

The tree-toads made their noise:

Two little owls began to hoot,

Which scared those little boys.

Back to their homes they quickly ran,

They heard the watch-dog bark:

"Mama, we want to come to bed,

We're frightened at the dark!"

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A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Year Boy had brought, for it was all stained with the very black writing about the anger, and the tears that had been shed on it, and he put it away out of sight, so that John never saw it again.

Then the Christ Child seemed to reach down somewhere in the hay and he took a fresh white scroll from under his pillow, John thought, and gave it into the glad eager hands of his little companion. Then they both smiled, such bright wonderful smiles, that all the stable shone again, and they spoke together for a moment and the Christ Child laid his baby hand lovingly on the bowed head and tumbled curls of the New Year Boy, and blessed him as he went. Then he helped him carefully down the side of the manger, and the climbing seemed to be so easy now, though they were such tiny hands that helped. The New Year Boy trotted away with a quick glad step, with joy in every motion, and the Christ Child lay down in the hay again to rest, the light still shining about him.

John watched the New Year Boy eagerly, as he went, and he fairly held his breath for joy for he was sure the new white scroll must be for him, because he knew the Christ Child was gentle and forgiving when people were sorry; and surely, surely it was for him, for at that moment in walked the tired happy looking New Year Boy, straight into John's nursery again, and he laughed aloud for joy, with such a merry laugh, as he jumped right up on to the edge of the couch and held the scroll up before John's eyes, all clean and fresh and

"O mother, let us stay out late!"

Cried little Fuzz and Ball.

"You always make us go to bed

Before it's light at all.

We're sure that we would like the light;

We want to see the sun;

They saw two boys come to this grove,

And that will be great fun!"

Down sank the moon, up rose the sun;

Loud crowed the barn-yard fowls;

Two little boys began to shout,

Which scared those little owls.

Back to their hollow tree they flew;

Their eyes were big and bright:

"Mama, we want to go to bed,

We're frightened at the light!"

Brave and Tender

A year or two ago there was a shipwreck at St. Margaret's Bay, England; and the life-line brought sailor after sailor to shore, amid the cheers of the rescuers. At last only the captain remained on board. The line was ready, the signal was given, but the answering jerk did not come. Again and again, for a quarter of an hour, the question passed along the line without reply. At last, when hope was nearly dead, the signal came; and the captain was hauled, dripping, to shore. He picked himself up, drew a small, wet, quivering dog from his breast pocket, and set it tenderly down. Then he looked around, and said in simple apology, "I couldn't find the little brute anywhere!"

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How the Toys Looked for Father Christmas

By Murray Fisher.

IT was Christmas Eve.

The toys all sat on the floor in a large circle, and waited for Father Christmas. And while they waited they played "hunt the slipper" with the Wax Doll's shoe.

The clock downstairs struck twelve, and the White Monkey caught the slipper and gave it back to the Wax Doll with a smile. The Wax Doll did not smile. She was cross about them playing with her shoe, so she didn't even say "Thank you," which was rude of her.

"If you go on letting those children bump you about on the floor," said the Prancing Carthorse, "your nose will be as flat as a pancake."

The Wax Doll tossed her golden hair and stared at the ceiling.

She did not like people talking about her nose, because it used to be so beautiful, and she was new only last year.

"Be quiet," said the Jack-in-the-box sharply; "he will be here in a minute."

The Wax Doll and the Prancing Carthorse stopped immediately.

Most people obeyed the Jack-in-the-box, because if they didn't he used to throw things at them, and the kind of things he threw were generally hard.

So they all went on waiting for Father Christmas to come.

"I'm sure he is very late," said the White Monkey thoughtfully. "And I

Presently they met a Policeman who was nearly asleep, because he was tired; and the Jack-in-the-box asked him if he happened to be Father Christmas. But the Policeman looked very frightened, because he thought that he was dreaming, and he kept on rubbing his eyes and saying, "Oh! I never did! Lawks a mercy!" until the Jack-in-the-box got so cross that he called him a stupid idiot and went on.

The Wax Doll looked back, and the Policeman was holding up three fingers in front of him and saying "Two." She could not make out what he was doing it for, so she looked back again. And the Policeman was still holding up some of his fingers in front of his face and guessing how many there were; but he always guessed wrong.

So they still went on; but they couldn't see Father Christmas anywhere, and the Wax Doll began to cry because she was getting tired, and the snow made her feet wet. But the Jack-in-the-box went on asking everybody they met if they were Father Christmas, and they all looked very frightened and said they were not.

At last they met a Little White Fluffy Dog, and the Jack-in-the-box smiled and rubbed his hands, because he thought he had found Father Christmas at last. So he stopped and asked the Little White Fluffy Dog if he happened to be Father Christmas.

Now the Little White Fluffy Dog was rather a bad kind of dog, so he said that he was, and wondered whatever would happen next.



"The Wax Doll Tossed Her Golden Hair."

wonder what he is like! You can't see much of him when he is putting you down a long stocking."

The Jack-in-the-box stared angrily at the White Monkey, and began to look round for something to throw at him.

The White Monkey left off hurriedly and looked nervous.

"Silence!" said the Jack-in-the-box severely.

But still Father Christmas did not come, and presently the clock downstairs struck the half-hour.

The Jack-in-the-box got up and shook himself.

"It is no good waiting any longer," he said. "Something must be done."

"But what?" asked all the toys.

The Jack-in-the-box got up and shook and began to think. Presently he jumped up again. "Someone must go and look for him," he said.

The toys did not like the idea, but they didn't say so to the Jack-in-the-box.

"I shall go and look for him," he went on decidedly. "And the Wax Doll shall come too."

This made the Wax Doll jump and turn pale because she did not want to go out into the cold white snow and look for anybody and she said so.

But the Jack-in-the-box was very fierce, and he said "but if she didn't come he would throw all the little box of red soldiers at her; and the soldiers looked very prickly, so she said she would go."

So they set off down the stairs and out into the cold wet snow. And they walked along hand in hand, because if they had not, the Wax Doll would have run home; and they looked everywhere for Father Christmas, but they could not see him.

And the Jack-in-the-box thought himself very clever at finding Father Christmas, so he shook hands and said that all the others were waiting to see what kinds of new toys he had brought with him for Christmas.

But of course the Little White Fluffy Dog had not brought any kind of toys with him, and he didn't know what to do, so he said, "Ssh! Ssh!" which made the Wax Doll begin to cry, because he said it in such a frightening way. And the Jack-in-the-box jumped and looked all round him.

Then the Little White Fluffy Dog was very confidential, and said, "I had to disguise myself, because I had an enemy running after me and it made me late. But I will get my toys and come with you." He rather liked pretending to be Father Christmas because it seemed to make the Jack-in-the-box so nice to him.

The Jack-in-the-box wanted to get home, so he said, "Oh, please get your toys and hurry up."

So the Little White Fluffy Dog went round the corner, and he entered a Post Office, and when the postmen were not looking he caught hold of a large parcel and took it back with him to where the Jack-in-the-box was waiting. He did not know at all what was inside, only he hoped it was some kind of toys. So they set off home.

When they got back, all the toys were still waiting for Father Christmas. So the Jack-in-the-box told them how he had found Father Christmas, and how Father Christmas had to disguise himself because of the enemies, and the toys all thought that the Jack-in-the-box was cleverer than ever.

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I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: "Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power."

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COLONIAL ART CO., Desk 3 L TORONTO

The Little White Fluffy Dog laughed inside his head and thought it was all very funny. But when he had shaken hands with all the toys he did not know what to do next. And all the toys wondered why he did not show them what he had brought in the parcel.

Suddenly the Wax Doll began to cry, because she said she heard funny noises in one of the walls; but the Jack-in-the-box said he would throw the little red soldiers at her if she did not stop, so she did stop.

The Little White Fluffy Dog smiled to himself, and he drank a whole saucer of milk that the children had put down on the floor as a Christmas present for the Cat.

At last the Prancing Carthorse asked him what he had brought with him for Christmas. Then the Little White Fluffy Dog told them they could open the parcel, while he went on looking for some more milk.

So all the toys went to undo the parcel except the White Monkey, and he got on a chair and watched the Little White Fluffy Dog looking for some more milk.

Just then the Wax Doll began to scream, because she said she heard funny noises in the wall again; but the Jack-in-the-box got up and threw some of the little red soldiers at her, which made her stop very quickly.

And the White Monkey sat on the chair and wondered to himself about the Christmas having a white fluffy tail.

The Prancing Carthorse went on un-



"The Jack-in-the-box Threw Some of the Soldiers at Her."

doing the parcel, and all the other toys looked over his shoulder. And the Little White Fluffy Dog watched him from the other side of the room, because he did know what was in the parcel himself.

There was only one thing in the parcel.

And that one thing was a Jack-in-the-box!

And it was every little bit just like the other Jack-in-the-box, only it was newer and brighter and prettier.

Then all the other toys said "Oh!" and they looked first at one Jack-in-the-box and then at the other. They were cross, because they wanted to see the new kinds of toys, and they didn't want any more Jacks-in-the-box.

Now if the old Jack-in-the-box had been a really nice kind of person, he would have been pleased to see the new Jack-in-the-box, and would have smiled nicely at him, and asked him what his name was; but as it happened he wasn't a bit nice, and he just got crosser and crosser. He did not like another Jack-in-the-box coming that was newer than he was, so he looked round for the Little White Fluffy Dog, and he threw all the rest of the little red soldiers at him.

And just then the Wax Doll began to scream again. And the time they all heard the funny noise in the wall, and

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they wondered what was going to happen.

The Little White Fluffy Dog thought he would stop pretending to be Father Christmas and would go home instead; but the White Monkey caught hold of him by his fluffy tail and would not let him go. And the funny noises still went on, and they seemed to come from the chimney. Suddenly they saw a little man jump down on to the fender. He carried a great bag, but he was very black, because of the soot in the chimney.

And the Jack-in-the-box got behind the Prancing Carthouse, and asked the little man whoever he was and why he came down their chimney.

The little man looked very cross, and said that he was Father Christmas, and that he was coming down the chimney because it was a short cut, and he got stuck.

Then all the toys were very surprised, and they turned round and looked at the Little White Fluffy Dog; and the White Monkey still had hold of his tail, so that he could not get away.

And the toys said: "But this is Father Christmas!"

Then the little black man told them to look in his bag and not to be so stupid. So they opened his bag and found a lot of toys, which showed that he was Father Christmas.

And the Little White Fluffy Dog was so frightened that he gave an extra wriggle and got away from the White Monkey and ran off.

And all the toys chased him right out into the cold wet snow.

The Christmas Pudding

When Sarah brings the pudding in The children make a merry din. At last, at last, the time is here They've looked and longed for, all the year.

"Hip! Hip! Hooray!" cry Phil and Hugh,

"It's all on fire and burning blue!"

And baby Betty's eyes are bright; She claps her hands in sheer delight.

But May keeps very calm and still And looks quite shocked at Hugh and Phil.

With folded hands she sits quite good, As little ladies always should.

But when each child is served in turn, You will not be surprised to learn That even May—it tastes so nice Begs mother for another slice.

—Jessie Pope.

Story of a Dog

A Swiss Canine Guide, Philosopher and Friend.

Having lost my train through the stupid conceit of the stage driver, who declared that in all his fifteen years' experience he had never belated a passenger, I found myself stranded in a small Swiss village with three hours to get rid of before I could continue my journey. It was a dismal, unpromising looking place, and I inquired of some of the people standing about the station if there were any points of interest in the neighborhood which could be visited in the space of three hours. With one accord they answered: "The Caldron; go to see the Caldron; it is well worth a visit."

"Where and what is the Caldron?"

"It is half-way up the mountain, but the road is somewhat complicated. You must have a guide. Go to yonder little white house with the green blinds, and you will find the best guide in the country, and the best fellow, too—Father Simon."

I knocked at the door of the little white house. It was opened by an old woman.

"Does Father Simon live here?"

"He does, but—is it to go to the Caldron?"

"Yes."

"Well, he is unable to go out to-day. His legs have given out and he cannot leave his bed. However, that makes no difference. I have someone who will do just as well as he—Nero."

"All right; send Nero to me."
 "But I must tell you that Nero is not a person."

"Not a person!"

"No, he is our dog."

"What do you mean?"

"He will guide you just as well as my husband would. He is accustomed to do it. For years he has accompanied his master; knows all the points of view, and can guide perfectly alone by himself. He often guides parties of travellers, and they always compliment us on his cleverness. You need not fear. He has quite as much intelligence as you or I. All he needs is the gift of speech. That is not necessary in this case, as it would be were he showing a monument where he would have to know dates and relate anecdotes about it. Take Nero. It costs less, too. Only thirty cents for Nero, and he will do as much for you as my husband would for three dollars."

"Well, where is Nero?"

"Sleeping outside in the sun. He has already taken a party to the Caldron this morning—Nero! Nero!"

He came leaping through the open window, an ugly little black poodle, with long, curly, woolly hair. He certainly was not handsome, but he had a grave, decided, important manner that was most impressive. He looked at me with a searching, comprehensive glance that said:

"You are a stranger, and you want to see the Caldron?"

Not wishing to lose another train, I explained that I had only three hours in which to make the excursion. "Yes, I know," said Mme. Simon, "you want to go by the four o'clock train. Nero will bring you back in time. Now, Nero, be off! be off! do you hear?" But Nero did not move; he stood looking anxiously at his mistress.

"Ah, stupid that I am," he cried. "I had forgotten the sugar."

She handed me four lumps that I put into my pocket. "That is why he would not start; it was the sugar. Now off with you, old fellow. To the Caldron! to the Caldron! to the Caldron!"

She repeated this three times slowly and distinctly, and as she did so I watched the effect on Nero. He answered the words of his mistress by wagging his tail; each time more emphatically than the last, as one would say. "Of course I understand. Do you take me for an imbecile? The gentleman has the sugar and wants to see the Caldron." He looked at me gravely, and then trotted on before, I following meekly.

As we crossed the village the children called out: "Hello, Nero; come here, Nero," and tried to frolic with him, but he turned from them disdainfully; he had no time for play now, he was on duty and wished to honestly earn his thirty cents.

"Let him alone; don't you see he is guiding a gentleman to the Caldron," and they screamed with laughter. I laughed too, but somewhat grimly. I felt embarrassed and a little humiliated. I, a man, was being led by a dog. He was for the moment my superior. He knew where we were going. I did not. I hurried from the village, anxious to find myself alone with Nero and those beauties of nature that he was to show me. He walked along the hot and dusty highroad at a pace I found some difficulty in keeping up with. I tried to curb his ardor by calling to him, "Good Nero, not so fast, old fellow," etc., but he took no notice, calmly pursuing his way, even flying into a rage when I ventured to sit down a moment to rest under a forlorn looking tree. He barked angrily and looked at me reproachfully—evidently I was doing something out of the usual routine. Finally his barking became so irritating that I arose and resumed my walk. Nero at once calmed down and sprang gayly on before.

I had obeyed him and he was happy. A few minutes later we entered a delightful woodpath full of flowers, shady and sweet-smelling, with a murmuring brook and bowerlike trees. Nero flew on ahead, and disappeared up a little by-path. I followed breathlessly. When I came up with him I found him awaiting me with sparkling eyes and wagging tail, in a grassy dell made cheerful by the singing of a merry

brook. There was a rustic seat at which he looked, and then at me, as if to say: "Yes, yes; this is the place to rest; how lovely it is; how cool. You were fool enough to wish to rest on the dusty highway. I will allow you to sit down as long as you want to."

I sat down and lit a cigar. I really felt as if I ought to offer one to Nero. He was quite capable of smoking. However, I thought he would prefer a lump of sugar. He caught it cleverly as I tossed it to him, ate it eagerly, curled himself up at my feet, and was soon asleep. As for me, I determined to trust implicitly to Nero, and gave myself up to a comfortable siesta. After ten minutes dose, Nero got up, looked about him, stretched himself, and said, in dog language, "Come now, my friend, we must be moving on." We plodded on together like old friends, taking it easy under the trees, both enjoying the cool quiet of the place. Out on the highway Nero had walked quickly, firmly, steadily; he wished to get out of the dust and heat. Now he strolled along, as if merely for the pleasure of walking in one of the loveliest spots in the Vaud Canton. The road became very steep and rocky, and I had to pick my way with the greatest care. Nero sprang from rock to rock, but always with a watchful eye on me. Presently I began to hear in the distance a sound as of fiercely boiling water. Nero barked loud and joyously.

"Courage, courage," he said. "We are almost there—now you will see the Caldron."

The Caldron turned out to be a small, insignificant stream of water, falling from an insignificant height into a hollow rock—the boiling sound produced by the echoes. It was a pretty sight, but would not have repaid me for such a hard climb had I not had Nero as a guide—he being much more interesting than the celebrated Caldron. On either side of the stream were tiny cottages in which two pretty peasant girls in their national costume sold milk to the weary traveller. One was blonde, the other brunette. I thought the blonde had the prettier eyes, and was approaching her little cottage—looking like a toy cut out with a jig saw—in the door of which she was standing, when Nero planted himself in the path before me and began barking furiously.

What was the matter? Had he preference for the brunette? I turned in the other direction and he quieted down at once. I sat down at a table under the trees and ordered a pitcher of milk. The brunette entered the house, closely followed by Nero. I peeped through the window and watched him, the sinner—he was not above being bribed. I found that he was served before me to a large bowl of cream. He came out presently, the cream dripping from his black moustaches, and watched me earnestly while I drank my milk. I then gave him a lump of sugar, and perfectly satisfied with each other we sat for half an hour enjoying the invigorating breezes that blew on that hilltop twelve hundred feet above the sea level.

Presently Nero began to show signs of restlessness. I got up, paid for the milk, and starting on the same path up which we had come was surprised to see Nero lead over to the left, to the entrance of another path. I had made so much progress in dog language that I understood his eyes to say:

"What do you take me for? Do you think I would take you over the same route twice? No, indeed, I know my business. We will go down by a new road."

The new road was even more beautiful than the old one. Nero, delighted with himself, kept turning towards me with looks of triumph. As we crossed the road on our way to the railway station the dogs of his acquaintance tried to attract his attention, but he repulsed their advances as before. "Do you not see that I am on duty. I am taking this gentleman to the railway station." It was only when I was safely deposited in the waiting-room that he would consent to leave me, having gayly devoured the two last lumps of sugar, and this is the way I interpreted his glances of farewell: "We are twenty minutes too early. You don't catch me losing people's trains for them. Good-by, good luck, good-by."

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and considerably larger, and I am now able to wear low-necked gowns without shame and humiliation."

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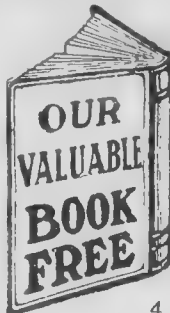
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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG CANADA

The Home Doctor

A Christmas Prayer for Such as Are in Sorrow

By George Hodges, D.D.

OFATHER of mercies and God of all comfort, behold how we sit solitary in the midst of gladness. While our neighbors keep the feast with merry hearts, Thou seest how our souls are filled with grief. Bless us also, O Father with a Christmas blessing.

We remember, Lord, the strangers' how they watched their flocks in the chill night under the black sky. Thou didst open heaven's gate; Thou didst send a multitude of angels, shining and singing round about them, with messages of peace. Lighten now, O Father, our most bitter darkness; speak to our souls.

We remember, Lord, the strangers how they came on their long journey, friendless and bewildered, out of the way, knowing not whither they went. Thou didst shine upon them with the star of wonder, setting them in the right path, giving them great joy, and bringing them into the presence of the King. We, too, O Father, have lost our way. Guide us, we pray Thee; show us Thy star of hope.

We remember, Lord, the stable of Bethlehem, how the holy mother came there very weary, in distress and pain, finding a forlorn lodging. Thou didst glorify the place. Thou didst change sorrow into joy, and darkness into light eternal. Visit, O Father, our poverty of soul, our weariness and weakness; O visit us with Thy salvation.

Thou Thyself didst come, O Lord, as on this day, to live our life; help us now to live it, when it is very hard. Thou hast borne our sicknesses and carried our sorrows; we are heavy laden, and Thou hast promised rest. Lift us up, bless us with courage, strengthen our faith. We are in tribulation, Lord, in a world which we cannot understand. But Thou dost understand; Thou hast overcome even death itself. Teach us, O Lord, the lesson of Thy consolation; grant us Thy peace; help us to enter into the Christmas joy.

Some gifts for sick people are suggested here: For a girl or boy who is in quarantine, and whose gifts must necessarily be burned later, may send paper dolls, soldiers, animals and furniture, puzzles, crayons, beads, pieces to sew for patchwork, cheap picture-books and painting-books. For one sick in a hospital, a round basket lined with the Christmas crepe-paper napkins and filled with fruit or home-made jelly and delicate cookies will be most welcome. Tie on the handle of the basket a ribbon bow to match the napkins in color, and attach a pretty Christmas card. For an adult convalescing, books of charades or puzzles will help to pass many hours pleasantly.

Children's Teeth

The teeth should receive far more care and attention than is usually given to them. It is a great mistake to neglect a baby's teeth under the impression that they are milk teeth, and not important, because only temporary. The character of the teeth in after life is very much determined by the character and treatment of the first teeth; therefore, every mother should fully understand that the baby's first teeth are of the greatest importance, and need special care for their preservation. The first little teeth should drop out of the little mouth as white as snow, as they usually do if they have had proper care and attention.

To preserve the first set of teeth from decay, wash with lukewarm water containing a little borax, and brush with a soft brush directly after each meal. It is most important to preserve the first set of teeth from decay, as if they are not retained up to the proper period, the second set are apt to be defective.

Teething

Cutting of the teeth frequently causes a great amount of suffering to children. The first set of milk teeth are twenty

in number—ten in each jaw. Of these the first to come through the gum are the central incisors, or cutting teeth, which about the end of the seventh month take up their places in the middle of the jaw—two in the top and two in the bottom. Two months later two more teeth make their appearance in each jaw. They are known as lateral incisors, or side cutting teeth. At the end of the twelve months the front grinding teeth are due; at eighteen months the dog teeth are to be expected, and six months later the back grinding teeth come forth and complete the set of twenty milk teeth.

This is very easy to read, and if the teeth only came after this fashion the infant's life would be robbed of one of its greatest terrors. Even the most healthy children have trouble, more or less, with each fresh instalment of cutters or grinders. To assist the teeth in forcing their way through the gum amber beads or coral may be given to the child to suck. A piece of lump sugar rubbed on the gum is also helpful. Provided the little one is fed and nursed properly, there need be no fear of any illness resulting from teething. Should the teeth be very late in making their appearance, a doctor had better be consulted, for the chances are that the baby's constitution is weak in some particular.

The permanent teeth make their appearance about the seventh year, and are thirty-two in number. The grinding teeth usually appear first, and are followed by the central cutting teeth. The dog teeth appear about the twelfth year, and the "wisdom teeth" any time between the ages of sixteen and twenty-three.

Infantile Paralysis

In its early stages this is an acute febrile disease of childhood, and seems not a serious ailment; but the paralysis may be lifelong and shockingly crippling. For this reason it is, to the physician who recognizes it in its early stages, one of the most dreaded of all the ills of childhood except those which directly threaten life. The disease begins, like most of the acute fevers of childhood, with an indisposition to play, loss of appetite, sometimes nausea and vomiting, headache, restlessness, muscular twitchings, or sometimes actual convulsions, and fever. The fever is seldom high, and at first the child does not seem to be very ill. The symptoms suggest rather a little digestive upset than a serious disease.

After a few days, sometimes earlier, the child is seen to be paralyzed, and the paralysis increases rapidly in extent, until sometimes the power of motion is abolished in both arms and both legs. But usually the muscles are not so widely implicated, and only one or two limbs, perhaps the leg on one side and the arm on the other, or maybe only parts of these limbs, are affected.

By this time the acute symptoms have generally subsided, and if it were not for the paralysis the child would be up and about again as usual. But the paralysis persists for a few days or weeks, and then gradually recedes, until only a comparatively small part of the original area involved remains permanently affected.

The disease is essentially one of children, and more commonly of boys, although young adults are occasionally attacked. It is believed to be an infectious disease, although probably not contagious or "catching," and it has been known to occur in quite extensive epidemics. The paralysis that remains is accompanied by atrophy of the muscles and retarded growth of the affected limb. When it affects the leg it is the most common cause of acquired clubfoot.

Although a complete cure is seldom or never obtained, there are few diseases which offer greater reward for persistent treatment. At the beginning massage and electricity are of the greatest use, and sometimes the persistent and scien-

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Prof. A. T. Smith.

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tific application of electricity will bring about a notable improvement even after years of paralysis, when the muscles seem wasted away to nothing.

The Invalid's Christmas

An old lady who had been an invalid for years, when asked what gift had pleased her most of all, produced a scrap-book about Scotland—her native country. Her daughter had devised and made the book, and it contained pictures of many familiar home places, also sketches of Bruce, Wallace and Scott. There were, too, copies of some Scotch lullabies, sketches of Ellen's Isle with quotations from Scott, and some anecdotes and short stories of Scottish life. The cover of the book was appropriately decorated with sketches of flowers of Scotland done in water-colors to match their natural colors. It was a very attractive and interesting book—one that anybody could easily imitate by collecting material of equal interest in connection with other countries.

An invalid man, who often amused himself by playing games with cards, found much comfort in the present of a small, light lapboard, about eighteen inches long by ten wide and a quarter of an inch thick. It was made of oak, and carefully finished with a dull polish. It proved handy for holding many other things besides the cards: a cup of coffee, a plate of fruit, etc.; and its usefulness was really out of all proportion to its very slight cost.

Anything mysterious appeals alike to old and young, and a "Wonder Box" holds a pound or two of curiosity and more than that amount of pleasure. To prepare such a box a friend of the invalid informs other friends of the idea and asks them to bring some small gift to her house, where the packages will be wrapped with gayly colored paper and ribbon, and then placed in a box to be sent to the invalid's home on Christmas morning. Slips of paper should be attached to each gift with congratulations and the time to open them. Some of them should be especially marked—for instance, the card on a cup and saucer might read: "Open this when ready to eat your breakfast," or some message equally appropriate, and so on each article according to its use.

A collection of snapshot pictures of friends at their sports, with the date and a little story of their merry makings written on the back of each one of the photographs, will help to while away pleasantly many an hour in the sick room.

Weighing an Atom

Recent scientific researches have apparently not only proved the actual existence of indivisible particles, but have actually succeeded in weighing them. This wonderful result has been accomplished almost simultaneously by two physicists—Perrin, of the University of Paris, and Millikan, of the University of Chicago.

Professor Perrin arrived at the discovery by a study of the so-called Brownian movements of minute particles, the nature of which had not previously been understood. He conceived the idea that the curious dancing and twinkling of minute particles seen in emulsions under a microscope are due to the bombardment of the visible particles by invisible particles, or atoms. By applying well known laws of physics to the problem, he was able to determine that the weight of an atom of hydrogen is such that three million billion billions weigh one gram (15.4 grains).

But the atom is not the ultimate particle, but a group consisting of a thousand or more of smaller particles called electrons. Under the influence of powerful electrical currents, atoms may be made to throw off some of their electrons. Professor Millikan devised a method of capturing and weighing these electrons and measuring their electric charge.

The weights of atoms and molecules as determined by these two wholly different methods agree with those which have been previously determined by other

EAT AND BE STRONG

To be well and strong you must eat food; and having eaten it, you must digest it and so turn it into the material of your own body. You cannot be well if your body is not properly nourished, and it cannot be nourished if your food does not digest perfectly. Indigestion (imperfect digestion) will make you weak and ailing, subject to headaches, stomach pains—very likely constipation, and certainly discomfort after eating. Matters do not end there, for the poisons, formed in your stomach from the stagnant mass of food, will be drawn into your blood and carried to every part of your body, thus weakening your system and rendering you liable to more deadly diseases. Don't hesitate. Take Mother Seigel's Syrup. It so strengthens the stomach and liver that indigestion becomes impossible, and it cleanses your system of all impurities.

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CANCER

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment cures external or internal cancer. Write to R. D. EVANS, Brandon, Manitoba, Canada

means. Thus the truth of the atomic theory, which was first conceived more than two thousand years ago, is believed to be at last demonstrated by scientific proofs.

The new element, radium, stimulated the inquiries which led to these wonderful discoveries. This remarkable substance is beginning to show itself capable of wonderful things as a healing agent. Its curative powers are the result of the remarkable radio-active properties which it possesses.

"The only legitimate mode" Sir Henry Thompson, an eminent English physician, wrote ten years ago, "is to masticate every morsel until it becomes a soft

pultaceous mass and is easily swallowed in consequence, unaided by drink."

The Latest Word about Cancer

The idea that cancer is a disease peculiar to human beings is disproved by numerous cancer researches which have been made in recent times. Dr. E. F. Bashford, director of the laboratory of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, in the recently published annual report of this important laboratory, states that 21.6 per cent of mice of non-cancerous ancestry suffer from cancer. The pro-

portion rises to 32.1 with mice of immediate cancerous ancestry. One of the most important facts shown by the work of the laboratory is that the beginning of cancer is a process quite different from the growth of cancer. It has been found, for example, that cancer is clearly connected with certain well-defined habits, such as the chewing of the betel nut in India, carrying of small charcoal stoves next to the abdomen in Cashmir, and the eating of hot rice in China. To these might truthfully be added the smoking of pipes, cigars and cigarettes in Germany, England and America. Cancer, says Doctor Bashford, represents "not only abnormal growth,

an abnormal condition in the host." Doctor Bashford is convinced that cancer is not due "to any common causal parasite, although cancer sometimes results from the chronic irritation produced by parasites of various sorts." It is evident, then, that the most important of all things in connection with cancer research is to find out the causes of the condition of the body which precedes and invites cancer. That this state of the body is somehow favored by the condition of civilization, has been abundantly proved by Doctor Williams, of England. He has shown that wild animals and wild men are alike entirely free from cancer, whereas civilized men

A Message to Men Who Are Weak and Ailing

The failure of medicine, of quacks, and even of other so-called electric belts is no argument against Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belts. No other treatment, no other belt is in the same class with it. Everything else may fail, but Dr. McLaughlin's Belt will cure. It HAS cured thousands who tried other remedies without success.

**Here's An
Offer That
No Weak Man
Can Afford
To Miss**



**If You Are
Tired of Use-
less Drugging
COME NOW!**

Everybody Admires and
Honors a Strong Man.

Do You Want to be
"A Man Among Men"?

ARE YOU ONE?

WRITE TODAY!

This is a message to men. It is to men who want to feel like men, to look like men and act like men. This is to men who lack courage, whose nerves are shaken, whose brains are muddled, ideas confused, sleep restless, confidence gone, spirits low and easily depressed, who are backward, hesitating, unable to venture because they are afraid of failure, who want somebody to decide for them, who are weak puny, and restless. It is to men who have part or all of those symptoms and want new life, new force, new vigor.

Dr. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT

is no longer an experiment. It is hailed by thousands with loud praise because it has cured them. "It cured me. I am well and strong as ever. What more could one ask?" writes a man with a heart full of gratitude.

Do not be in error. This grand appliance is like no other. It is new. It has all the good points that are known to electricity. It gives a powerful current, but does not burn or blister, because my special cushion electrodes make the current a warm, gentle glow, which exhilarates and relieves at once.

Dr. McLaughlin:—

Dear Sir:—I am pleased to say that your Belt has completely cured me, for which I am very grateful. Your Belt is everything it is said to be. I have advised others to invest in your Belt.

Wishing you every success.

Robert Harrop, Roblin, Man

Dr. McLaughlin:—

Dear Sir:—I have been using your Belt for Lumbago and Weak Kidneys and have found it just what I needed, as my back is stronger and I feel better in every way. I can recommend it very highly to any one suffering from these troubles, as I was a chronic sufferer for many years before I got the Belt. Thanking you for the benefits I have received.

Samuel Quinn, Edmonton, Alta.

Box 7, Windthorst, Sask.,

Dr. McLaughlin:—

Dear Sir:—I am pleased to inform you that your Belt has done more for me than I thought it would. My Dyspepsia, from which I suffered for seven years, has never returned, and I can now enjoy a meal as well as any man. I cannot praise your Belt too highly, as it has been a God-send to me, and I hope that other people, suffering the same as I did, will look to you as the reliever. Believe me to be, Sir,

Yours very truly,

H. G. Parker.

Every weak man wants to feel young again! To realize the joyful sparkle of nerve life as it infuses the body with its glowing vitality; to feel the magnetic enthusiasm of youthful energy; to be happy, light-hearted and full of joyous impulses; to be free from spells of despondency, from brain wandering, from the dull, stupid feeling; to have confidence, self-esteem and the admiration of men and women! Such is the wish of the broken-down man, and it may be gratified.

I have a nicely illustrated book which every man should read. I will send it, closely sealed, FREE

Free Book

If you cannot call, then fill out this Coupon, mail it to me, and I will mail you free, sealed and in plain envelope, my book, which contains many things you should know, besides describing and giving the price of the appliance and numerous testimonials. Business transacted by mail or at offices only.—No agents.

Now if you suffer, do not lay this aside and say you will try it later. Act to-day—NOW.

Dr. McLaughlin:—

Dear Sir:—I am pleased to tell you that the Belt has helped me wonderfully. I have been free from backache and weakness ever since I first used the Belt.

W. J. Grosse, Strongfield, Sask

Dr. McLaughlin:—

Dear Sir:—I regret very much in keeping you waiting for the recommendation you so richly deserve in praise of your Belt. I must say that it is a God-send to anybody in need of it. It will cure anything as regards Physical Weakness, and is far ahead of drugs. Anything I can do in the way of recommending your Belt I will do to the best of my ability. You can refer anybody to me that may be in doubt about your Belt.

Thomas Murray,

148 Gladstone Ave., Winnipeg, Man

Dr. McLaughlin:—

Dear Sir:—I have had no chance before to thank you for all the good your Belt has done me. I am perfectly cured of my stomach trouble and rheumatism after wearing the Belt only three months, and to show you how I appreciate it I do not know any better way to thank you than through this letter, and I am sure I will not forget to let my friends know about your wonderful Belt. Wishing you further success, I am,

Yours very truly,

Max Mahnke, Rosthern, Sask.

Dr. McLaughlin:—

Dear Sir:—Your Belt has given every satisfaction. My wife was completely cured in one week, and no return of her troubles has been seen since. I have also worn the Belt for several times myself for slight troubles and obtained quick relief. The Belt has earned its cost over and over again.—Yours truly,

A. Shaw,

No. 60 8th No., Brandon, Man

Dr. McLaughlin:—

Dear Sir:—I have pleasure in telling you that the Belt I bought from you has perfectly cured me of Rheumatism. Thanking you for the good it did me.

Carl Johansson, Roland, Man.

Dr. McLaughlin:—

Dear Sir:—I am pleased to say that one year and eleven months has passed since I stopped wearing your Belt, and I can say that your Belt has cured me permanently of my different ailments, such as nervousness, heart and kidney troubles, indigestion, sick headaches and other ailments. I have not been troubled with any of them since, nor have I felt the effects of them since I stopped wearing the Belt. I always answer all who ask me about the Belt, and there have been several who have written to me, I do this cheerfully and will continue to do so as long as they send me a stamp for reply. Wishing you success in the future I remain, yours for health,

James Ed. Jones, Teulon, Man.

Put your name on this Coupon and send it in.

Dr. E. M. McLAUGHLIN, 237 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

Send me your free Book, closely sealed, and oblige.

Name.....

Address.....

WHOOPING COUGH LEFT A NASTY, DRY COUGH.

Doctors Could Do No Good.

Mrs. A. Mainwright, St. Mary's, Ont., writes:—"I feel it my duty to write and tell you the good your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup did for my little boy. He had whooping cough, which left him with a nasty, dry hard cough. I took him to several doctors, but they did him no good, and I could see my little lad failing day by day. I was advised to take him to another doctor, which I did, and he told me he was going into a decline. I was telling a neighbour about it, and she told me to get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and give it to him regularly. She then got to tell me how much good it did her children, so I got a bottle, and gave it to my little boy, and was so pleased with the result that I bought another one, and by the time he had finished it he had no cough. He is now fat and strong, and I would not be without a bottle in the house on any account."

Whooping cough generally begins as a common cold, accompanied with coughing and a slight discharge from the nose. It is, as a rule, more of a child's trouble but also affects adults.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is a sure preventative if taken in time, and is also a positive cure for any of the after effects.

"Dr. Wood's" is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, price 25 and 50 cents.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

How to Conquer Rheumatism at Your Own Home

If you or any of your friends suffer from rheumatism, kidney disorders or excess of uric acid, causing lameness, backache, muscular pains; stiff, painful, swollen joints, pain in the limbs and feet; dimness of sight, itching skin or frequent neuralgic pains, I invite you to send for a generous **Free Trial Treatment** of my well-known, reliable **Chronicure**, with references and full particulars by mail. (This is no C. O. D. scheme.) No matter how many may have failed in your case, let me prove to you, free of cost, that rheumatism can be conquered. **Chronicure** succeeds where all else fails. **Chronicure** cleanses the Blood and removes the cause. Also for a weakened, run-down condition of the system, you will find **Chronicure** a most satisfactory general tonic that makes you feel that life is worth living. Please tell your friends of this liberal offer, and send today for large free package, to **MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box E. 86—Windsor, Ont.**

and domestic animals are becoming more and more subject to the disease. The more thoroughly civilized and the more thoroughly domesticated the race, the greater the liability to cancer.

What to do in Hemorrhage of the Lungs

Heisler and Tomor recommend the following simple measures, which are effective means of controlling hemorrhage of the lungs:

1. Keep the patient very quiet in a half-lying position.
2. Restrain the movements of the lung from which the hemorrhage comes by strapping that side of the chest with adhesive plaster.
3. Apply hot water bottles, thermophores, photophores, or other applications of heat to the legs.
4. Tie a light bandage around each leg and each arm, close to the body. The bandage should be tight enough to hold back the venous blood and not sufficiently tight to interfere with the arterial circulation.
5. Apply an ice-bag over the affected lung.
6. Introduce into the rectum small enemas, each containing about one dram and a half of gelatin in a half pint of water with half a teaspoonful of salt. This increases the coagulability of the blood.
7. Empty the bowels by means of an enema at 100 degrees. Avoid straining in emptying the bowels.

Stories of a Physician

Not long ago I was sitting (says Sir Thomas Clouston) between two artists at dinner, one a Royal Academician, the other a budding and rising artist. The former said, "I do not know why it is, but I have never been able to touch one single drop of alcohol; it gets into my head at once." I said, "That is just because your brain is so finely constituted; in fact, you are a genius." He was perfectly satisfied with the answer. The rising artist on my left said, "I can take any amount of alcohol and not feel it." "For a very good reason," I said, "there is absolutely nothing to affect." He did not seem so satisfied with the answer. We have approached this doctrine of temperance for years from the medical point of view. Unfortunately, this prescription is not always to the taste of the public. Sir Andrew Clark was once consulted by a Scotsman. The physician enquired carefully into the details of the case, and advised him to give up alcohol. The Scotsman made a bee-line for the door. "May I remind you," said Sir Andrew, "that my fee is two guineas." "You will get no fee from me," was the reply, "I am not taking your prescription."

Temperance in the Army

The Rev. A. A. L. Gedge, Chaplain to the forces, Fulwood Barracks, in the course of a brief speech at the Guild Hall, Preston, Eng., made special allusion to his experience among the recruits, observing that out of 287 who recently went through his hands 260 described themselves as total abstainers. In spite of the country's enormous drink bill, Mr. Gedge did not think we need despair, and certainly not, so far as the army was concerned, for it was now no longer the "fashion" to get drunk. The majority of the young men who entered joined the Army Temperance Association.

A Cure for Rheumatism.—A painful and persistent form of rheumatism is caused by impurities in the blood, the result of defective action of the liver and kidneys. The blood becomes tainted by the introduction of uric acid, which causes much pain in the tissues and in the joints. Parnee's Vegetable Pills are known to have effected many remarkable cures, and their use is strongly recommended. A trial of them will convince anyone of their value.

NO ONE STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH.

The celebrated Dr. Abernethy of London was firmly of the opinion that disorders of the stomach were the most prolific source of human ailments in general. A recent medical writer says: "every feeling, emotion and affection reports at the stomach (through the system of nerves) and the stomach is affected accordingly. It is the vital center of the body * * * * *". He continues, "so we may be said to live (through) the stomach." He goes on to show that the stomach is the vital center of the body. For weak stomachs and the consequent indigestion or dyspepsia, and the multitude of various diseases which result therefrom, no medicine can be better suited as a curative agent than

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.



MRS. MURKEN.

"Several months ago I suffered from a severe pain right under the breast-bone," writes Mrs. G. M. MURKEN, of Corona, Calif. "Had suffered from it, off and on, for several years. I also suffered from heart-burn, did not know what was the matter with me. I tried several medicines but they did me no good. Finally, I was told it was my liver. I did not dare to eat as it made me worse. Whenever I swallowed anything it seemed that I would faint—it hurt so. I grew very thin and weak from not eating. Was told to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took five bottles of it, and could feel myself getting better from the first dose. I could eat a little without pain and grew strong fast. To-day I am strong and well and can do a big day's work with ease. Can eat everything and have put on flesh wonderfully. I will say to all sufferers write to Dr. Pierce. He has my undying gratitude."

Free to Men Only

Would You Like to be a Strong,
Husky, Manly Fellow Once More?

New Method Without Drugs

The attached coupon entitles you to one illustrated copy of my pocket compendium, and guide for the self-restoration of lost strength. (See description below.) Upon hearing from you, this valuable little book of private information for men will be sent by return mail in plain, sealed envelope. Please call or write today.

There is a new and marvellous method for restoring lost manly strength for renewing the vigor of youth, which every man should know of, a self-restorer which operates without the use of drugs or medicines, a new way to treat yourself and by which it is my firm belief any man anywhere who is content to lead a decent life, free from excesses and dissipations, may be almost certain to restore his full manly vigor and strength, if he but makes the little effort that is called for in connection with the use of a little vitalizing appliance which I have patented and am now distributing all over the world.

Please remember that a man is not one day older than he actually feels, and therefore no matter what your age, if you are young or elderly, married or single, large or small, if I can show you, reader, how you can yourself actually add to your system, nerves and blood the very nerve force to vital vigor, which may have been drained away, and which is necessary to make you strong, vigorous and capable again, then I have shown you the real secret of perpetual youth, and how you can again be filled with vitality and again be just as powerful in your influence and just as thoroughly manly in your capacity as the biggest, fullest blooded, most successful fellow of your acquaintance.

I call my vitalizer a **HEALTH BELT** because it is worn around your body in the position of an ordinary belt. It sends a great, soft, strength-giving supply of a force I call vitality into your body at night while you sleep. I would like you to call or to write and get my free book that you may know the whole wonderful account of what my **HEALTH BELT** is doing for others who were looking for safe and sure means to restore vigorous health and to rid the body of pains, aches and weaknesses.

Note—My **HEALTH BELT**, with special attachment, is used by women as well as men for rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, etc.



MANLY MEN RULE THE WORLD

86-Page Book Sent Free

My 86-page illustrated booklet (pocket size) was compiled by me to answer fully and correctly those questions which are asked privately by any man needing new strength and who seeks personal advice pertaining to the ailments and weaknesses he wishes to overcome. The book, fully illustrated, with photo reproductions, contains much that a single or married man should know. It also fully describes my **HEALTH BELT** and tells how you may secure one to use in your own case, should you decide you want to use one. Remember the book is sent absolutely free, in plain, sealed envelope. Why not write for a copy today? Or, if nearby, please call. Hours—9 to 6.



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140 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs—Please forward me your book as advertised, free.

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EYE SPECIALIST

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A Plea for the Babies

IT HAS been truly said that it is twice as dangerous to be a baby as as to have smallpox. Infant mortality is alarmingly high in our large cities, especially in the poorer quarters, where the people are crowded in tenements that are conspicuous for their lack of sanitary equipment. Naturally the mortality is highest where such conditions exist, but unsanitary surroundings are not alone, to be held responsible for this slaughter of the innocents, which has reached such proportions that it is stated that the infant death rate is twice as high as that of untreated typhoid fever.

Maternal ignorance is a far more potent factor in this terrible destruction of life than any kind of environment, nor is this charge confined to the poorer section of the population. Many women, otherwise well informed, are lamentably ignorant on the subject of infant care. Compared with adults, children have a disproportionately small amount of vital force with which to resist disease, but their capacity for recuperation is also greater in proportion. Were it not for this fact, the mortality among infants would be appalling. Prevention is always better than cure, but with children it is pre-eminently so, hence the necessity for mothers, both actual and prospective, to seek instruction on this most important subject.

Gastro-intestinal troubles are the principal ones that beset children, and are as prominent a cause of infantile convulsions as teething. One form of this class of troubles is especially common, namely, diarrhoea, but this is almost invariably due to infection of food, principally milk. This statement is borne out by the fact that the children of Jewish parents, no matter how poor they may be, are practically exempt from diarrhoea, because Hebrew mothers always nurse their own children. Here is where precaution is particularly applicable. Mothers should suckle their own offspring, or if that is a physical impossibility, then the milk should be safeguarded in every possible manner by being pasteurized under strictly hygienic conditions.

But when disease presents itself, ignorance or carelessness frequently tends to make recovery problematical, or, at least, to aggravate the trouble and retard recovery. Mothers are prone to resort to some remedy that has been recommended to them by some one, equally ill-informed, or to some panacea that has a reputation among her friends, as a wonder worker in childish disorders. Laxatives, even when composed of such seemingly innocent ingredients as simple herbs, become dangerous by habitual use. Constipation in babies may usually be relieved by the injection of a teaspoonful of sweet oil, or even by the introduction of a soap pencil, but if the milk is carefully looked to, little trouble in that direction will be experienced.

Perhaps the most dangerous foe to infant life is that ready resort of the careless or ignorant mother—the soothing syrups. The number of lives that have been sacrificed through their use can only be faintly estimated. Not less harmful is paregoric. Many mothers and nurses who mistrust soothing syrups will administer paregoric, because, at least, the constitution of this drug is known, but its use is detrimental to the child's health, and no child to whom it is habitually administered will ever attain to thoroughly robust adult life, even if its days are not prematurely cut short.

Patent medicines should be rigorously tabooed. Risky in all cases, they are especially so where children are concerned. Apart from the possibility of deleterious ingredients, few people know the effect of cumulative doses. Even the most harmless substances may become positively dangerous by too persistent use. Even such a simple substance as camphor has been known to produce convulsions. Yet many a mother, who would rather die than injure her child, falls into the error of

imagining that a remedy is void of harm because she is familiar with it, and therefore safe for the baby.

There are numbers of harmful practices in common use, all of which are inimical to the welfare of the baby. One of them is, putting the child to the breast immediately, or soon after it has vomited. Under such conditions, many mothers will commence to trot the baby up and down, than which nothing could be more harmful. The stomach needs rest, and nothing should be administered but a little warm water, in a teaspoon, until the condition passes. It is an unwise practice to keep the baby's milk warm for any length of time. Milk for the baby should always be kept cool, and warmed only when wanted. Warmth favors the development of bacteria, and milk is an admirable culture medium. It is a reprehensible practice to dilute the baby's milk too much, as it thereby loses its anti-scorbutic quality. It is positively dangerous to feed a baby altogether on either sterilized or condensed milk, as it is exceedingly likely to induce scurvy.

The quotation at the commencement of this article does not seem to be extreme when we consider the countless dangers that beset the infant, especially during its first few months of life, and, not from sources hostile to it, but

we have direct and full control, is mastication. Thorough chewing of the food and its consequent incorporation with the salivary juice lightens the burden of gastric digestion enormously, and is a long step toward perfect assimilation.

The exposed part of a healthy tooth is covered with enamel, the hardest structure in the body. Ninety-six per cent or more of the enamel is composed of mineral matter, which accounts for its compactness.

Externally, the enamel covers the dentine or ivory, which makes up the great bulk of the tooth and surrounds the inner, narrow cavity of the root which is composed of nerves, blood-vessels, and a delicate network of fibrous tissue. This is the pulp of the tooth, but it is more commonly known among the laity as the nerve because of its great sensitiveness.

Each tooth is set in a bony pocket or cavity of the jaw, and is fixed in place by a dense fibrous membrane. The gums, a continuation of the mucous membrane of the mouth, surround and protect the teeth as they emerge from their bony sockets.

A Foul Mouth

Most people are very particular, and rightly so, about having their food and drink clean and free from filth, but unfortunately, a large number seem to be very careless when it comes to cleanliness of the mouth. Indeed, a foul mouth reeking with the vile odors of germs, decaying teeth, putrefying food,

kinds. The plain precipitated dry chalk may also be used in cleansing the teeth. It matters little what the dentifrice is, provided it is free from injurious ingredients and is used faithfully at least once each day.

Bear in mind that the milk teeth of a child require more care and attention than those of an adult, for they are less dense in structure and hence more subject to decay.

The teeth are given us for service as well as ornamentation. They are formed of the hardest tissue found in the body, and nature intended them to be used for chewing and grinding the food. It is a law of physiology that if an organ is neglected and disused, it promptly weakens, atrophies and becomes more or less useless. Put your arm in a sling for a few months, and it soon becomes feeble and powerless. The same law also applies to the teeth. Consequently, it is a great mistake to feed solely upon slops and soft, mushy food. Reasonably hard foods are required in order to keep the teeth in a healthy fit state. If they are not properly utilized in the process of mastication, there is not only great danger of their softening and becoming decayed but they are also liable to get loose in their sockets and become more or less useless. The very act of chewing strengthens the jaw and, in the case of children, enlarges it for the permanent teeth. Give the teeth, as well as the muscles, daily exercise if you would maintain them in a healthy and efficient state.

Influence of Diet on the Teeth

Another important consideration about the diet is the water and quantity of salts it contains. For the proper development of hard teeth, a sufficient quantity of lime and other earthy salts are essential. Wholemeal bread and graham bread is far superior to white bread in this respect, and either may truly be regarded as the staff of life. Oatmeal and barley porridge are also valuable in this respect.

We believe it would be wise for everyone to call upon the dentist at least once a year for the purpose of having the teeth inspected and starting decay attended to. The dentist will be able to remove tartar or other deposits on the teeth, and will detect the first beginnings of decay. Further decay is easily remedied by a small stopping, and the life and usefulness of the tooth are thus preserved.

A Few Hints

Avoid extremes of both heat and cold in food and drinks.

Avoid vinegar and similar acids. This precaution does not apply to the mild acids found in the ordinary fruits.

Avoid medicines, and particularly iron tonics and hydrochloric or other acid draughts.

Avoid cracking nuts. The teeth were not intended for this purpose, and there is danger of chipping off the enamel, thus leading to early decay.

Be strict about keeping the mouth clean by rinsing and gargling it frequently, and also by brushing all food particles that gather about and cling to the teeth.

Avoid slops and fluid foods as far as possible. Take zwieback or hard biscuits with your soup and other soft foods, and endeavor to give the teeth a reasonable amount of exercise daily.

The Key to the Graveyard

There is said to be an old church near Berlin, Germany, which is very attractive to tourists. The graveyard back of the church is kept locked, but on a gate is the following notice: "The key to the graveyard is to be found in the tavern." This is an undesigned statement of a great truth. A great army of men annually find the key that opens the way for them into the graveyard by going into the tavern. They not only unlock the graveyard to themselves, but oftentimes to innocent children and helpless women who are dependent upon them.—"American Issue."

THE BLUE BONNET

By Ada Stewart Sheldon

My true love wears a bonnet
To frame her winsome face,
No lace or ribbons on it,
Yet 'tis a thing of grace;
And when that fetching bonnet
She ties beneath her chin,
I give my word upon it
She ties one's heart within.

The color of that bonnet
Is like to heaven's blue,
Fit for a poet's sonnet,
For dreams the long night through.
It knows no freak of fashion,
It shields from sun and heat,
Who would not have a passion
For anything so sweet?

Oh, dear me! and oh, dear me!
That bonnet made of blue
Has cast a spell, I fear me,
I never can break through.
And when I see her don it
With such a witching air,
That darling blue sun-bonnet
I'd follow anywhere!

chiefly from those who have its interests most at heart, but who, from lack of knowledge, subject it to a multitude of dangers.

What is the remedy? It lies in a campaign of education among the present and future mothers of the land. Considering the magnitude of the interest at stake, it should be made a national issue. Money should be appropriated to establish training schools for mothers, and to furnish a corps of instructors to visit the homes, especially in the poorer localities, to teach mothers, at least, the rudimentary principles of conserving infant life. Considerable work is being done in this direction, especially in New York, but not of any comprehensive manner. It is a matter fraught with the greatest interest to the world at large.

How to Preserve the Teeth

By Alfred B. Olsen, M. D.

It is a real distinction nowadays and a badge of health aristocracy for an adult to possess thirty-two natural teeth, even though some of them contain stoppings or have been provided with crowns.

Nevertheless, there are few people who do not appreciate the great value of sound teeth. A good set of teeth is necessary, not only to give character to the mouth itself, but also for the purpose of clear, distinct speech, and, most important of all, for the proper mastication of the food. The first step of digestion, and the only one over which

and often tobacco is, unfortunately, not nearly as uncommon as it ought to be. Such a condition of the mouth is positively a menace to good health, and is frequently a direct cause, not only of an offensive breath, which makes such a person's company anything but pleasant; but also of various disturbances of digestion, bringing in their train much physical discomfort, as well as bodily weakness and anemia.

There is no excuse for a dirty mouth. It simply means gross carelessness on the part of the owner. If the neglect has been of long duration, it is usually necessary to have the worst of the teeth drawn and others properly stopped, in order to insure a clean mouth.

The mouth should be washed each morning on rising, and also after each meal. A pinch of salt in a glass of water makes a simple and efficient mouth wash.

If decay and putrefaction have been going on in the mouth, it will be necessary to use some mild antiseptic such as peroxid of hydrogen, or some similar preparation properly diluted with water as a wash.

Cleansing Agents

Mere rinsing is not sufficient to keep the teeth clean, and a medium soft brush will be required. It is poor economy to buy a cheap brush, for the bristles soon come out and become a great nuisance when brushing the teeth.

As a dentifrice, any of the above antiseptics might be utilized to advantage. Some prefer a cream paste which contains a precipitated chalk, as well as mild antiseptics of various



BISCUITS MUST BE FRESH
TO BE PALATABLE
MOONEY'S BISCUITS
ARE THE FRESH BISCUITS

Fresh enough to take the place of the bread and biscuits you bake
yourself.

Because the **MOONEY** system is so perfect that every biscuit is
baked the same day it leaves the oven.

The big Winnipeg factory is so close that your Grocer gets
MOONEY'S in a few hours—no long haul—no deterioration.

Besides the demand for **MOONEY'S**—the popular biscuit—is
great that his stock is always changing.

MOONEY'S never grow stale on the grocers' shelves,
That's one reason why



MOONEY'S
PERFECTION
SODA BISCUITS

crisper, crisper and more appetizing.

Ask for the big package or a sealed tin and judge for yourself

"LET MOONEY DO IT"





The Testimony of the Camera

The above is a reproduction of an actual photograph of two exhibits of bread made at a recent Western Fair.

It is a striking example of the vast difference found in flours. Both samples of bread were made by the same exhibitor under exactly similar conditions from the same quantities of ingredients. The larger loaves were made in **PURITY FLOUR**, the smaller ones from "the other kind of flour."

Some dealers still insist upon representing other flour as being "just as good as **PURITY FLOUR**." They invariably handle a flour costing less money than merchants handling **PURITY FLOUR** have to pay for it. Yet, they try to get the same price for the "just as good" flour as for **PURITY FLOUR**. Where they can do so, they make double profits—the usual profit on the other flour and the difference between the price of it and **PURITY FLOUR**.

Wise dealers buy **PURITY FLOUR** and willingly pay more for it, knowing that it means satisfied customers. Don't hesitate to pay the trifle extra for **PURITY FLOUR**, because:

**As the Camera Proves, You Get
More Bread and Better Bread**

PURITY FLOUR

The Big Loaf Kind

Sold by All Good Dealers